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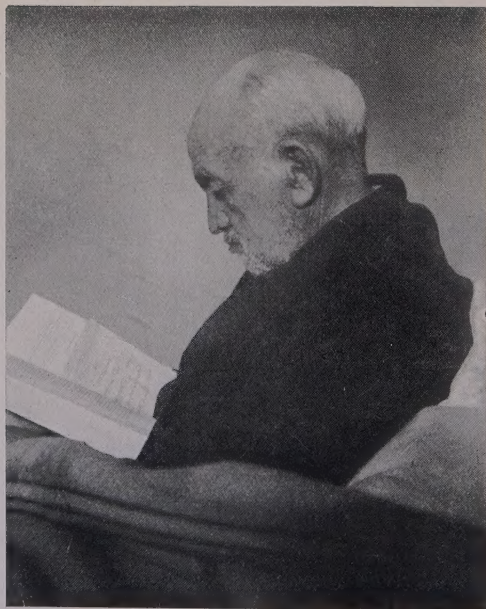
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The Groombridge Diary



WILLIAM HALE WHITE

aetate circ. 78

The Groombridge Diary

BY

DOROTHY V. WHITE

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PREFACE

THIS book consists of extracts from my Groombridge Diary. They have been copied without alteration, save here and there in the choice of a word or, more rarely, in the turn of a sentence. The extracts from my husband's letters are of course untouched. Any remarks I have had to make now on going through the MS. pages after this lapse of years will be found as foot-notes, though there are also one or two insertions in the text towards the end which are contained in square brackets and dated. I was 31 when I began this Diary. I never supposed it would be printed in my lifetime, but the reasons for allowing it to appear now seem sufficiently strong. Needless to say, the task of deciding what to leave in and what to cut out has been very difficult. I earnestly trust that only those will read it who really wish to do so.

DOROTHY V. WHITE.

1923.

[The frontispiece and the photographs facing p. 272 in this volume and the photographs facing pp. 272 and 368 in *Letters to Three Friends* have a rather interesting history. They were taken in the winter or spring of 1909-10. I knew absolutely nothing of photography, but having obtained permission to make the attempt, I borrowed my sister's camera, and receiving very minute instructions and a great deal of conjectural advice as well—depending on whether the day should prove sunny or dark or something between the two—I carried it off to Groombridge. I remember how careful I was, and also *his* patience. The result was something in the nature of a miracle, five really wonderful likenesses. Ill and sad, and the lines perhaps, as in all amateur photography, too heavily marked, but there he is, I say, most miraculously preserved, feature, look, pose. Why were there no happier portraits in 1911 or 1912 when his health had so much improved? For the same reason, I suppose, that entries in the Diary were then so few. The plates after development were put away. They have travelled about not a little since, but were never opened until recently, when they were found still in perfect condition.

The photographs of the Study, the Garden, and the Grave were all taken for me by the Rev. C. H. Coe.

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THE GROOMBRIDGE DIARY

[THIS Diary was begun April 8th, 1908. I omit the first few pages, and prefer to start where I copied this opening passage from one of my Occasional Notebooks into the Diary. See note, page 82: 1922.]

3rd Oct., 1907. 'I have been to see "Mark Rutherford" at his cottage at Groombridge.¹ He met me at the station and took me for a long, long walk; we walked for about two hours. He asked me many questions, none of which I minded answering. It is like being with a boy, he is so eager, shy and tender; his feelings so fresh and acute, as if he feels a thing now for the very first time. Ideas which he must have considered again and again, seem to burst on him like a revelation. It is a wonderful, pathetic face; far, far too sad. He said the very kindest things about my book,² stopping suddenly every now and then in the road to tell me what he thought. He spoke very highly of Miss Coleridge's³ insight, and appeared to regard her opinion as well worth having. He also spoke enthusiastically of Christina Rossetti, and of Swinburne's testimony to her, which he held

¹ My home was at Beckenham.

² *Miss Mona*. It was this, my first published story, which gained me my invitation to the Cottage.

³ M. E. Coleridge. She had written to me.

most remarkable. It was quite possible I might only write the one book ; he did not seem to think this mattered. He spoke sometimes with such fire, as for instance when he began at lunch about the consistency of the Church of Rome : " The Church of Rome has *always* been the same." Also he spoke with rather terrible acuteness of feeling about a book he had read on the condition of American society—the rich and the poor. He covered his face with his hands. . . . He seemed to be very glad to know me, and when I said, laughing, that I " very nearly might never have come ", he said so earnestly, so youthfully, " You *would* have come, you *would* have come ; it was quite impossible that you should not have come." . . . His daughter¹ is very nice. He said he had been so many years in the Admiralty : " I never liked it." "

At the end of November I spent two days and a night at Groombridge. The poor seem very fond of him. He sends a dinner once a week to the old woman who lives next door, taking it in himself sometimes. He says that she speaks the purest English—good old Saxon words.

After this visit he sent me a gift, his life of *John Bunyan*. He said I should see in it some sort of explanation of our strange affinity.

I went again on Thursday, January 16th,²

¹ His only daughter, Mary—' Molly.'

² When I left him at the end of November I said I would not return for two months.

returning home on Saturday. He lent me *Scott's Journal*. We have planned that I am always to take a book from his library and *bring it back again*.

Early in February my father went with me for the day to Groombridge. We walked up the wood at the back of the house to see some fine old beeches. He¹ spoke about F. D. Maurice, and what he did for the young men of that time. He used often to hear him in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.

From a letter he sent me :

10th Feb. I cannot endure negative criticism ; it does me no good, and I find that I have enough to do in the extraction of one thousandth part of the positive value of the Bible or any other great book. . . . I will add that the New Testament without the miracles would be ruined, and that no doctrinal statement could convey what they teach. Take, for example, the Temptation in the Wilderness. All the Councils ever assembled could not provide a dogmatic substitute for that divine story.

On Monday, 9th March, my mother, my sister Janet and I went to Groombridge together. Mother and Janet returned that night ; I stayed on till the Saturday. Molly was ill after influenza.

He championed Balaam's ass. He said that a friend of his had objected to that story having a place in the Bible, but that *he* had said that ' of

¹ This means Hale, but my father also had often heard Maurice.

all the stories in the Bible, the story of Balaam's ass was the one he should least like to lose, and he wished there were many more such asses.' *¹ This, said in his diffident-obstinate manner, amused us all very much.

One evening he read Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven* to us both, I mean to Molly and myself. He reads beautifully, the voice and manner very quiet, the utterance so easy. Though I knew nothing of the poem, he made the story and the purpose clear at once to me. He told us beforehand that he did not understand the poem, and no doubt therefore would not read it as it should be read; and afterwards he was very modest about an explanation and wanted our opinions first.

I particularly wish to mention that I lent him my copy of Monica Peveril Turnbull's book *A Short Day's Work*. He was much struck by her powers. He pointed out the poem on p. 50, 'A Flower of Light', and said it was incredible that it should have been written by so young a girl. He remarked the same about the Essay on Swift; he could not understand her liking for Heine. I persuaded him to write to Mrs. Turnbull. He has done so, and I have seen her answer; she was evidently pleased. Hale was much taken with the picture of Ashbourne Church (in *his* edition²—a later one than

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

² This second and enlarged edition of a very beautiful little book was published in 1905 by Murray. I should like to say here that I feel I owe something in Chapter 21 of

mine) which shows Miss Turnbull as a little girl of about 12 years old, standing solitary in the foreground. He liked the simplicity and naturalness of her attitude. I am very fond of this book myself, and especially fond of 'Some Aspects of Hunting'.

This time I brought back from his library the *Letters of Edward FitzGerald*. Also he gave me his Bible. He asked what he could give me and I chose that. He said I should have it at once (though this was not what I meant), and that it was his 'dearest possession'. It is the Revised Version, and he has used it daily ever since it came out—not that he prefers this version to the Authorized, but on account of certain readings. He has made a number of minute and careful notes in German. He is very neat and accurate, and painfully slow in writing; the mere penmanship is a great labour, and always has been, so he says. He tells me that he reads the Bible every morning and has done so for fifty years. He rises early, half-past five, unless he has had an unusually bad night, and from that time until 8 o'clock breakfast will give no other account of himself beyond that 'he reads the Bible',*¹ also 'certain plays of Shakespeare',*¹ and then 'the Bible all over again'.*¹

Frank Burnet to 'Some Aspects of Hunting'. About the time when I wrote my book I was often reading Miss Turnbull's essay, and I consider that I stole her sycamore tree; but no doubt she forgives me.

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

14th March. He tells me that when he was about 7 years old he used to preach sermons to his sister—sole congregation; and his sister has reminded him that on one occasion he stopped suddenly in the midst of his discourse and said: 'Now you ought to begin to cry, for this is a beautiful part of the sermon.'

26th March. Writing to me about certain sermons:

Mr. ——— seems to have talked a good deal about 'sin'. I think more should be said about sins. Sin is an abstraction which does not convey much to the world.

Extraordinary is a favourite word with Halc. He has a characteristic habit, when speaking about any one who interests him, of stopping short in the road and saying: 'A most *extraordinary* creature!'

From a letter 27th March 1908:

About three years ago I made a collection of some of my remaining papers. I did not care about publishing them, but I thought they might add a few pounds in the future to Molly's income. I never can be sure that anything I intend to print is right until I see it in proof. I therefore had them set up in type and I carefully corrected a proof which I now have. 'Plates', as they are called, were then taken and sent to me, and the type was distributed. *My friends will have no trouble in the matter, save finding a publisher and adding a few things which have accumulated since the printing was finished. These few things

will need editing. I should like to leave directions that the proof and MS., when the day comes, should be handed over to you, that you should settle what is to be done with the MS., and that you . . . should prefix a few words of preface and call me 'your friend'. You would then return the completed volume to the executors. You would have nothing to do with any business. This would be evidence to some extent of the nature of the relationship between us. I should like the world some day to know it, not to pry into it, Heaven forbid, but just to be aware that a wonderful thing has been on the earth.

From a letter 1st April 1908:

I don't think you are singular in finding the positive virtues easier than the negative. The result of a positive virtue is something we can see. 'No' means something not done—that is all. Do you expect to do willingly, or rather cheerfully what you do not want to do? Is not this demanding too much? There are many things I have wanted to do all my life. I have not done them, so much the better for me, but it would be dishonest of me to say I am cheerful in my resistance. It is often a hard struggle. . . . You would smile if you were to be with me when I am alone. . . . I keep the housekeeping books, pay the tradesmen, order the dinner, fetch and carry, and often don't open a book all day. . . .

A huge oak which overhangs my bedroom was felled, or, as they call it here, 'thrown' yesterday. It measured in girth 117 inches near the base, and was about sixty feet high. It was

much older than the house. The men came and the axe was literally laid at the root. I saw it shining in the sun. Great skill was required to prevent the tree from smashing in its fall either our house or the cottage opposite my window. There was just the narrow lane and nothing more in which it could descend in safety. The men brought it down exactly in the middle of the lane. The art of tree-throwing is very difficult and has to be learned young. It was absorbingly interesting to watch the artists. The final crash was tremendous. It was a pathetic sight. I did not quite like it. Here was the end, after more than a century of storms, frost and of blazing heat. How many tenants of the cottage had he seen, mostly now gone to dust and forgotten? Now his hour had struck.

'At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down :
at her feet he bowed, he fell : where he bowed,
there he fell down dead.'

I felt a strange kinship with the tree. Why should there not be? Is it not rather certain there is?

I have been reading again the Preface to the *Selections from the Rambler*. It is very good, and very much like Hale. Full of things which he *insists* on saying, e.g. pages 8, 9, 10, about Macaulay, especially note 2, page 9, and 'Macaulay did not understand . . . put in their place', page 9-10; and 'We are not now concerned . . . be produced by it', page 10.

If Hale thinks a thing, he *will* say it and does not care who listens. He would say it equally

distinctly and positively in a crowded or an empty room. (I should like to draw the attention of the reviewer of these *Selections* in the *Times* to this remark.) Compare Johnson's definition of 'excise' on page 21 of the Preface. *He* also says what *he thinks he will*.

There are, of course, many obvious points of similarity between Johnson and Hale: truthfulness, tenderness, humility (not surface but real)—piety I will put by itself—deliberation, care, pointedness. Other more obvious similarities I need not here set down.

Humility, not surface but real. Johnson perhaps had not much 'surface' humility (though how about going to church, drinking tea with Mrs. Thrale, and praying by Kitty Chambers?)—Boswell, at least, makes out that he hadn't—talking too loud and too much. No one, not even Boswell, could make out that Hale lacks 'surface' humility. He speaks very quietly, and is curiously patient of interruption, also curiously patient of misunderstandings. He likes to be with simple people and talk about simple things. In both there is 'real' humility; I mean they both insist on the existence of a God, at least for *themselves*; that is, they both insist on *kneeling*.

Page 15 of Preface: 'Some men, and Johnson is one of them . . . by the fireside.' This is true of Hale. He is very reticent in speech. He once wrote to me that he had 'a miser's love of hiding'.

He has told me things which he has never told to any one besides. And yet I felt when he told them to me that I knew them already, in outline at least, though not in detail, *from his books*.

Hale has a curious way of turning to me and saying emphatically: 'You never said a truer word than *that*.'

From a letter 9th April 1908:

Hurried and worried all day yesterday, excepting when I went up into the wood and watched somebody photographing a wonderful beech tree. If I can get hold of a copy you shall have one. In the afternoon an old cousin of mine . . . called with her companion. It was most painful. When I last saw her a few years ago she was bright and active. Since then she has had a stroke or something of the kind and, although her memory is spared, she is a wreck. I was at first sorry she came, but if it gave her any dim, unaccountable pleasure, sorrow would be selfish. I learned that the poor, helpless, silent creature insisted on the journey. When she first knew me I was only seven or eight years old. Who can conjecture what recollections were stirred in her yesterday!

A young engineer friend, a certain Guy Lloyd,¹ also called and stayed three or four hours; just appointed to a new and promising position, going to be married, full of strength and hope, showed me verses by the girl to whom he is engaged, started at 7 p.m. to bicycle 40 miles after bicycling 40 miles here. He is a thoroughly good fellow, straight as a sunbeam. He talks a little too

¹ See *Letters to Three Friends*, p. 154, note.

April 1908

II

much about his lady, but that is no help. point no moral on the contrast between guests. If I did it would not be the *vanitatum*.

I did not open a book all day. When I shall get another opportunity for reading is doubtful....

It is commonplace to say I wish I had my time over again, but I do wish it for this reason that I might avoid the beginnings of things which look innocent enough at first and afterwards are hateful entanglements. I might have saved so much if I had not let myself in for an expensive house, carpets, curtains, people I do not care for, &c., &c.

From a letter 12th April 1908:

I bought my 'Dorothy book'¹ at Tunbridge Wells, and have transferred to it three pages from my general note-book, copied them, that is to say. In re-copying them I was made to feel painfully how I had failed to put into words what I tried to express when you were last here. . . . Something helped me a little in a walk through the wood. How foolish it would be to try to speak, either aloud or inwardly, the colours of the lichen-covered trees in the sunlight. They are not there to be spoken: they are there to be seen. Many people are restlessly tormented to speak things beautiful to the eyes, and do themselves harm in the attempt because the proper organ for contact with them is not used. . . . I cannot make out why, when the chances are in favour of what is good, I always anticipate evil.

¹ This was to correspond with my Diary, but it never grew to such dimensions. See note, p. 82.

Here I lie in bed,¹ fearing or rather believing something disastrous is going to happen, although the fear or belief is quite groundless. I have never known anybody so tormented with baseless apprehension, and I have tried hard to get rid of it. . . .

About the MS. I got into a muddle. It is called *Last Pages from a Journal*.² The *Pages from a Journal* was published some years ago. The *Last Pages* will be left absolutely to you, including stereotype plates, note-books, additional papers and the proofs. You can destroy or publish just as you think fit, and the proceeds of publication, if there are any, are to be yours. This is your simple right, considering what you are to me and what I am to you. . . .

The coincidence, for that is the right word, between us is miraculous. All my life I have been ridiculed because I have wished to live in a lighthouse. If you were there I should prefer a rock lighthouse like the Wolf; not always perhaps, for always would be a cruel trial for you, but I should love to have some weeks with you alone, no visitors, the breaking of the waves, the complete half-sphere of the stars overhead, great storms, sunny, glassy calms. . . . I remember the Lizard cottage.³ I have stayed at Cadgwith twice. Such a house it was, a garden running out into the sea on a little promontory, with a little cave underneath into which the sea broke with explosions like thunder. . . . You can see the Wolf out at sea from the Lizard.

¹ This letter began 'I have been in bed all day, nothing serious'.

He published this in 1910 as *More Pages from a Journal*.

³ I had been staying at the Lizard in the summer of 1907.

From a letter 19th April, Easter Day.

I will say so much for myself—that I believe you will find the *truth* in me and that everything which is vital to you is vital to me, or, in other words, we both live by one Life which is the Light of the World. This community will come out by degrees. I cannot formulate it. . . . You know that to me the Bible has been from my childhood no mere collection of magic formulas by which to secure safety from eternal punishment. It has been far, far more than it is to the sects and churches, as I see them. The Jesus-character, I do not mean Christ Himself, is the highest I can conceive possible, but in how few is He really effectual! The whole of Him is not taken and used for the modification of our thoughts and actions; hardly do we take the least part. . . .

I must stop, but I cannot leave off without one more assurance of my conviction of our perfect unity. There could be no love like ours if the unity were not perfect. My devotion to you will carry me into all that you hold most dear if I were not there already, as I am. I do not doubt that you will have to be patient with your stumbling, dim-sighted lover in the imperfection of his expressions of his faith, but it is a Faith.

I went yesterday morning, April 21st, returning after tea. He told me the following story from Lane's *Arabian Nights*. Once in a plague-stricken city a certain man had a premonition that 11 people should fall victims and be carried dead out

of his house. His family and household numbered 10—with himself 11. One by one the 10 sickened and died and were carried out. He was the last to sicken. That night he lay expecting death; he lived, however, through the crisis, and knew he should recover. Next morning a friend said: 'Do you know last night your house was broken into? A thief came in, ransacked everything, but touching your plague-infected goods, was himself stricken down, died, and his body carried out.'

Hale said, would anything after that dissuade this man from believing in premonitions?

In discussing some religious matter, I forget exactly what, something to do with creeds and points of view, Hale said that it seemed to him to be a question of *what you want*. 'What do I want?' he said, and then repeated low and looking into the fire very curiously: 'What do I *want*?' Then he said: 'If on a dark night you ask your way from Groombridge to Tunbridge Wells, and some one tells you the way to London, though the way to London may be much longer and much more interesting to describe, it isn't *what you want*.'

From a letter 22nd April 1908:

I enclose some notes of mine on the walk to Emmaus. They are memoranda, taken at the time, of a kind of drawing-room discourse by a very dear friend of mine, dead many, many

years ago, who had great power over me. I send them to you because you will see that in 1854, long before you were born, I was what my Dorothy is now. I have not altered much. . . . This was the world in which I have lived, not the world of the clever critics, or of literature or art for its own sake, nor yet the world of professedly dogmatic teachers, but a religious world.

. . . The words in the Book of Kings are: 'Yea, I know it. Hold ye your peace . . . And they two went on . . . They still went on and talked.' I know nothing greater than this in all the world's books. Turn to a few chapters further on. Elisha is surrounded at Dothan by the armed host sent to capture him. His servant sees the soldiers and cries 'how shall we do?' Elisha opens the servant's eyes, and he sees the mountain 'full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha'. Fools are we if we suppose this story was *made*! It was *felt*. . . .

This morning my voice has almost gone. It has a trick of doing this and I am obliged to be careful. It is a good thing you came yesterday instead of to-day, or perhaps to-day would have been better? Have you got a Thomas à Kempis? If not, of course you would like him in Latin. Perhaps, though, he is not 'in your way'. I do not read him consecutively, but every now and then a page or two suits me exactly.

The notes are again referred to in the following letter:

24th April 1908. . . . The notes are not my own. They are memoranda of detached frag-

ments. It was not a sermon. The speaker was a certain Caleb Morris, at whose house in Mecklenburg Square his friends generally met on Sundays. I was one. He had been an Independent minister, was a Welshman of extraordinary genius, never wrote anything, but talked. He came nearer to his Master than any man I ever met. Like his Master, his manners were perfect. To be with him was a school of refinement.

In 1854 (I've got the exact date somewhere) I entered the public service. I think I had rooms then in Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn. I know I lived there just about that time. So much in reply to your questions. I will tell you more about Morris when we are together.

Perhaps I should have explained why he should write about 'the words in the Book of Kings' and 'the walk to Emmaus'. He had previously pointed out to me the similarity between the two stories in one respect at least—in both cases the men *talked together* as they went. 'O blessed conversation.'¹

From a letter 27th April:

In bed. Monday. I want at once to correct

¹ 'Conversation, its great importance—not *preaching*. I shall insist on this more and more. Meal-times, what precious opportunities. This is the end of the family, to rear up children to God. An hour on a Sunday is useless for the education of the soul. . . . Did not our hearts burn within us? O blessed conversation.' From the notes referred to above. These notes I copied into my Diary but, with this exception, omit here, because they are all more or less contained in the paper on 'Caleb Morris' in *Last Pages from a Journal*.

something I said. . . . What I meant was that by laying the MS. aside, then re-reading it, following the inner light *exclusively*, *Wattie*¹ might be altered spontaneously in such a way that it might be accepted. . . . Friends are generally in a conspiracy to ruin a writer who is worth anything. They praise him not always wisely, and he tries to reproduce the successful passages. They urge him on when he should not be urged. They ask him 'When may we expect?' &c., &c., and consequently he does not wait for the only Voice to which he ought to listen. Examples are innumerable of authors who have degenerated into mere hacks and tradesmen in this way. No chance of this with you, but warn off *friends*. Enemies don't matter. . . . My instinct tells me more authoritatively than ever—put *Wattie* in a drawer for three months, let nobody see it, not a soul, stuff your ears against any suggestion, and then at the end of the three months read it again. . . . You may reply that I transgress my own rule and that I suggest. Well, I suggest in the main only modes of procedure. I should be very distrustful of any alteration or correction which might occur to me. I should think twenty times before I said anything about it to you. . . .

I cannot make any arrangement with the photographer² till I see some chance of getting to London. I think an arrangement would be necessary. If I do not make one our journey might be in vain. Just now I am not quite fit

¹ This afterwards appeared as *Frank Burnet*.

² We had planned to meet in London for a day together, and he was to be photographed.

to travel, for the cold or something disagreeable has migrated into my stomach and I would much sooner it had stayed where it began.

I do not want the paper on Dorothy Wordsworth back again. The *T. E. Brown's Poems* I will get from the Library. I will borrow Arnold also from the Library.¹ The Library perhaps does me more harm than good. I have screwed out of it the *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, as I must read them before I can buy them at a reduced price from the *Times Book Club*. I am in a fever lest I should have to return them before I have finished them, and I do not get out of them half what I ought to get. When I send them back I will turn to the Arnold and Brown.

I (for myself) do not find that Thomas à Kempis gains much by being read in Latin. He is not Horace or Virgil. The translation I have was made by a friend, a Roman Catholic, formerly an Anglican clergyman. I have compared it with the Latin and have found it perfectly faithful. If the type is not too small you shall take my copy when you come. You had better see it, and you can also look at the Latin and tell me which you prefer. . . .

I have had a noteworthy experience. I kept some Delphinium seeds of last year from a plant which bore flowers of a singularly beautiful light blue. I sowed them in three pots weeks ago and placed them in my bedroom, watching them

¹ Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, read and re-read by me when I was in the twenties. I have a strong impression that he did not get very far with it; I have an equally strong impression that he at any rate *saw* what there was in *T. E. Brown* to affect me so powerfully. See p. 284.

day by day. There was no sign, and at last I almost gave them up. This morning I discovered a minute, soft, green point gently pushing its way through the earth. This small event has excited me more than the outburst of the whole garden. I should like to have had Beethoven's Fantasia played. You know that Fantasia? not the Choral Symphony, but a similar theme.

30th April 1908. . . . I will fix next Wednesday, so far as I can fix anything. It will depend on the weather. My cold won't leave me, and takes the strength out of me by day and peace from me at night, but I am better for the warmer, moist air. 10.36 is your train and I will go round to your station, but you will probably have to wait for our shockingly unpunctual line. . . . 'Am I writing sense this morning?' I believe we often write and talk the best sense when we are in doubt if it isn't nonsense. . . . 'That's Dorothy, you know.' So you say and I do know it. This is your Hale, a wild, fanatical creature. Ah! but are you aware . . . that you too have something in you of what our sober eighteenth-century forefathers called 'enthusiasm', not limited in one direction as they limited it. It is the blessed heat of the sun.

2nd May 1908. . . . You want me to tell you about myself. My cold is certainly bad and has turned into disagreeable disorder of nerves and internal organs, but I hope it is departing. It will not keep me from London on Wednesday. I may be stopped if I do not get better rest, but I will see the doctor on Monday if in this respect I do not improve. I want to go to town, for

I have made an appointment with Hollyer, and this weather demands a visit to the tailor's. Supposing I am obliged to stay at home, I would rather you did not come on Wednesday, as I should be good for nothing. At present London on Wednesday stands. If an alteration is necessary—which Heaven forbid—I will telegraph on Tuesday.

. . . You know well enough that truths may be injurious falsehoods to persons not adapted to receive them . . . I dare say you have noticed that gospel verities on some lips are hateful heresies.

We have had our day in town, and I will now describe it. I waited for him about 10 minutes under the clock at Victoria Station. He wore the same coat and hat that he wears in the country, so I knew him at once when he appeared.

We first walked by Buckingham Palace Road through St. James's Park, the way he had walked to his work for so many years, a 'trudge' he called it; thirty-four years at least, for he entered the Admiralty in 1868 and did not retire till 1902; but I imagine he went this 'trudge' before that. There was a private door, he told me, from the Park, or rather I think from some sort of Admiralty Gardens into his office, probably now done away. He said he had never been back to the place since—or something a trifle stronger! He said this as we crossed the Mall to go up by St. James's Palace.

Then to Hill's in Bond Street, where I helped to choose a summer suit. After this to Earl's Court

by omnibus to get one of De Morgan's tiles for a wedding present for somebody, from a man who keeps a curio shop. This man, when De Morgan gave up tile-making, bought in the surplus stock. Then to the photographer's, where young Mr. Hollyer took several sittings. By omnibus and District Railway to Charing Cross, and lunched at Gatti's. Talked at lunch about how far one is consistent and logical in one's beliefs, how far one can take up and hold a certain position. Hale says that he always sees the two sides to a question so clearly as to be unable to arrive at any positive conclusion. He thinks this betrays a 'weakness of mind'. I say that he is often very positive—in 'sudden flashes'. In this connexion he used the word 'moments' instead of 'utterances', . . . 'inspired moments' for 'inspired utterances'. We also talked about the definite and indefinite positions which Christ took up; definite enough when He drove out the money-changers, but with nothing positive to say about the woman accused of adultery. We talked about the writing on the ground; what was the good of *saying* anything, and what was there to *say*? 'One of the most [vividly convincing] touches in the whole of the Bible.' The words in brackets I cannot be certain about; they give anyway the right impression; the point of Hale's remark—'one of the *most* . . . in the *whole*'; his emphatic declaration. Another of his emphatic declarations: 'I *know* when a

thing is *beautiful*.' He often comes round to that after discussing matters of difficulty and doubt. . . . ' I *know* when I see a rose.' . . . ' I *know* when I see the colours of the lichen.' . . .

After lunch we walked to Widdowson and Veale's.¹ . . . Nelson used to deal at this shop, so we were told; an idea which suited us both exactly. We were shown pearls worth £1,000 and £2,000, and I held a large block of gold in my hand which had come from a *mountain of gold* in Australia. Interesting items! I told Hale that I never had the slightest wish to possess jewels, though I did not mind looking at them.

After the 'mountain of gold' we drove in a hansom to the London Library, where he got out a volume of *T. E. Brown*, and *Arnold's Life* in two volumes. I asked about Swinburne, of whom I know nothing. He spoke of him very tenderly; of his too strong 'likes and dislikes', of his 'mace' with which he hammers and crushes and destroys one's dearest 'divinities'. He said, 'it is *not* right'; and yet at the same time how *true* he was when true, and also what music in his verse! Some people maintained that they did not care for poetry unless it had 'something to say to them', but if you read such a description of the sea as made you feel when next you went down

¹ He had a plain gold ring made for me, the inscription inside 'D. from H., 6 May 1908'. I wore this on my right hand till 8th April 1911, when it was transferred to the left.

to the shore and watched the waves that you admired it all a hundred times more *because of* that description—was not that ‘something to say’? So also if it brought the sights and sounds of the sea to you in your narrow cheerless room, was not that ‘something to say’?

Then we drove in another hansom to Victoria Station. He sprang into this hansom with the three volumes, the De Morgan tile and his umbrella under his arm. His activity and promptitude are marvellous; also his apparent disregard of the noise and confusion of traffic. He hates noise, cannot endure it, so he says, and yet he never so much as winces. I saw him off by the 3.45 and then walked round to the Chatham line. It was a perfect day, which being translated means we were perfectly happy. Our next pleasure is this: he is to come here on Monday and take Janet and me back for the week.

From a letter 5th and 7th May:

. . . I will not guess what made you put the verses from the epistle to the Romans and those from the gospel to [*sic*] St. Matthew together. I might guess, but I would rather have your reason. Please do not forget to give it. Why am I an ‘unpersuadable heathen’? . . . Do you not persuade me? Have I not gone even further than you would have persuaded me to go? Now please do not forget to answer these questions also.

. . . You do not say if the star was rising or

setting. If setting it was probably Venus. You are a naughty Dorothy to forget your lessons so soon. It was the earth's motion. Neither stars, planets nor moon have any motion perceptible in an hour. The moon has the quickest from west to east, across the sky in a fortnight. You must have noticed the new moon in the sunset and the full moon opposite the sun at sunset.

. . . *7th May* 1908. What a day was yesterday! Excepting a seizure by the black powers when I was in the railway carriage it was perfect. I watched you till the last glimmer of you vanished as the train went under the bridge. Ah! those powers of darkness! But it [is] wrong to put down on paper what I go through. It would tend to fix it.

I enjoyed, in a way, as much as if we were in the woods the wandering about London with you. I felt that I was still able to conduct and protect you. That was the secret of my delight for, of course—but the black powers approach, and I must be silent if I am to preserve my peace.

. . . Real faith is rare. I am not talking about religious faith. I do not call trust in a friend faith if he convinces me by reasons. I mean the trust which sees no reasons, asks for none, needs none, but confides simply in superior wisdom.

From a letter *15th May*:

. . . I have sad news. Molly is not so well . . . and the doctor who has just been, says that, although there is no danger, she must be kept quiet and do nothing more than move from the

bed to the sofa. He prohibited visitors in very direct language. I hope to come to Beckenham on Monday, but I cannot bring you and Janet back with me. . . .

We were in the depths of despair, but it turned out right after all. The doctor recommended a companion for Molly, and Molly . . . chose me. He came. It was a gorgeous day. I met him at East Croydon Station. We drove to Elmer's End, past the cemetery into Blandford Road. Here we dismissed the carriage, telling the man to wait for us at the bottom of Churchfields Road. Then we walked by Seward Road to the Mission. I pointed out my 'district' in Sultan Street. Into the Church. . . . Then into the schoolroom, where we found the Sisters preparing for a Rummage Sale. 'I hope you will get high prices,' he said to the big Sister. I introduced him to them both. I showed him where I give my lessons.¹ Then down the road to our carriage. It was brilliant sunshine after so much bad weather. When we arrived we sat in the garden; father, mother, Janet and (presently) Marion.² After lunch we sat again in the garden, and then Marion and I played and sang to him. Before tea I took him upstairs to show him where I do my work, and afterwards introduced him to Jessie.³ He told Jessie that she was to see that

¹ To my boys' Bible Class.

² My sister, Mrs. Humphrey Milford.

³ Jessie Kemp, who had looked after us since our early 'teens'.

I played the piano more instead of writing quite so much. We had tea. Then we drove to East Croydon Station where we parted with Marion, who had driven with us. Between Croydon and Groombridge the country looked beautiful, masses of gorse in bloom. At dinner we discussed the kind of person who draws the worst out of one. He says there are one or two men who make him 'hypocritical'; he is 'wretched' with them; they make him say things he does not mean. He spoke of this as a 'lamentable weakness'. He also said it was such a pity that some people did not see the very striking good qualities of others, blind to them because bent on seeing certain bad qualities instead. He said: 'Have you ever noticed that when you are hunting for a pin or needle on the floor, there may be a half-sovereign there but you won't see it? Most people only see what they look for.'

He is very *fair*, always trying to give fair estimations of people's characters—*ordinary* people's characters, that is to say, to give them every scrap of praise he can.

We both strongly inveighed against the doctrine of 'wild oats'. He said it was responsible for a great deal of mischief.

We have our meals alone as Molly is on the sofa. He never omits to go in to Molly to see how she is getting on. I asked him to let me go once to save him the trouble, as he seems to be always waiting

on somebody, but he said no, he would go, for she liked it. He is so quick besides in jumping up to ring the bell or change the plates or hand the kettle that one cannot anticipate him. I should like to wait on him a little, but when I told him so, he only said: 'Does your father allow that with your mother?' and we had a long argument in which I knew I was right!¹

Tuesday 19th. We walked in the woods. He spoke a great deal of Caleb Morris and tried to illustrate his remarkable way—how he would take some story from the Bible and, oblivious of everything except just what concerned his nearest self, would pour out unrestrainedly to a few friends his unpremeditated thoughts;—on 'The Sower', for example, 'some an hundredfold, some sixty-fold', not so much about the seed, but with a sudden burst, '*Oh, the divine soil!*'

I felt all the time that Morris's 'way' was closely akin to his own. I told him so, and asked him whether he thought that this was due to Morris's influence, or a natural similarity of temper. He did not disallow the similarity of temper; he disregarded it, however, and insisted forcibly and without question on the influence alone. 'He *made* me,' that was what he said; and he also said that had it not been for Caleb Morris he would

¹ I find this on an earlier page of my Diary: 'Molly said a pretty thing about him once to me: "Papa *never* goes out of the room or down the stairs in front of me, *however miserable he is.*"'

either have settled down as a mere partisan in the Church, or else broken away from creeds altogether. He told me how they used to walk up and down the Strand, Morris arresting himself (and every one else !) to emphasize some point—an unconscious actor. Hale was then about one-and-twenty, and apparently for the time being at loose ends. I do not quite know how to put it and yet put it somehow I must, for with emotion he told me that what he saw through Caleb Morris as a young man and had been looking for during these 50 years, he has seen again through me.

Wednesday 20th. We spoke of Dorothy Wordsworth, 'the woman (who is dead) that I worship,' those I think were his words. He said he should like to go to Heaven to meet her. He spoke of the Coleridges and Wordsworths as of personal friends, with all the intimacy, love, and reverence.

Thursday 21st. In the morning we went by train to Ashurst. As we turned out of the station he said: 'We feel such gentry, walking out when every one else is at work.' Our walk was to be straight home by the fields, a matter of two to three miles, but he first insisted on taking me to see the weir and the mill. Very dusty and hot and white the mill looked. We both of us wanted to draw it. We both of us have more than a sneaking suspicion that we were originally intended for artists! ¹ How we should have idled about!

¹ I distinctly remember his once telling me that when it

I say 'we', for I am sure he would have been quite as bad as myself. Nothing more charmingly idle than the way in which he wandered round that weir. He is very fond of weirs and mills and rivers. He tells me that as a boy he used to spend whole days in the fields about Bedford, dipping in and out of the Ouse. Then we started home. We talked a good deal of 'impressions', meaning those few (*I* said very few) of a deep, mysterious, haunting nature which certain persons, places and atmospheres score all over the mind;—so that R. L. S. in certain moods, at certain artistic high-pitches, must inevitably introduce 'bagmen'; McWhirter, a silver birch; Hale, a heavy shower of rain. This led us on to talk of artists. He spoke in praise of Millais; he mentioned the 'Vale of Rest', and 'Autumn Leaves'. He remembered the disputes among the critics over these two particular pictures. At Ashurst he pointed out a house opposite the church which he once had very nearly taken. *I* very nearly took an old deserted cottage farm farther on our way. There was no road, however, only the roughest track, and he said it would be impossible in winter. He told me to turn round presently to see what a pretty picture it made. . . . All the fields were yellow with

was decided, I think by his father, that he should give up drawing at school, he cried from disappointment. He was a big boy, about 15, and he thought that tears at that age meant a good deal.

buttercups. He actually let me carry his waistcoat. I advised him to take it off because the sun was so very hot, and he was glad afterwards and got no harm. To let me carry his waistcoat was a piece of real spoiling, for it pleased me very much and made him (for a time at least) particularly miserable!

After lunch we talked of the Brontës, of Charlotte especially . . . 'and such a *little* woman,' he said. He talked of *Villette*. What I told him I saw in her other books, he said I should see more than ever there. We both saw the same. I said 'There are some things in this world too sad'; and he said 'Yes'.

In the afternoon I drove out¹ with Molly and Miss Lewin (of Shortlands!), and then at tea we entertained Mrs. Oswell and her son, and Miss Evershed, and Miss Lewin of course. I talked a good deal to Miss Lewin. I explained to Hale (who was listening!) that we used to belong to the same Musical Society. Hale said something about my music and then added: 'But you know that is not her chief accomplishment.' Miss Lewin blushed and said: 'No, I know';—a tender reference to my writing, that was what *she* supposed. Nothing of the sort! '*Cricket!*' said Hale in anticipation. He always 'shies' when it comes to writing.

¹ The carriage belonged to Mrs. Oswell, a near and very kind neighbour.

After tea he walked back with the Oswells. I went out to meet him presently. He was an age in coming. I had time to examine a number of trees over the palings in Groombridge Park—two very tall slender pines which actually met and crossed, creaking and groaning and grinding together as the wind blew the tops about; also two oaks and a beech, the beech in the rear, but pushing its branches and foliage forward over-spreading the oaks this side. Meanwhile I could hear (to my infinite annoyance!) voices above me still in the Oswells' garden. It seemed as if he would never come. Then I saw him descending the long flight of steps to the little gate in the road. I held the gate open for him. He came very eagerly. I thought at first he knew I was there; but he did not. He was surprised, almost startled to see me. He said: 'Oh, my dear, how pretty!' He asked me how long I had been waiting. I said 'Not long', of course, and told him that I had been studying the trees, a remark which, strange to say, did not give him complete satisfaction. Then he burst out laughing: 'What do you think Mrs. Oswell said just now? She began talking about you, and I said: "Yes, Molly is very fond of her," and she turned on me *like that*, and said "*So are you.*" . . . Now what do you think she knows?'

Friday, 22nd. He gave me his *Imitation of Christ*.

It was, I believe, this morning that he received

a curious letter. It was from Mrs. Burke, a friend of his, an Irish Roman Catholic. She must have been thinking of him a good deal, for she wrote apparently for no particular reason to say how much she wished that he could have some great broad stream of happiness, 'like the sunlight floods in through a French window from top to bottom'—that was the simile she used. She said that no one was too old for happiness, and that it might come even now.

He likes to talk to me of his friends. He is very fond of his friends; likes to describe them, to show their good points. For instance, he says that Miss Partridge is very 'shrewd and able', and that her letters are 'always worth reading'; that Erica has a 'gift of expressing herself in poetry'; that Beryl¹ is one of those few people who can 'live by their beliefs'. (I wish here to point out that when I cannot quite remember the words he uses, I put a *single* inverted comma. What I put in *double* inverted commas are always his exact words, or his words with such minor differences as are really of no importance.²) He is fond of Mr. Philip Webb; his oldest friend, he calls him.

¹ Erica Storr and Beryl de Zoete must, I think, have been introduced to Hale by Professor de Sélincourt, their tutor when students at Somerville College. They were also friends and contemporaries at Oxford of my sister, Mrs. Milford.

² The words in single inverted commas here are 'gift of expressing herself in poetry' and 'live by their beliefs'. I appear to have kept to this plan all through the Diary, as

Hale tells me most emphatically that he was never in the literary world ; not educated for literature ; not trained for literature ; has known hardly any literary people. He never wrote, except for a little journalism, until he was fifty. This is what makes him so delightfully unprofessional. Though a great reader too, he has read the books that he loved. He remembers as a lad first coming on a volume of Wordsworth. He *came on* it ; it was not thrust upon him. He had only the grammar school education. Had it not been for the Test Acts he would have gone to Oxford. He told me that it was his mother who wished him to be a minister, who persuaded him ; a great mistake, he thought it—*thinks*, I should say, for that is his judgement now. However, a wise Fate intervened, and he was turned out for heresy !

There were violent storms of rain in the afternoon. He loves lightning ; likes to get out in an open space with the lightning playing all round

I find a few such passages in each volume. All these I am marking with an asterisk. There are six in the 1st volume, five in the 2nd, three in the 3rd, and two in the 4th. It seems to me now that the distinction made between 'his exact words' and those 'I cannot quite remember' must have been very fine indeed and is hardly worth preserving, but I let it stand as perhaps a useful testimony to the pains I took to be accurate. The passage on p. 92 has evidently first been put in double commas, and then changed to single. So also with the sentence above, 'gift of expressing herself in poetry'. The passage on p. 201 halts between two opinions, beginning with a single comma and closing with a double,

him. After tea it was fine. Miss Turner¹ called. We discussed hymns of the Moody and Sankey class; also Jane Austen and the absence of *religion* in her books, everything measured as it were by an earthly standard, no heavenly virtues, no hellish vices, people respectable (or not!) but never noble. Walked (Hale and I) with Miss Turner to Langton to inquire for Lady Trayner. Home with Hale through the fields and the woods. It was pretty to walk from the bright yellow buttercups in the sun to the bluebells in the shade. Hale said that sometimes the yellow came off the buttercups on to your boots, but that evening it didn't.

Saturday, 23rd. I left early—but to return early on Monday!

Monday, 25th. He came all the way from Groombridge to Addiscombe Road to meet me. When I got out of the train there he was, and looking so perfectly unsurprised! He was very

¹ Miss E. L. Turner, F.L.S., F.Z.S., Hon. M.B.O.U., a friend of Molly's living in Langton; strictly speaking, an ornithologist, wonderfully clever, so it seemed to me, in her understanding and handling of birds, but very fond of all animals. I was struck by the fact that, though a great horsewoman, she had given up hunting 'because she could not preach bird protection and hunt at the same time'.

I remember our excitement at the Cottage in 1911 when she returned from a stay in her houseboat on Hickling Broad with the news that she had found a bittern's nest. This bird had not been known to nest in England for nearly 50 years. Great was her anxiety lest its haunt should be disturbed. (See *British Birds*, Witherby & Co.)

boyish and absurd. We walked across to East Croydon. He had ordered a carriage to meet us at Groombridge. After lunch we discussed 'descriptions' in books. After tea I actually began to hem an enormous sheet for Molly. We three sat in the drawing-room and talked. I imagined myself immersed in my needlework, which must have been very annoying.

Tuesday, 26th. Hale and I started out fairly early by train to Crowborough and by omnibus to Crowborough Cross. A little baby girl flirted with him desperately. Walked to 'Ocklye' and lunched with Mr. and Miss Jenkinson. After lunch Miss Jenkinson and I gardened! I tidied two or three borders, picking off dead daffodil blooms. I endeavoured to explain to Miss Jenkinson why I did not consider 'Mark Rutherford' *morbid*. She had not read one of his books, which surprised me. Meanwhile we were tying up poppies. The two men smoked. Then we joined forces, and paired off again. Hale went off with Miss Jenkinson, Mr. Jenkinson went off with me. He showed me a part of the garden which, when he came to the place, was a plain unplanted grass field and is now a well-grown shrubbery, with well-grown elderly-looking trees. After this he took me indoors and showed me his water-colour sketches, many of them of the Lake District. He is nearly 85 years old, full of vitality, very quick, very humorous, emphatic even to violence! We drove home after

tea in a funny little pony-chaise with a funny white pony—why ‘funny’ I don’t know; very grave it thought itself—and a grave old man to drive us.

Wednesday, 27th. A fine hot day. At breakfast he talked of his books. He will talk of them to me, but I believe it is true that he will never talk of them to any one else.¹ Even to me he speaks of them in an odd unaccustomed way, and not as if he had written them. He said, ‘You will find a story *in that book Miriam’s Schooling*,’ &c., &c. I don’t want to talk of them much, I have *him*, which is better. Besides we neither of us enjoy reviving painful experiences. We walked out rather early. We first went into New Groombridge Church to learn the time of Ascension Day services, and then wandered by the Tanyard, over the fields, and sat on a stile—sat on two stiles in fact, first on one, then on the other. There was no one about, but suddenly we were aware of the presence of a whole long line of railway engines. They were run together on a siding, and, to judge by their appearance, must have been there for months. Poor things, as a rule so active! The pride of their drivers too, and now utterly neglected! They had such strange puzzled expressions.² It

¹ On an earlier page in the Diary I find: ‘According to Molly, if they *are* mentioned, he turns his back and says “I acknowledge no books”.’

² See *More Pages from a Journal*, p. 247. I think Hale must have spoken in this strain.

was too hot to do anything but sit still and talk, and we both do love being baked. We talked of certain serious matters. We have both unpleasant recollections of Falmouth; but in each case there was relief. He mentioned *Miriam's Schooling* again and the frontispiece by Walter Crane.

Ascension Day, 28th. To the Communion Service at New Groombridge Church. I first went in to see him in his room. He is always up very early. It was a bright, hot morning, and he told me not to hurry. He was standing at the gate when I came back.

We walked through the wood behind the house; sat on some heaped-up poles in a field of buttercups. It was in this field the week before that he talked so much about Caleb Morris. This time he talked about Axmouth, the windings of the Axe which he described with his walking-stick, and the curious bank of stones which bars its full flood out into the sea. He also told me about the holiday he once had with Molly on the Quantocks.¹ He seems to think that this was his happiest holiday. He wishes he could take me there. Can't, can't, can't. I told him about Waxham. We agreed that we liked big fields of vegetables. I thought they were mangels over the hedge, but he said he thought they were beans; it does not much matter, but the wind was blowing the leaves

¹ See note to p. 182, *Letters to Three Friends*.

back and the under-side was white like white flowers and the upper-side a soft grey-green.

In the afternoon . . . Molly and I drove with Mrs. Oswell to Tunbridge Wells. I did footman at all the shops. Mrs. Oswell fed us on chocolates ; she had brought just a few in a little envelope, and otherwise (as this wise) was charming. She repeated to us in the carriage a piece of poetry she had just learnt ; it was all about Spring and Life and Happiness, and I should think there were eight or nine verses.¹ Before we started Mr. Fisher, the clergyman at New Groombridge Church, came up and spoke to us in the carriage. He looked very hard at me and said abruptly, ' You came to my church this morning. That 's right.' I told Hale afterwards and we laughed. In the evening Hale and I walked round the garden.

Friday, 29th. I think it was this morning that he spoke with horror of the dreadful rooms where clerks were sometimes put to work in London. He mentioned one room especially which he knew, underground, the only light and air through a window flush with the street above (not even an area)—the only outlook, the feet of the passers-by. His books are sufficient comment. He showed me some of his treasured letters. Carlyle's letter he read to me very beautifully.² I looked again at

¹ Hale admired her much for being able at her age—she was 82, I am told—to commit long poems to memory.

² Bequeathed by him to the Carlyle House, Cheyne Row.

that early photograph of him as a serious little boy.¹

We walked through the may trees in the Park, and presently sat down on a log and talked a great deal about Mother. A young wood-cutter overtook us in the wood on the way home. We were walking arm in arm, and he came up behind us whistling. Hale knew him quite well and spoke to him. The two Miss Lloyds came to tea with a niece from Sydney. I talked to Miss Eleanor Lloyd² about Mrs. Ewing. She told me that Mrs. Ewing wrote very slowly, would sit and think for several minutes, and then write down perhaps three words ! She also told me that Mrs. Ewing first introduced her to *Lavengro*. I should never have associated Mrs. Ewing with *Lavengro*, in spite of *Jackanapes* and *Father Hedgehog and his neighbours*. She was distinctly orderly, not vagrant.

I sat in his room after tea. He gave me several copies of his books to make my set complete.

Saturday, 30th. I went into his room before breakfast. He lent me *Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals*. He came with me to the station, and we travelled as far as East Grinstead together. I left him waving his hat on the platform. He was going to see Mr. Philip Webb.

From a letter 1st June 1908 :

Business now entirely. I hope to begin to-

¹ See frontispiece to *Early Life of Mark Rutherford*.

² Mrs. Ewing's *Six to Sixteen* is dedicated to this Miss Lloyd.

morrow an answer to your letter. The cases¹ can go in the cellar, if you will let each case rest on two pieces of wood, one at each end, so that air can get underneath. Bits of round wood such as maps are rolled on, or old broom-handles will do. There are four cases, so that you will need eight bits a foot long. The cases weigh nearly a hundredweight apiece, and two men will be wanted to bring them indoors from the van. . . . By to-night's post you will have the MSS. Inside the parcel is an official letter to you from me, which please preserve. I have put a copy with my papers. You need not do anything more now than open the parcel and let me have an acknowledgement. It is insured. I should not, however, leave the MSS. to be examined at some future, distant (?) time, but look them over at odd moments when you have nothing else to do. . . .

From a letter *2nd June* :

. . . I was bad when you left me at East Grinstead. I don't know whether these horrible feelings are the consequence of the love I have for you, and therefore to be cheerfully (if possible) endured, since in this world intense light always makes black shadow, or whether they are disease. . . . However, I was not perhaps quite so despairing as I was the time before, for I was with Webb. . . . Of course, as I always do, I liked to be with him. Ruskin introduced him to me, so that associations are strong.² They are also

¹ Stereotype plates of *Last Pages*, subsequently issued as *More Pages*.

² Ruskin in his letter of introduction writes, 27 Oct. 1867 :

ancient and we are completely at ease with one another. His art is marvellous. He is not a painter of pictures, but for drawing he has never been surpassed. I wish you could have seen some of his drawings of beasts and, above all, of flowers. I turned over on Saturday several of his portfolios I had not opened before. These studies from nature were all made for 'service' in architectural and decorative work. I always feel that I depend on him a good deal for not blundering in my admiration. It is all nonsense to say that we can admire the right thing without direction. We are directed and then we discern for ourselves. Coming through a wood on Saturday, Webb pointed out to me a peculiar and lovely quality of the yew. I had never noticed it before, but now it is my own. So with false admiration of bad work. I am deluded by vulgarity. My friend enlightens me. I learn that Turner is better than a stage curtain. I say that this later appreciation, although it is imparted to me, put into me by somebody else, is more myself than my former, supposed self in raptures over the upholstery. I know you will believe all this, because it is your own doctrine in another province. It is the Christ who has been given us who is really ourselves.

From a letter *June 4th* :

I am just as well without you to-day. Perhaps you can guess why. It is horribly

'I am happy to be able to tell you of an architect, Mr. Philip Webb, 9 Gt. Ormond St., who will give you perfectly sound and noble work for absolutely just price.'

wrong, horribly ungrateful of me, but I do not think I could have looked at you playing.¹ . . . To be sure I am a little down and trust I may revive to-morrow. I have been sitting at the window looking at the lightning. I hope you were not drenched.

4th June, another note :

I have had a delightful letter from mother, an affectionate letter which is better than anything. It is a great relief to me. . . . I am reading the *Notes*² and have just finished *Miss Mona* for the third time, this time after coming much nearer to you. Upon the *Notes* and the book I shall have more to say, but I will just tell you this ; no good in it, but I cannot help it, that the companionship, to use your mother's word, makes absence harder and harder to bear. I did not imagine I had so much in me which could be assisted, enlightened, set straight, solved.

On June 5th he sent a wire : ' Did you get through storm safely ? Reply paid.' On the 6th he wrote :

I was ' in a great way ' about you yesterday morning, pictured you in that storm, half-drowned, fever from wet clothes, perhaps injured by lightning, &c., &c. Hence the telegram.

It is no wonder what he calls his ' horrible

¹ I was playing cricket at Bexhill.

² The ' Occasional Note-books ' referred to in my 1922 note at the beginning of the Diary. They contained comments on books, &c., and much on matters connected with my Boys' Bible Class and Club.

picture-framing mind'¹ was alarmed, for Florrie Collins, his little maid, was just caught by the lightning. They had a fearful storm. I wrote to condole with Florrie, and she wrote back: 'I was sitting opposite the window the windows were open and the curtains drawn and when the lightning came it blew them right back and then my hand burnt and when I lit the lamp there were two red lines right across and the next day they went exactly like a burn.' The punctuation (?) is her own. She also wrote: 'I was very pleased to receive your letter, it came before I was up. The other morning I got up rather late so when I came down Mr. White said to me, "Upon my desk you will find a farthing you may have it for early rising" it made me laugh as you know the least little thing sets me off.' I do know. She ends her letter: 'this will find you quite well.' How can she tell that?

From a letter 7th June:

I do not know when you are going to Tadworth. . . . Tadworth was once a sacred place to me. I tried to buy a house there, and lost it by £50. No railway then, no golf, no building. I send you the *Notes*² with a few remarks of my

¹ In a passage (not printed) in one of his letters to Mrs. Colenutt (1897) he writes: 'I am very much by myself now—far too much—and I dream and dream, by day I mean, with such horrible vividness that the thing dreaded is almost actually present. However, no more upon this topic.'

² My 'Occasional Note-books' again.

own on two half-sheets inside. I was up at 4.30 this morning, and read the *Notes* from 5 onwards. I am all *you* now. You are my books, and, as I have told you before, you are my religion. What I mean by this you understand.

Here are one or two extracts from his 'few remarks':

How I should like to see what the precise relationship to the boys is. I do not at present understand it. I have been a boy of boys myself. This makes it so difficult to comprehend. I wonder if these boys have ever allowed Dorothy to look into themselves, their selfish, dirty, brutal selves. I must say that my school-fellows, except in personal courage, were detestable.

Another 'remark' (about a woman marrying 'beneath' her):

Notwithstanding all his great qualities she would have wearied of him, and what could have been more disastrous than to be weary of a good man! Worse than wearying of a bad one. It is of no use to fly in the face of facts just because we are enamoured of virtue. Probably I should be unhappy with Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Mrs. Siddons or George Sand, but so I should be with a saint out of a stained-glass window if she were not wise, talked cockney, and was not particular as to cleanliness.

Another 'remark':

This about 'may' and 'must' is very true. A great part of life must be *must*. Life is

renunciation, often of the dearest, with no recompense. But the preachers put the *must* in the wrong place. As D. says, there ought to be no *must* in prayers or reading the Bible. The bare *must* is good exercise at times. It is wholesome to call on it and refuse all assistance, but 'you *must* love God' is absurd.

Note on FitzGerald's love of winter.¹ Good, good—a lover of the sun rather than of coals. . . . FitzGerald's use of capital letters is right. The disuse is a modern printer's innovation much to be regretted.

He came here for the day on 10th June. I was returning from Tadworth and we met at East Croydon station. He told us at lunch how he went as a tiny boy to a Peep Show in Bedford where he saw the 'bloody murder of Lord William Russell'. He paid a halfpenny and stood on a stool in the market-place. I asked him if he 'was taken there', and he laughed and said no, he took himself; his mother would have been horrified; *he* enjoyed it.

¹ 'He writes February 1847 to Carlyle "I shall be sorry to see the winter go: with its decided and reasonable balance of daylight and candlelight." I am sure there is another reference to his liking for winter, fires, books and pipes, but I cannot find it. Anyway there is the poem. "'Tis a dull sight!" where the meadows indeed spring green but the hearth I think has the best of it! I believe it isn't the happiest temperament which prefers winter to summer, artificial heat to the warmth of the sun. . . . Curious FitzGerald's free use of capital letters. It seems to me as if the habit grew upon him. I notice them more in the 2nd volume.' From my Occasional Notes.

I went for my week on *Thursday, June 18th*. I should have gone on the Monday but for three reasons: 1. I wanted to be in Beckenham for the Sunday School Treat on the 17th; 2. I wanted to spend a Sunday at Groombridge; 3. I wanted two of my boys to come over and see him, and this would only be possible on a Sunday. Marion went down with me also on Thursday and spent the night. It was fine and warm, and we sat in the garden. He talked about De Morgan's arithmetic, which he seemed to have found a delightful book. I afterwards picked it out of the dining-room bookcase, a well-worn copy. He said he thought it would be too advanced for Robin.¹ He should like to teach Robin—anything. Mr. Ernest Coleridge called with his wife in the afternoon. He wanted Hale to go to some meeting in London about the purchase of the Netherstowey Cottage; we accepted cards of invitation, but we did not go. I was rather poked away on a corner of the sofa, but I heard a good deal of what Mr. Coleridge and Hale were talking about. Mr. Coleridge was insisting and Hale agreeing that Lamb's 'archangel a little damaged' referred only to Coleridge's personal appearance. They also spoke of Dorothy Wordsworth as of an intimate friend. Mr. Coleridge remembers as a child being brought forward to shake her hand. I also overheard Mr. Coleridge

¹ My nephew, Robin Milford, then aged 5.

say that he had been told that Nowell's edition of Wordsworth¹ was 'a wonderful book'.

One thing amused Marion very much. When we were sitting at table an argument began in which Molly, as usual, held her own against her father, cheerful, obstinate and positive. Her father, neither cheerful, obstinate nor positive, but clinging to the last shred of faith in his better judgement, mildly querulous, attempted a defence. One by one, however, his defences were swept down: 'he did not know this; he did not know that.' At last he was driven against the wall. 'My dear Molly,' he burst out, 'I don't know *nothing* about *everything*!' ²

Friday, 19th. I saw Marion off by an early train. He was disappointed that he could not come to the station. He has lately had bad nights, bad early mornings, and suffers discomfort afterwards. This, of course is nothing new, but the discomfort and the troubled nights are worse at

¹ This, my eldest brother's big edition in 3 vols., published by Methuen, had recently appeared.

² Another thing amused Marion too. It is not entered in my Diary, but it must have occurred here as Marion never met Mr. Coleridge at Groombridge on any other occasion. Mr. Coleridge would insist that Humphrey's name was *Milton*. 'Oh, yes, I know your husband quite well, Mr. Milton,' and so on. Several times she gently but firmly insisted that his name was Milford; 'he is my *husband*, so I know.' It was no good; he overruled her, appealing, if I remember rightly, to his wife: 'It is Milton, isn't it? Mr. Milton, with whom I correspond at the Oxford Press.' So Milton it remained.

some times than others. Later in the morning we went together to Top Hill Farm, where we often go, and sat on our old pile of logs. . . . After a long, long talk he ended as he so often ends: 'Well, my dear, there's your Hale, a strange wild creature.' He talked and smoked very quietly. It was fine and still. We went back by the hedge and through the wood. Outside his gate we met Mrs. Oswald in her chair. The donkey's trace had just broken, and a passing tramp had offered some string to mend it with. Meanwhile we talked to Mrs. Oswald. She spoke of a book she had been reading; she seemed to think it a pity it ever was written; there was nothing to get from it. A book, she said, ought to make you 'happier, or wiser or better—or even worse!' She bowed a most gracious thanks to the tramp. Hale rather shrinks from tramps; he is so beautifully clean himself, and he imagines dirt much worse than it is! However, we fell in with this tramp. Hale went indoors to fetch him twopence, and I stood and talked at the gate. He told me how he worked on this farm and that through the summer. I wanted to know what he did when the winter came. He said that he went to *his own place*. I asked him where that was—unpleasant associations suggested! He said *the workhouse at Dartford!*

After lunch we sat in the garden. He mentioned *Miriam's Schooling* again, the only one of his



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books he remembers, and of that he remembers only one scene—I did not ask what.

Saturday, 20th. We talked about religion—what a curious way to put it!—the *real* things which concern us most. When I talk about religion, he never interrupts, he listens up to the very end, and sits so still that I forget he is there. . . . I told him this, and he said: ‘If a message was brought from some great king, do you think I should interrupt the messenger?’ . . . We sat that morning for a long time on a stile in Mr. Field’s property, and I told him about the boys. Again after lunch I talked about the boys, and (to his infinite astonishment!) chose to stay with him in the dining-room *talking and talking* rather than go out for a drive in somebody’s motor. Molly went out in the motor and enjoyed herself very much. After tea we three sat in the garden, Hale on the little log-seat in the wedged-in corner close to the yard. We said something about the trees, and he began to worry over a line of Keats, then went to fetch the book, brought it out and read ‘In a drear-nighted December’, and the Ode on the Grecian Urn. The pink wild-rose bush on the lawn was just in perfection. I kept on looking at it. After he had gone in, Molly and I amused ourselves in the kitchen. The man, Smith, who was pumping, told us a great deal about the foxes and the cub-hunting in the autumn. Then we went back to the garden, only this time it was the upper

garden, and we stopped a long while with the roses and I could do nothing but say 'Roses, if I live and do well!' After supper what should he do but give us an exact description of a Turkish bath! He would not talk of anything else; he talked very slowly and judiciously, with sudden bursts of enthusiasm. He seemed to be enjoying himself! Molly and I sat and laughed. It was a maddish evening altogether. Before we went to bed Mrs. Collins¹ came in to say that a baby mouse was caught in the trap, and would we go out and liberate it? All the mice are liberated. Hale often sends Florrie to empty the contents of the trap on the dust-heap or (more frequently) into Miss Saint's Park. We set free the baby, and then went upstairs. Florrie was madly excited. Her mother, coming to speak to us, took the candle out of her room, and there was at once a fearful to-do. We all laughed till we nearly cried. . . . It was not more than 9.30, and there was still light in the western sky. There was also a light in the corner window of the little cottage beneath our house.

Sunday, 21st. I went to the Communion Service at New Groombridge, the church which he has chosen for me. We had a long walk after breakfast. He talked of his books. How much he hides from other people! He refuses to believe, or rather,

¹ Florrie's mother; together they formed the establishment.

he pays no attention to the fact, that any one admires his books . . . He says that he remembers writing the first book, *The Autobiography*, at 'extraordinary high-pressure'. He was then at work every night at the House of Commons, and he wrote in the mornings, 4.30. He ought to have had more sleep. It was Mr. Matheson who guessed the authorship; they used to walk together a great deal.¹ In the afternoon, S— P— and

¹ I wish I had written down more about this. I happen to recollect, however, that these walks were somewhere by the Thames and somehow connected with sewage farms, and a night spent in a lonely house in a strange unaccustomed district, which fortunately proves of assistance, for Mr. P. E. Matheson, of New College, Oxford, writing to me of his uncles William and Tom—both names I well remember hearing—says: 'Both were fond of walking and both probably walked with him, but the reference to the Thames most likely belongs to William, who was for many years employed by the firm of T. C. Hills & Co., manufacturing chemists in Deptford. He was especially concerned with their chemical manures. . . . A remarkable man with a fine literary sense: he never wrote, but he was a delightful companion. Like his brothers he had scant schooling and had to begin work early; he might under other conditions have been a scholar, though he was much more, for he had a great knowledge of men, and especially of country folk. . . . His religious affinities were with F. D. Maurice, whom he knew and revered.' The father was an Independent Minister, the Rev. James Matheson, of Durham and London, who died leaving a comparatively young widow with a large family of sons and one daughter, Jessy. The eldest son Greville 'had a real poetic gift'. Mr. T. F. Reeve, who married the only daughter, can trace the friendship between the families, so I learn from a letter which Mr. Matheson forwards to me, back to very remote days at Mrs. Matheson's house in Milner

H— A—¹ arrived. We all had tea in the dining-room, and then went round the garden and into the Park. Hale managed to speak to each of the boys separately about the class. I left them soon after 6.30 because he wished me to go to church. When I had gone they gathered some roses and the boys started for home about 7. It was a gorgeous summer evening. When have I seen anything like the splendour of these early summer months? The sky as I came from church was clear, transparent, you could look *into* it.

Monday, 22nd. After breakfast I told him a story of how I once made a very simple observa-

Square, Islington. 'I can *now*, in my mind's eye, see old Mr. White sitting at the corner of the supper-table next your grandmother at the end furthest from the door, with Greville opposite and other sons, Jessy and visitors scattered about.' And then he describes how the evening 'generally ended in adjournment to that small den at the back, where there was much smoke and talk that covered much ground'. He adds: '*Of course*, it was William who is referred to in that Diary note . . . He was not only a friend of the Whites and knew all well, but he had many and long talks with Hale White, who, I believe, visited him at the house on the River at East Greenwich. William was a supreme literary critic and an excellent judge of style.'

William Matheson died in November 1891. He never married. With reference to the guessing of the authorship, either Molly or her father told me that this friend had recognized something, whether the detail of a story or expression of an opinion, which he happened to know that nobody else could have written. See also p. 73; and *Letters to Three Friends*, p. 11.

¹ Two members of my Class.

tion on a certain simple occurrence, and nobody appeared to understand, or rather they appeared not to wish to understand, they seemed to turn nervous and 'back' a bit as if I had said something odd or improper. My observation was so trivial, the whole story in fact so trivial that I was almost ashamed to tell him of it. He listened without comment, filling his pipe, then came over to me and said emphatically: 'Shall I tell you what it was? You made a *generalization*.' This led to a most interesting talk, of the power of seeing the 'general' in the 'particular'—without, moreover, losing sight of the 'particular'. To generalize, to see any meaning in things, to refer, or connect—these are all deadly sins in society; but I shall sin as much as I like, and in future I mean to sin with a little more confidence. I shall no longer think myself stupid, I shall think that other people are. This is a new and noble resolve.

Florrie was wild that day. She said to me: 'I feel like I don't know what this morning! I couldn't half do just anything!' It was her day for going into the Wells to shop. I always look forward to fun when she returns; she is sure to declare she is 'so much short'. This time it was two pounds. 'Two pounds!' said her mother. 'What did you come home for then?' However, after making some calculations on paper, she found she was 'fourpence to the good!' She generally goes through this little farce. A harum-scarum,

clever, merry, young creature, a *child* still, not a girl;—that's her excuse, and that's *our* excuse for laughing at her! ¹

In the morning Hale and I went for a long walk. We met some children out with their nurse. He stopped to talk, and he gave a very particular message to the nurse for her mistress. Presently we met another nurse, the head-nurse with two other of the children. Again he stopped to speak. With what pleasure everybody greets him! He draws the best from every one; ugly, uninteresting people look beautiful and wise. Whilst he was talking to the nurse the eldest child ran up, a child in some way afflicted, possibly in mind, at any rate excitable and inarticulate. Hale turned at once and said with a sort of royal burst: 'And how are you, my *beautiful* boy!' It was pretty to see the child's pleasure, at first almost abashed, then shining with joy, a kind of pride in his beauty!

In Burr's Wood we stopped to look at a wonderful pool. It was small and full of weeds, and I think I might easily have passed it by, had he not called me up to the brink, and we stood and gazed down. It was surrounded by trees, but the sun came through in brilliant patches; the weeds were vivid green. We stared and stared to take in the wonder. It was a magic pool. Such rank and careless growth! Close to it was a trickling stream.

¹ My impression is she was still of school age, and attended 'half-time'.

Again *he* made me listen. It was like a hundred voices, now high, now low. Hale said that this was always there, this magic, this music, and two people came once in a way and stopped a few moments to enjoy. Going home we went aside into a certain corner where we have sat before. Our seat, a bit of prostrate fencing, had, however, been removed. A haycock would do as well! We were feeling the hay to see if it was really dry when a lad came briskly up the field and shouted that we were trespassing. 'You know me,' said Hale, waiting till he got near. The boy said no, and added that we must not stay. 'How's Mr. —?' asked Hale (the lad's master). 'Why, it's Mr. White!' said the boy. 'Why, I didn't know it was you!' Of course we might stay now if we liked! 'Well, I'm blessed if I thought it was Mr. White!' he said again and again. He chuckled as if he enjoyed the joke. Before we left Hale said: 'Well, I hear you're a good boy,' and gave him a tip. The boy was pleased and said again: 'Well, I'm blessed if I thought it was you!'

When Molly and I were walking in the Park after tea a large branch fell off an ash. We heard a curious cracking sound, and did not at first realize what it was or where it came from; then we traced it to a tree, and stood transfixed, waiting to see what branch would fall. We found ourselves well out of danger; but it was a rather alarming sight. After supper we talked of the

Royal Family. Florrie and I went round the garden. She was in one of her quiet, affectionate, pensive moods. A single word would have stirred her up!

Tuesday, 23rd. At breakfast we discussed the opening of other people's letters! We decided no rule could be laid down. Hale told us the story of a Spartan who was having a house built for him, and being told as a recommendation that it would not be overlooked, replied: 'I would rather have it at every point overlooked.' We also talked about the Jews—such a history as theirs is. The Jews, he said, were *not* a monotheistic people; it was only the Prophets, the great men, who were. This makes the Bible all the more marvellous; it is God's Book, not man's; it was God's religion, not the Jews'. He said that he should like to have his life over again and go in for Greek research. After breakfast we sat on the upper lawn. Molly went to see the old woman in the cottage beneath the house, to whom they give a dinner once a week. She says that she likes Molly because she does not wear transparent blouses! She is 89 years old, and goes to the Communion every Harvest Festival, and has done so all her life, Molly thinks.

On the lawn we talked of strange things. We agreed that certain troubles were necessary as corrections, that they beat out the character after beautiful designs. We also said what mad crea-

tures we were, and yet how respectable! We agreed that respectability gives one great freedom. So many people shackle themselves with their unshackling theories, and are bound by peculiarities stricter than conventionalities. In the afternoon we sat again on the lawn. After tea two ladies called. I think Hale did not know at first who they were, but he shook hands with them. Then he suddenly shook hands with one of them a second time, and said: 'Oh, Miss ——, I am so sorry for you!' The lady, a more than middle-aged lady, almost burst out crying; she said: 'Oh, I knew you would be, Mr. White. You wrote me such a letter!' I learnt afterwards that her pet dog had been run over.

Wednesday, 24th. I went to the Communion at St. Thomas's. He walked with me part of the way. . . . After breakfast we sat on the upper lawn. We talked a good deal of Ruskin. He spoke of '*sobriety of expression*'; it was beneficial as a check upon extravagances of thought, insanity. He said that Sir Walter Scott somewhere affirms that men can do more than they think they can to prevent nerve and brain collapse. He also told me, as he has told me before, of certain books which he leaves on his shelves unopened; they would do him harm. I told him how that for the same kind of reason I had chosen *Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal* from his library rather than *Villette*. We talked of reading *with reference to*

something—with reference to *what you wanted*. I told him that before I began a book I always knew the kind of effect it was to produce upon me. We also had some very serious, intimate talk, and with strange emotion he quoted a favourite verse : ‘ Yea, from the horns of the wild oxen thou hast answered me.’ He gave me his little Greek Testament in the cover which he made for it as a boy. In so many ways he is now just what he must have been then. I left that afternoon.

From a letter 25th June :

It was disappointing. I had a desperate moment just as the train moved away. This unaccountable fainting despair, when the pit opens under me and Doubt declares itself—not the common scepticism—is awful. It is a disease with me, but it is a disease due more than ordinary diseases to spiritual causes. (I wish we had some other word than spiritual or mental.) However, it did not last desperate so long, and before I got home I was able to recover a little strength. I think the next time I will try a train journey in the direction opposite to yours. . . . I want to know what prevents me from resting with the complete peace and happiness which are its due in your visit. . . . Why, when the thing has gone, cannot I say I am just so much the richer, by a gift from heaven and rejoiced with untouched joy? The frustrated desire for possession may be something, but it is of no use mincing matters and giving that which is base a fine name. Excepting in so far

as it is physical weakness, as it partly is in my case, let me not be a humbug and call it anything else than a common sin. Not to dwell on and reckon up the gain, the blessed gain of the last week, but let myself sink because it is not continuous is foolery and ingratitude.

From a letter 27th June :

I have had frequent returns lately of old troubles. . . . It is of no use going to a doctor. 'As well', as Carlyle said in a similar plight, 'whisper into the hairy ear of a jackass.' I never knew but two who had the least notion that man has a soul as well as a body, and in years gone by I have wasted my living on physicians.

From a letter 29th June :

I cannot now write about v. 43,¹ with which also, I suppose, you will take 44, but I can just add . . . that the watching is maintenance of the soul's strength. We cannot always be thinking of particular temptations and in this way be on our guard, but we can live in such thoughts habitually that no temptation can touch us. This is the protective influence of Christ. . . .

From a letter 30th June 1908 :

Sunday's (28 June) letter of which I could only answer a bit. I think you had better choose the Thursday lesson, but if anything strikes me in reading the Bible you shall have it

¹ St. Matt. xxiv. Here and in the next paragraph he refers to the preparation of my Sunday and (occasional) Thursday Bible lessons for my Boys' Class.

and can do what you like with it. As I have told you, I never discontinue my readings, but I shall now have another object, and, most precious of all, I shall feel myself intertwined with you in what lies so close to your heart. I am sure that, although my upbringings and my mental ways are different from yours, we are exactly one, and that I shall never say anything on a passage in the Bible which will jar upon you.

He was to have come on July 1st to Bickley to see me play cricket. He was unwell and could not come, and was a good deal disappointed. He wrote:

I am very, very sorry. It is my old trouble, rather worse, and I shall lie in bed to-day.

He had a wonderful surprise, for the next day I went there unexpectedly. I was not happy about him. He was much better when I left. I would not let him see me to the station. Molly went with me. Miss Partridge was staying there. We all sat long at lunch, in fact we sat there while Mrs. Collins grimly cleared us away! I told Hale, on the upper lawn, how little I knew about Shakespeare, but he only said: 'All the better.' We also discussed summer holiday plans, and the possibility of finding a house for him to live in nearer to Beckenham. He seems determined to leave Groombridge.

7th July. We spent the day in London together. We walked from Victoria Station through the Park to Trafalgar Square and went into St. Martin's

Church. We sat there for some time, then walked to the London Library in St. James's Square. We passed (in the Square) a very respectable elderly woman who appeared to be keeping a crossing, that is to say she had a broom for the sign of her office ; what she was doing was knitting socks. Hale said he had known her for 40 years. She recognized him at once, before ever we crossed the road. She was much pleased to see him. She recounted all the woes of last winter ; she had been very ill and every one thought ' she was gone ', but she recovered : ' It seemed as if I was not to be gone,' that was what she kept saying. She also said : ' It seems as if the Almighty wants to keep me here.' She said that she put no trust in anybody, only in the Almighty. We each gave her sixpence and she blessed us both. In the Library we sat and talked, quite against the rules, but very quietly. We forgot about lunch until 20 minutes to 2. We then jumped up and ran straight into Beryl's arms. We were all much amused. We lunched together at Stewart's. We told him that he was much too extravagant and grand ; he defended himself on the ground that our lunch cost but 3 shillings. Beryl and I would only have raspberry and currant tart. Then Beryl left us, and we went to the tailor's, and I walked on whilst he was being fitted to buy myself some ' White Heather ' ¹ ribbon. Then we drove in

¹ My cricket club.

a hansom to Westminster Abbey for the afternoon service.¹ The first lesson was from Job (curiously enough) chapter 19. I afterwards mentioned verse 27, 'Whom I shall see for myself . . . and not another.' He said something about a mis-translation. He mentioned verse 16, 'I call unto my servant.' . . . After the service we sat and talked; then we took a cab to Victoria Station and I saw him off by train. He wants to find a house near Beckenham by September.

From a letter 11th July:

I am so grieved you got wet in looking for the houses. I am afraid from former experience my chance is desperate. . . . I do want to leave this place and get into a house not so shut in. It might perhaps alleviate my troubles to be in higher, drier air. . . .

Oh! I had such a day on Thursday! dreadful, dreadful. I promised to take Miss —— to see —— whom she knows. There swooped down about 4 o'clock a crowd of visitors. The drawing-room was packed and I thought I should have fainted. A man, an artist whom I know, sat opposite to me, looked me straight in the face and without the slightest hesitation informed

¹ I find this in his 'Dorothy Book': 'Dorothy and I went to the afternoon service in Westminster Abbey. She wished me to go with her: I wished to go with her. I am unaccustomed to the Anglican service, but I stood when she stood and knelt when she knelt. Was I false to my convictions? A thousand times No! Strange, but true, I had always believed with her and always worshipped with her. 7 July 1908.'

me ' he was glad he did not study art in Paris. He might have adopted the French style of painting and that would have precluded his own, which, whatever faults it might have, was certainly original.' . . . Then I drank something which half poisoned me, came home, went almost straight to bed and thought I was going to be very ill. However, I managed to lie still for part of the night and was better in the morning. I hope you will get to-day a paper I send you.¹ Perfectly, totally inadequate. Not what I feel I might have said, but I could do no better. Do you know how the pen swerves from the thought?

I do so want to see your mother. If she cannot come here, I must come to Beckenham. She said she would have a talk with me some day.

From a letter 12th July:

I agree with you that I shan't be well till you come. I hope I shall be well when you do come. . . . The depression caused by my ailment, whatever it may be, makes life grey and at times black. I shall think of the last day in London.

As to the MS.² I have read it once. Reading once is of no use to me, save as a preparation for

¹ His review of *Miss Mona* in the *Nation*. The title of the article was not his choice, and he wrote to me that he had 'not for a long time been more provoked' than he was by this alteration. 'My heading was simply "Dorothy V. Horace Smith".' The article was quite a surprise to me.

² A collection of papers about my boys to which I gave the name 'The Glorious Time'—unpublished.

the second or third reading, and this MS. is such a surprise and in a way so difficult that I may have to proceed to number four. Anyhow, I must hold my tongue for the present. Were I to speak I should certainly talk nonsense.

The account of the Woodmansterne cricket-match I read with what are called 'mixed feelings'. I am heartily glad you so thoroughly enjoyed yourself; eight wickets, umpire's compliments, maraschino, fruit salad¹—it is all quite natural and healthy, but it is also not totally unnatural that I—ah well. . . . And it so happens that on your way to the Oaks you passed the house I built, where I lived for twenty years, and when I lived there, I could have kept wicket against even your bowling and could walk thirty miles a day and bicycle to Portsmouth. Forgive! I couldn't help brooding over this. . . . I AM A PIG.

But what I am really, seriously anxious about, as I have told you before, is that you should have a little more quiet. Can you be quiet after two or three days' scurry? I can't. It takes me another two or three days to be able to sit still.

This morning (14th July) I looked into *The Autobiography*.² I read ' . . . and I was taught,

¹ The maraschino was *in* the fruit salad; no doubt I had explained that, but he chose to separate it.

² The following bit of analysis I keep just as it stands in the Diary, because I find that he pasted a copy of it (in my handwriting) in his 'Dorothy Book', and therefore I suppose set some value on it. I will also copy here a passage about the Autobiography, from the first few pages of my Diary, omitted (see p. 1, Prefatory note): 'It was at Sullington

what I have since been taught over and over again, that unknown abysses, into which the sun never

Rectory in the summer holidays of 1904 that I first heard of *Mark Rutherford*. Marion and Humphrey brought the Autobiography with them when they came to stay, and they recommended it as a book I should probably like. I picked it up in the drawing-room one evening, read about a page, and put it down again, knowing that I had found the very thing I wanted. There it was; it could wait. I let others read it first, for I was in no hurry. When I could settle down to the Autobiography I read it very carefully. I was astonished, for it was about *real* people; there was no labour of creation; every circumstance seemed true. The style was to me very attractive, simple, natural and direct; thoughts rather than words, thoughts so plain as to be obvious, flashing simultaneously into the writer's and the reader's mind. And then the man behind the style—honest, fair, no trickery, no falsehood, nor any self-deception. Too fair, giving all things so equally their due as to bring life to one dead level, distributing colours, lights and shades, so evenly as to produce a monotone. Here you got the *commonplace*, not the sham commonplace which rises perpetually *out* of the commonplace into the regions of the *remarkable* (so that your "plain" heroine has, you infer, magnificent eyes, and your "mean" hero a mighty heart) but real commonplace which is nothing more than it professes to be, and moves only in circumscribed spheres. On the other hand the whole was relieved by occasional gleams of light, sudden rays shot from heaven, swift and unerring. By an effort of will the clouds would be parted or dispelled by some power above. Hence the book was not morbid; there was life working all the time. And the life was no mere optimistical cloak of philosophy thrown over the whole, but a real God-begotten breathing Spirit, fighting its way from the core within, troubling the surface and piercing through. Briefly I will mention other qualities which attracted me: humour, fearlessness, obstinacy, tenderness, contempt. There was also (which should, however, come first, being perhaps the most distinguished and the rarest

shines, lie covered with commonplace in men and women, and are revealed only by the rarest opportunity.' It was the *uncovering* of the 'commonplace' which drew me first in his books. It amazed me. I did not know that any one in this world was allowed to be so simple—and live! 'But it is *profound*!' says somebody. *So I thought.* And not only in his books does he uncover 'the commonplace', but, far better, I have seen him uncover it in real life and let the sun shine in. Also I noticed in this chapter (V) a good illustration of his favourite sudden transition from the 'particular' to the 'general', the small to the great. These transitions produce a marked effect upon his style, which is very orderly, and yet full of strange surprises, every sort of climax, cadence, and attack. Here, sandwiched in between an apparently trivial story about Mr. and Mrs. Hexton, and an apparently bald description of Mr. Hexton's way of life, is this sentence: 'I do not believe there was a single point in Mr. Hexton's character in which he touched the universal'. . . *Immediately before*: ' . . . a plate fell down and was broken; everything was in confusion; I was ashamed and degraded.' *Immediately afterwards*: 'If he had kept bees' . . .

gift) the religious temperament. To conclude, I must refer again to the *reality* of character and circumstance. Hale tells me now that he never *created* a character in his life, never sat down to write without having somebody before his mind's eye.'

I spoke of the transition from the 'particular' to the 'general', the 'small' to the 'great'. As I wrote the words '*small*' and '*great*' I wondered if they were just, in that connexion. Is the 'general' truth about 'Mr. Hexton's character' any 'greater' than the 'particular' fact that on such and such a day he made his wife feel 'ashamed and degraded'; and moreover, day after day, *neglected to keep bees?* . . . I like the way in which the 'general' touches the 'particular' on either side.

It is this power of holding the 'general' and 'particular' together in the palm of the hand and tossing them up and down like balls, which makes one think, '*There is nothing in this,*' then '*There is everything.*'

Thursday, 16th July. Janet and I arrived at Groombridge, 12.17. Pouring rain; also we had lost our luggage! In the afternoon it was too wet to go out. Hale read to us the diary of a Lancashire Mill-girl. The diary was written at his request; it tells the story of a fortnight of her life. Of course you might read it in such a way as to make it sound very trite and dull, but he read it in such a way as to make it sound very true and pathetic. We laughed at him afterwards, and told him he could have made his fortune by reading such a thing aloud. In the evening he went to the station in the rain to inquire for our luggage. I did not know he had gone, and when he came

back I distinctly objected. He only said : ' I've looked after other people all my life and I like it.'

Friday, 17th July. At breakfast we discussed ' controversy '. He closed the discussion with, what was for him, a rather long speech. Then he took a bit of bread, scraped the butter off his plate, spread it and put it in his mouth. I said to Molly : ' Your father is beginning his breakfast again.' He at once in his usual schoolboy fashion began to defend himself ; he said : ' Well, I only just finished up my butter. Molly is always doing that ; first she has a little marmalade left over and then she takes some bread to match, and then she has too much bread and takes a little butter,' and so on. You are sure to get some roundabout excuse if you blame or praise him.

After breakfast he talked to me in the drawing-room and told me what the doctor in London had said. His heart and lungs are perfectly sound, but there is some local trouble which might be relieved by treatment. The doctor advises the Röntgen Rays. After lunch I wrote a little, and then sat in his room. We were very sad for a time. We came down late to tea. At tea he amused us with stories of his boyhood. One I will set here : A rather mean uncle of his sent him out one snowy winter's day for 10s. worth of stamps. He was a boy about 12 or 13 then. He dropped the half-sovereign in the snow ; hunted and hunted ; but it could not be found. He told some other boys

and they hunted too; round and round they trampled in the snow. At last he gave up the search, and went back very uncertain of the fate in store for him, scraped his boots slowly on the scraper, and scraped off the ten-shilling piece!

Saturday, 18th July. Left with Janet about 11. He asked when he said good-bye at the station whether he should be justified in going off to the public-house and getting drunk. He said: 'Do you know what I shall do? I shall go home and put on all *my oldest clothes*.' I told him not to forget I was returning on Monday, and to make a note of it in his little black note-book. He said he should.

Monday, 20th July. He met me at the station 12.17. He had received a letter from Miss Partridge that morning, a very kind letter. . . . He was in rather a fever because he had mislaid it and feared he might have dropped it in the street. He found it in his room on his return. Molly had been poorly since I left on Saturday, but she seemed to cheer up. I brought her a belt which Janet had worked, and a honey-comb from Mother. She likes honey, and, curiously enough, the doctor had recommended it for her. In the afternoon Hale went through my papers with me, 'The Glorious Time,' and tried to discover Methuen's reasons for thinking they would not appeal to a large enough public. After Hale had gone to bed I read aloud to Molly, *The Virginians*.

Tuesday, 21st July. H. and I discussed the question of his coming to live in Beckenham. He had had a letter from the doctor. He is to give up his coffee. He makes it for himself every morning, and it is all he cares for in the way of eating or drinking. He says he does not mind, and has given it up promptly; he wants to get well, to be freed from this heavy depression. Before lunch we called on Miss Turner, and walked back across the fields. After lunch I sat in his room. We read some poems of Christina Rossetti's together. He pointed out to me 'The Hour and the Ghost'.

At tea Molly and I enjoyed our honey. I said I was sorry he should not also enjoy these good things. Molly said: 'But he doesn't care about honey.' He said: 'But I *do* care about honey.' She said: 'Then why don't you make a fuss?' He said: 'Because there are so many other things I make a fuss about. I've no fuss left for honey.'

After tea we all three walked up the road a little way. . . . In the kitchen Florrie presented me with a smart night-dress case which she had worked herself. Whilst we were sitting at dinner some caravans belonging to a circus passed up the hill, and an engine dragging four great loaded trucks. Molly and I ran to the door to look at them.

Wednesday, 22nd July. We went out in the

morning. It was a lovely day. After lunch we sat in the garden. He told me much about himself. He told me about his call within the church, his 'profession' of Christ, if that is the right term. He was 15 or 16 years old.¹ He remembers the scene vividly, standing up there alone and beginning, 'I was born of pious parents.' He thinks his 'profession' was written out, not spoken extempore. He recollects one sentence, that having been brought up in a religious household he had not needed 'like Saul of Tarsus' any great or sudden conversion. He also told me about his expulsion from Cheshunt College, the College of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion.² It was to this sect that his mother belonged, and she more or less forced or persuaded him to belong to it too. The pamphlet which his father wrote on his expulsion, 'To think or not to think,' was highly approved by F. D. Maurice. Maurice asked Hale to breakfast with him, and they got on very well.

He said that his childhood and early boyhood were as happy as any childhood and boyhood could be. He does not think there was ever by nature a happier child. Having left Cheshunt² he went for six months to Portsmouth, apparently for no particular purpose; then, for something to do,

¹ See *Early Life of Mark Rutherford*, 'no more than seventeen.'

² It was from New College, St. John's Wood, that he was expelled. I must have confused the two. See *Early Life*, p. 63.

took a mastership, after two days left the school with 'the horrors',¹ went to some friend (he did not say who), got work at Chapman's, and there met George Eliot. Of George Eliot he spoke with such devotion, such humility, such peace. He said she was a sweet, gentle creature; he said: 'I could worship that woman.' Then came Somerset House and Whitehall, marriage, poverty. His father had lost money and was unable to help. He added to his little income by writing for the *Birmingham Daily Post*, reports on the House of Commons' Debates. He used to go to the House after work. His dread, terror, was lest he should not finish his office duties in time, for, if he failed in that, he knew he should never get promotion. This was a perpetual nightmare, and the strain on the nerves was very bad. After the House he came home to supper, then must write out his reports; home to an invalid wife. He said that he told me all this (so egotistical, he thought it!) because it explained so much in him. In a sense I had known it all before. . . . He mentioned to me a pamphlet, *Flatland*,² which he began to write one Sunday, (he thinks) about 35 years ago.

¹ 'Then there fell upon me what was the beginning of a trouble which has lasted all my life.' *Autobiographical Notes*, p. 80. With that passage in the *Early Life* might very well be compared the last two pages of R. L. Stevenson's *Some College Memories*.

² See p. 90, and 'A Dream of Two Dimensions', in *Last Pages from a Journal*.

He cannot remember who printed it, and he burnt all the surplus copies in the rubbish heap some long time since, because he was ashamed of it and thought it wanted such a lot of correction. Now of course he is sorry and would like to get hold of a copy again ! He tells me there has been another *Flatland*. He does not remember how his was signed ; he thinks by some letter or hieroglyphic ; it began with a dispute between husband and wife. Also he remembers a Christmas Story which appeared in some paper, he quite forgets what ! He is very vague about what he has done, and very apologetic. He much regrets that his authorship was ever known.

He spoke of his old nurse, her combination of religion and worldliness, a perfectly healthy and good and possible combination, to draw which you would need, he said, ' a pencil of cloud.'

Thursday, 23rd July. I went to Matins. At breakfast he looked wretchedly ill and white. We spoke a good deal of Miss Partridge ; he calls her a *great* woman. She says that she is not great because she has never written anything ! He tells her that there is an intensive as well as an extensive greatness. After breakfast we walked about Top Hill Farm. He was much depressed and I found it hard to know what to say, and yet after a while I said a great deal. I think, and told him so, that a good part of his trouble is imaginary, not the trouble perhaps but the *form* it assumes, the

formless form, big and black. . . . After lunch I went through his *Last Pages*,¹ &c., making minor corrections. He was amused at my ideas of the duties (or privileges !) of an editor, as I referred every point to himself, even to a full stop. He made me read Christina Rossetti's 'Convent Threshold' aloud, and also pointed out to me 'Mirage' ('For a dream's sake'). We talked of Christina Rossetti, and of the futility of trying to be what somebody else is, instead of trying to be ourselves ; of the absurd and *wrong* dread of being thought narrow-minded. We agreed (for the moment at any rate and in that sort of connexion) that one ought to narrow oneself absolutely to the line one is meant to take. Christina Rossetti, I told him, for example, never read an 'improper' book ;² she read Dante and the Bible, I think that was about all, and quite enough, it seems, for her. Hale said if he had his time over again he would not touch one of the Elizabethan dramatists (Marlowe, &c.). He said we should face the fact that we cannot read the Elizabethan dramatists *and* Thomas à Kempis ; we are always trying to, but we ought to be honest and allow that we can't. If we choose Thomas à Kempis we must throw the other overboard, he said, *with all its greatness, power and worth*. It was a remarkable conversa-

¹ Published as *More Pages*.

² See Life by Mackenzie Bell, p. 319, and Memoir to complete 1 vol. edition of *Poetical Works*, p. 69.

tion ; you could have quarrelled with it all along the line, and yet it was *true*.

Mrs. Morse and her sister Miss Tylor came to tea ; they were old friends ; friends of Ruskin too. I did not read to Molly in the evening ; I talked to her about her mother.

Friday, 24th July. I left early. I had to leave on Friday, as I was going to Ashtead. At Ashtead, by the way, Humphrey told me that he remembered reading that same *Flatland* at Winchester in Moberly Library. As he talked of it, a distinct memory came into my mind of having once read it, or part of it, too ; not in this house, I think, and I cannot recall where. I should say I was about 16 years old at the time. This may be a delusion !

From a letter 25th July :

It will not be worth while for you to meet me.¹ I don't know how long the operation may last. I shall not therefore come round to your station and shall not expect you. I am sure this is right, although for other reasons I should love to have you with me. . . . This nervous disorder is exactly, in reality, what I had to endure many years ago, and I hoped it would never recur. . . . I must wait like a beleaguered garrison and hope for relief. Medicine is of no use whatever. . . . I will telegraph to you on Monday, if there is anything to be said of con-

¹ In London to see the doctor, for the Röntgen Ray treatment.

sequence, and will write when I get home, supposing I have time. I care not a straw about Dr. ——'s doings, but if I could only be what I ought to be, having you, and what I was until very lately, I should wish to live for ever. Good-bye. . . . You did not bargain for this, last November.

I sent a telegram to tell him I *should* come, and meanwhile ¹ another letter followed.

26th July. It is of no use to tell you not to come. I will be at your station at about 10.45 if our train is punctual. I should not have minded your going with me to the doctor who is to do the operation, as it cannot be dangerous and there is no cutting nor pain, but I did not want to depress you by the other and, to me, more saddening trouble. When I think of what you have given me it is almost unendurable that I should not be at my best with you to the end of my days. Most mysterious is it that this fiend, who has kept away from me for so many years, should have ascended from the pit and laid hold of me just now. But silence, silence !

I met him at Victoria and went by omnibus to Chandos Street. The treatment was not painful and did not take long. Afterwards we walked up and down outside. I implored him to come home with me, but he dared not ; this cloud has settled down upon him. We went to the Tate

¹ This seems to mean that my telegram crossed his letter of 26 July, but I think it would not be like him to alter his resolution without some such reason as the telegram.

Gallery, lunched and looked at the pictures, Turner's and Millais'. I hope some happy days are coming. I said I would go to Groombridge the next day. This morning (28th) he writes :

I am sure, perfectly sure, that it will be better you should *not* come here to-morrow. Perfectly sure also that it will be better I should *not* come to Beckenham. . . . It was a wonderful relief to me you met me in London. You do care for me ill or well, and you encouraged me to hope that this black cloud will pass. It is hard to struggle when the sinew is broken.

I did not go on Tuesday, but I was anxious and went on Wednesday instead. I certainly found him better, more forgetful of himself. It is strange that in this kind of illness, hypochondriacal, you can suffer the torments of madness and yet be perfectly sane. It is at these times that you realize the benefit of *habits* of self-control, and the avoidance of all *eccentricities* : one is delivered by *going on in the usual way*. Molly returned from Hazel Rough in the afternoon, feeling much stronger for the change. Things look brighter. Meantime he had written to me :

I have learned to distinguish between the troubles in which other people can help and those which I myself alone must conquer if they are to be conquered at all. To confuse these two kinds of trouble, to apply to your best-loved friend for relief from this last kind is fatal. It is a dreadful thing that he cannot be of any

use, because you at this very time are at your weakest. When I had pneumonia, caught one holiday at Bassenthwaite in Cumberland, and looked death in the face I was not cowed as I am now. So also when I had the same dangerous disease two years ago, and knew not from day to day how it might turn, I lay quite still and made the nurse read Jane Austen to me.

31st July. He has written again. He is no better. We are troubled to know what to do about moving. He has sent me some notes on the Psalms. I shall slip them into the cover of his little Greek Testament. This I shall copy :

‘Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving.’ The most difficult of all commands—at least for me. Partly this is owing to physical causes—ever the damning, cold hand on all pleasure, forbidding gratitude. But I do believe that thankfulness is a solemn duty. What is natural to tempers more finely compounded than mine, I must struggle for. There *must* be gratitude for the present moment, no matter what may come afterwards, joy in this fleeting white cloud which passes in a minute. . . . I wish sometimes I could write, as a warning, a real history of my own inner life, but it would be too dangerous. What has this got to do with the sacrifice of thanksgiving? A good deal, but—Finis. . . . I wish sometimes that Saul could have written something for us. It would not have been a Psalm.

The letters now are full of troubles. He has decided that it will be best for me *not* to go there

on Thursday. Molly and I are to go to Cornwall with the others¹ on Friday. I will copy small extracts :

31st July. I have come to the conclusion that it will be better you should not come here on Thursday ; a sad, sad struggle it has been to make up my mind to it. . . . If I could *hope*, I should say I might look forward to ten days or a fortnight with you when you return from Cornwall. . . . Molly is a long way from being well, and everybody tells me she must get away from Groombridge. The doctor is always preaching that she must not live here in this shut-in cottage with me. . . . I shall have to do something, although just at the moment doing anything is so difficult. Have you consulted your father and mother as to the *wisdom* of the move to Beckenham ? Are you sure yourself of the *wisdom* of it ? It is the *wisdom* of you three I need.

2nd August. Recollect this is not the first time I have been attacked by this disorder. You therefore are not the cause of it. But the worst symptoms are depression and fear, and, as I live for nothing but you, you will understand how they are entirely now connected with you ; an almost unbearable longing to have you always with me, a feeling that I *ought* to have had you long ago, the irreversible doom of age.

3rd August. I have just time to tell you that I have got home after a Bank Holiday's journey to London. I saw both the surgeon and the doctor. The conclusion is that I am

¹ Our family summer holiday.

to pay one more visit to the surgeon, and if no more good is done than has been done at present, a consultation is to be held at the beginning of September as to whether I am to go to some nursing-home and undergo an operation. Dr. — says he is now convinced that what I may call the surgical trouble is the cause of all my other misery. I am not sure, but his reasons were strong. So much for my sickening self. . . . I wonder where you have been to-day. It is hard not to know what you are doing. I suppose you have taken some boys or children somewhere.

On Wednesday (Aug. 5th) he came to say good-bye to me. He decided this on his own account. I thought it would make matters harder for us both, but I am glad he came, for it has cheered me a great deal. He looks very ill and tired, but he said very little to make me sad, and I thanked him and praised him for that. He had a long talk alone with mother. . . . He also saw Hugh¹ for the first time, and they got on well together and talked of military history. We went to look at two houses, one of which I hope he will take. He gave me his iron watch-chain—not steel but iron. I cannot help thinking that he is not as ill as he was that day we were in London. Almost as soon as he left the house I received the following postcard from him, sent from Victoria Station :

Please ask of the caretaker of the house in the Avenue whether the dog we saw, which

¹ My soldier brother

belongs to the people next door, is kept by them out of doors at night. She said it did not bark at night, but this is not quite satisfactory.

This looks like business !

. . . I have come here to Polzeath. Molly is with us. I hope I shall be able to return with her to Groombridge at the end of this month. This splitting up of our party will rather disappoint the others, but I must get back to him if I can. Meanwhile I shall copy extracts from his letters:

7th August. I have heard from the agent about the house in the Avenue. I am afraid his terms are more than I can compass, but I shall go to Beckenham one day next week and see another house of which I have heard . . . I shall not go to Ivy Bank. The reason you may conjecture, and I shall try to see Ernest Coleridge at Croydon. . . . It is most unfortunate that I am driven in such a corner with regard to letting my own house. If I cannot let it by the next quarter my chance is gone and I shall have to stay. The matter must therefore be settled before you return. . . . I enclose the memorandum I wrote out about the cable-chain at the time when I left directions that chain and the paper were to be sent to you at a later date.

(*Enclosed*) The chain is made of wrought iron welded entirely by the hammer, and has not been touched by a file. It was given to me as a specimen of skill by a chain-cable maker who used to make chain-cables for the Navy.

This chain is one of his watch-chains which he

has worn for many years. He told me once to choose anything I liked in the house to take away with me, and I chose that, half in fun and half in earnest. He wanted me to have it then and there, but I would not take it. He took it off the other day, when he came to Beckenham, and asked me to accept it now. It goes well with my gun-metal watch.

8th Aug. It was good of you to write when you were so tired, but O! I was much distressed. I am more than ever convinced I was right in warning you against fatigue. I noticed it in your face when I was at Beckenham. . . . The connexion between the brain and weariness is a fact which has been established by modern physiology in a very remarkable way and established by me, to my lasting sorrow, years and years ago. . . .

I shall have to make an exception in the case of your last letter, on account of the Rossetti notes, and cannot burn it for a day or two,¹ but I shall destroy it as soon as I get my complete *Poems* and can put in them all you have said. My letters will be short now. I have to be with

¹ He burnt all my letters, and in accordance with his wish I burnt all his, until I began this Diary in April 1908. My Diary opens: 'Hale and I have decided each to keep a book in which we shall write down extracts from each other's letters. . . . We have talked over the scheme together, and are determined to trust one another implicitly as to what shall be written and what left out.' I should perhaps explain that when I began my Diary I drew on a sort of journal of mine—'Occasional Notes' for the period between October 1907 and April 1908.

the doctor on Tuesday, at Beckenham one other day, three *whole* days with people of various kinds, and then the worry and endless interruptions of tradesmen, gardener, accounts, paying books, so that an hour's quiet is remote. Never was there a human being less fitted for this sort of work than I am.

13th Aug. . . . I could not write a preface to an edition of Christina's *Poems*, that is to say the *Religious Poems*. I do not belong to the class which would buy such a selection. Then, again, the publishers would not permit extracts which would damage the sale of their *Complete* edition. I see no prospect of doing anything with Christina for some weeks, as I am so much occupied. . . . I have sent you the *Athenaeum* because it contains a poem¹ by that Roman Catholic poet Thompson who wrote the *Hound of Heaven*. Please ask Molly to copy it, send the copy to me, and the paper to her brother Ernest.

It is like you to note what comes of not finishing a conversation. I put all that part and what precedes in my Dorothy book. How little of myself I get finished, although I have the opportunity, and so much is not only half-said, but mis-said contrary to my real meaning! A whole life is the sole expression of our whole meaning, and that whole life is often begotten, taken from, is the very Substance of, the life of another, just as Jesus is the life of both of us and you of me.

13th August (another letter). I must say something after reading your letter of yesterday. I now give up the riddle. We have each had

¹ *In no strange Land.* ('O world invisible, we view thee.')

our chance, I for stating my case and you for enlightening me. It is quite clear we can get no farther. It is a thing inexplicable to me, who see nothing attractive in boys as boys and can only partly see why they should be attractive to you. But why should I not submit to something in you I cannot comprehend? Am I to expect my Dorothy should be as explicable as an addition sum and have no mysteries?

This is all about my 'boys'. It is our only quarrel. He cannot (especially after reading my papers 'The Glorious Time') understand the relationship. I find it very hard to explain.¹

16th August. I am afraid . . . our chance at Beckenham is now next to nothing. I have proposed my terms and I cannot go further. . . . I do not believe you can conceive how eager I am to leave. It is of no use to fill this paper with reasons. Every day shows me one that is fresh. . . . Matters are most complicated. If I find I can get away, then there is the operation to be faced. I cannot wait to move till I am

¹ I have since come to believe that the boys as boys were not the difficulty. It was his strange instinct for holding his possessions so tight that they run a risk of suffocation. He fears if they walk at liberty that they are gone; so he holds them and chokes them, and then is disappointed to find them dead, though still, of course, in his grasp. Consequently as I *moved* most in the direction of my boys, it was there he tried to stop me. Note added in July 1911.

I well remember in those early days how he once expressed a curious delight over the fact that with me if the reins tightened they snapped. I could neither understand the reins nor his delight. I was quite innocent of consciously pulling, of that I was sure. See p. 305.

strong again, and, on the other hand, to take a new house (which will only be let for a term of years) with such a risk in front of me seems rash. I do not know what to do. Then there is a smaller difficulty. For the last four or five weeks I have been afflicted with this horrible hysteria, and it gets no better. I ought, I know, to go away to some strange place. I hate the thought of going at this time of year—amongst crowds, and in fact I *cannot* go. The end of September and beginning of October have always been my time. I have tried all sorts of drugs to no purpose, and have given up smoking. I am ashamed of myself. I do not often transgress, but now I have done wrong. I could not help myself this Sunday morning, and you will recollect that I have not a soul to whom I can speak save yourself. . . . I have no business to write so much to you while you are away for a holiday. It is very selfish of me, because you stay at home to write to me and also because I am in trouble. I will go out for a long walk. It would be better if some nigger-driver would set me at work in a rice-hoeing gang till I dropped. . . . Before I shut up, I must beseech you to believe that the hysteria and depression have nothing to do with you. I was knocked over first nearly 40 years ago. . . . I do not want to see any of the 'boys' letters. I will never be anything but 'very, very, very tender' to you. I have felt infinite tenderness, but I see now that I ought to be more tender *where I do not understand*.

29th August. [am at Groombridge again. Molly and I returned yesterday. We found her

father awaiting us on the doorstep. As our carriage drove up, he retreated into the hall, then as we stopped he came out once more. He seemed very, very glad. I talked to him when Molly had gone upstairs. We were *instantly* perfectly happy, and the strange thing is that one wondered why one was ever unhappy at all and felt assured that one could never be unhappy again. We talked of this, and of the sadness and curious misgivings when apart. For from time to time we are very sad, as of late (and I have not copied his letters), and indeed there are reasons enough, reasons plain to be seen. . . . I am certain that he is in better health, though he complains of giddiness and his nervous troubles have probably weakened him; however, comparing him with what he was when we went to the London doctor together on the 27th of July, I can see a decided improvement. He is far less conscious of himself. We have talked a great deal to-day, but I can think of nothing special to put down. I told him what alterations I intended making in *Wattie*, and we discussed certain points about art. We discussed Turgenev's *Virgin Soil*. He admires Turgenev very much as an artist, particularly the way he disposes his story, and in this respect compared him to Scott.

30th Aug. I went to the Communion Service. A lovely morning, almost autumnal. The gardens now are full of the autumn flowers I love, so much

gorgeous yellow. . . . I am happier than I have been of late, for to-day we have settled much together. . . . We have decided that he shall *not* move to Beckenham. I shall come and go as before.

31st Aug. After breakfast we talked about Tennyson and Browning. He went by train to Edenbridge to lunch with Mr. Lucas.¹ I walked with him to the station. I met the 4 o'clock train in the afternoon which brought him home. He seemed to have enjoyed himself. About pleasures he is never uncommunicative; he will answer any questions, and after answering mine, he answered them all again to Molly.

1st September. A very stormy day. We talked of secret sins, or rather of deeds—good or bad, that is the question—at any rate excused on the ground that 'nobody else knows' and therefore 'nobody else is injured'. We said, who may not know? . . . I persuaded him to come out, and we were fortunate in choosing a fairly bright interval. We walked along the Langton road. The wind was very high. Coming home he complained characteristically that most of his life and ways of thought had been a mistake. He complained of the uselessness of his study of astronomy; he had not pursued that study scientifically but imaginatively; he looked at the stars to increase his awe, not to increase his knowledge. Listening to him as he spoke of the stars, I thought he had

¹ E. V. Lucas. They had never met before.

studied them to some purpose. I told him that it was foolish to quarrel with one's mental aspect, to be vexed because one looks at everything, nature, art, science, religion in the *same kind of way*. Besides, how did he know that he did not want *every scrap of that awe*? In fact I contradicted him in the main, and he seemed a good deal consoled.

In the afternoon, he read Tennyson's *Rizpah*. I believe one could follow him through the most entangled poetry. I read *Dover Beach*, *Rugby Chapel*, and, at his request, *The Buried Life*. I had never read this last poem before. We looked for some time at the lines

Only—but this is rare—

At 3.30' Miss Turner drove down to take us all back with her to tea. We walked home. Fortunately we escaped any showers.

2nd Sept. Worked before breakfast, then walked round the garden. A beautiful morning. Afflat¹ was picking up branches blown down in the storm. After breakfast Hale and I both wrote steadily till nearly 12 o'clock. Then we went out, a short walk. After lunch he read from Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* about the passing of Arthur, and also about Galahad and the Holy Grail. He read very quietly and slowly; when he is much affected, he stops, sometimes a very long time, then turns

¹ See note, p. 369.

back and takes up the words and goes on. We discussed Galahad and Sir Perceval, and the attractions of right and wrong; a very puzzling conversation to both of us, and yet we understood one another and helped to explain one another.

3rd Sept. Miss Turner came to breakfast. Afterwards Hale and I sat in the drawing-room. He read Browning's *Prospice*. He stood up to read the last part and read with great difficulty, though self-controlled. It came at the end of much serious talk. Then we went out. We overtook a woman pushing a little girl in a light perambulator. He spoke to her, and made her *thoroughly explain* the roads by which she had come and gone in her journey from Fordcombe to Groombridge. This apparent (or real?) eagerness for information about simple details with which the informer is necessarily perfectly well acquainted ('*Which way did you come?*' Who should know better?) has a peculiar charm, and gives great confidence. I could see the woman was pleased to be questioned, as if her walk were of some importance. We went through New Park Wood. He got me to talk about the boys. I am sure he is better, the load of depression not so heavy. In the afternoon he rested, and I was with Molly. He slept a little. After tea I sang to them (I'm sure I don't know why!) *Good King Wenceslas*. He liked this.

4th Sept. He knocked on my door at half-past six. I got up and worked. After breakfast we

both worked in the study for a good two hours. He finished his corrections of the paper which Molly unearthed on *The fourth Dimension*.¹ Soon after 12 we went out. There is a pretty barberry bush in the village ; just now the berries are very bright. In the afternoon I walked to Langton alone, with a message to Molly's dressmaker. I wanted the exercise. It was a cold, rainy day. How the rain drips, drips from the trees outside. When I came back I sat with Hale in the study, and read to him Browning's *Garden Fancies I*, and *Serenade at a Villa* ; the latter we discussed—the interpretation difficult. Colonel Loyd's son came to tea. We talked about North Wales. Hale told us how he was once nearly lost near Aber, wandering over a bog. A gamekeeper rescued him. When he begins to speak simultaneously with somebody else (which happened several times at tea, till we laughed) he always stops, insists on hearing the other first. Also one may talk in his presence, unrestrainedly, any nonsense one likes. He was not quite so well, I think, to-day ; more nervous again.

5th Sept. A short walk in the morning. We both wrote also. In the afternoon, while he rested, I walked alone as far as the 'Goldsmith's Arms', about a couple of miles. I met so many families upon the road that I asked an old 'hedger and ditcher' what it meant. He told me they were

¹ See p. 72, 'Flatland.'

hop-pickers going back to their homes in New Groombridge. '*Home* hop-pickers,' he called them. I said: 'I expect they are a better class than the ordinary hop-pickers.' Whereupon he said 'Yes' emphatically, and then '*Ha! ha! ha!*' He seemed to think me a knowing person; '*Ha! ha! ha!*' was enough for me. I came home through the Park. Hale thought I had gone much too far. After tea I sat in his room a long time, then we went to the post together. It was a lovely calm evening, the air very mellow; I could not help feeling happy. I told him so. I wish he could feel the same sort of spring.

6th Sept. I went to Holy Communion. He walked with me as far as the bridge. I looked back after him; he was walking steadily away. After breakfast I sat in his room. We had a long and sacred talk. These talks I could never set down, I could never remember; but this I can and will remember, *they are confirmations of all that I believe*. To him also they are the same. We went for a long walk. He cautions me against overtaxing my strength. He said that it was a good thing from time to time to 'dull the brain and nerves'. He talked about Miss Partridge; in his eager way he said, 'She is so much *wiser* than I am.' He spoke of her sure instincts. In the afternoon he made me lie down. I was to rest till 3, then go to his room. Perhaps he regretted his order, for I slept till 4! After tea I read rather

more than half Stevenson's Essay on *Yoshida Torajiro*. He has read no Stevenson. He liked this better and better as I went on. Before he went to bed, Molly and I were talking about our fear of burglars. As he got up, I asked: 'Aren't you afraid to go upstairs?' He laughed rather sadly, and said as he went slowly out: 'Those are not my fears. Mine are of even a more childish kind than that.' *¹

7th Sept. It is strange: this morning he tells me that he had a very troubled night, and saw the only vision he has ever seen. There is no need to set down the vision (waking nightmare, I should call it), for it would have no significance to anyone but our two selves. And the real significance, to me, is that he is far from well. I shall make light of this, however. After breakfast we wrote. At 12 we went to meet Nowell. I am glad Nowell has seen Groombridge under such favourable circumstances; it has been a lovely hot autumn day. After lunch we sat in the garden; and presently Hale, Nowell and I went to see Groombridge Place;² we wandered about and then had tea round the table in the hall. I went with Nowell to the station for the 5.6. Hale waited for me by the church. When we came in I sat in his room. We did not talk much; we

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

² It might have been more polite to add, 'and Miss Saint and her sister.'

rested. A fine moonlight night. Molly and I half wished we had sufficient energy to make us go round the garden; but we hadn't, and it was cold! We know now that they can have rooms at Southwold from next Friday. I am glad this holiday is at last arranged.

8th Sept. A bad night again, but a better day. We sat in the garden nearly all the morning. He talked a good deal about Molly's mother. She was a pupil of Hallé and played very well, very 'accurately'; nothing 'profound' would she attempt. He said that as a young man he was enthusiastic about poetry, more so even than in after years; used to wander about London streets at 6 o'clock in the morning, reading Tennyson's *Maud* and so on. His wife did not understand that kind of poetry; she liked Cowper, and he used to read Cowper aloud to her.

In the afternoon we walked to Langton; he went to see two people in trouble. Before dinner he hunted through a few, very few, remaining MSS., gave me his paper on *Dickens*¹ to keep with his other papers, also lent me some *Recollections* by Caroline Lovell (typewritten) in order that I might, as I wished, copy here a few of *his own notes* which I found in the margin.² In the

¹ 'Little Nell.' He subsequently included this in the second edition of *Pages from a Journal*, 1910.

² I omit these, as substantially they are to be found in the *Early Life*. This, however, supplements what he there says of his old nurse Jane. 'From Oakley my beloved nurse

Recollections there is a reference to : ' The graphic ghost stories told by Hale in " the back room " , which after thirty years made me hurry by the end of the passage . '

He also gave me this (not very satisfactory !) information about his connexion with newspapers as a journalist. He wrote in the *Aberdeen Herald* about 1856 ; the *Morning Star* (London) , date uncertain ; the *Birmingham Daily Post* and the *Rochdale Observer* , date uncertain but I can find all particulars of his connexion with the *Rochdale Observer* in their Jubilee or Centenary (?) number of 1907 or 1908 ; and he was connected with the *Birmingham Daily Post* at about the same time. We finished *Yoshida Torajiro* together. He seemed much pleased and said the story was ' very well told ' ; he said this emphatically. At supper we talked about swimming—not exclusively of course ! He told us how he dived for sixpences in 10 feet of water as a boy ; also how in recent years he used to dive at Hastings (he was then over 60) , but ' some of the younger men did it far better ' *¹—a characteristic saving clause !

9th Sept. We went to London together to see the doctor. He told me that Hale was no better,

Jane Reed came. She was born in 1816. She died in 1894. The day before her death she repeated the 23rd Psalm several times, and a few hours before death the Lord's Prayer. She then fell into a kind of sleep, and so passed peacefully away.'

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

and was going down in weight too rapidly. He was to consult the same afternoon with Dr. Hale White. We lunched in Harley Street at Dr. Hale White's house. Life this last fortnight has been exhausting.

10th Sept. This morning he promised that he would send for me to Southwold if he needed me. I cannot help being sad. I dare not show it, for I am convinced he ought not to be agitated.

Again we have talked about swimming! I tell him I'm no swimmer and I feel ashamed. He remembers¹ as a boy swimming across the Ouse with his clothes in a bundle tied on to his head. His boots he secured to one end of his fishing-line, took the other end in his mouth, and when he reached the opposite bank, pulled the boots after him. He told me how once at Llandudno he narrowly escaped drowning. He saw a ship some way from land, and determined to swim out to her, round and home again. He swam out and round, and then suddenly an 'indescribable terror' seized him, and he said to himself '*I can never get back*'. There was no *reason* in this, it was a hypochondriacal fancy. He would most certainly have drowned but that he made one supreme 'effort to crush it', the 'effort' saved him; *immediately*

¹ This and the following recollection appears in the *Early Life*. I copy them here, as bearing (if compared with the parallel account) a rather useful testimony to the accuracy of his reminiscences and of my own transcription of his words.

he found himself swimming as before, and got with perfect ease to shore. Considering how highly nervous he is, it would be interesting to know how many more or less dangerous things he is not in the least afraid of. I believe his only fears are hypochondriacal fancies. Of death I know he has no fear. He is not in the least degree dreading the possibility of this operation. Mere dying he does not care about. Dr. Johnson did; he had a hypochondriacal dread of death. Miss Ethel Roberts came to help Molly with her embroidery; she stayed to lunch. After tea Molly and her father and I walked through the wood by Top Hill Farm. It was very lovely. Molly was delighted with the sunshine through the trees. In the field they were carrying the oats—'hay' I called it by mistake, but I made each of them say that it was a mere slip of the tongue before I let them through the gate. We were all very happy, though it is the last day. Hale has not been away since two years last May. I think the fresh kind of excitement is good for him, and it certainly breaks the parting. In the drawing-room after dinner he suddenly asked what I thought about the use of personal pronouns; was I particular about avoiding them when there was any ambiguity—'he said to him', &c.? This led to a curious conversation. I said that I had in one or two places noticed that he was not always careful to avoid ambiguity, and used a personal

pronoun where most people would have employed the noun again, or avoided the difficulty in some other way. He said he knew this very well, but that he had always excused himself on the ground that the translators of the Bible showed the same carelessness, Dr. Johnson and Coleridge amongst others also ; Dr. Johnson, he thought, had affirmed that it was good in that it gave the reader something to make out for himself. Hale said, however, that customs change, that writers on this point are now most particular, and that he himself ought to be so too. I went for a copy of his *Rambler* and pointed out an ambiguous use of the pronoun ' he ' at the top of page xiii in the preface. He said *that* at any rate was wrong, and took infinite pains to explain to Molly why it was wrong, for Molly was quite vexed that her father should be caught in a mistake ! Molly and I finished *Fathers and Children*. It is a lovely moonlight night. The light on the tall stems of the firs at the back of the house is beautiful. If I had any energy or young romance left in me I should go out and wander round the garden. I should like to be in Miss Saint's park, go right across the drenching fields under the full moon.

11th Sept. A nice calm day for the journey. We all went together as far as Croydon ; then Molly changed into a London Bridge train with the luggage. Hale had to call at his tailor's in Bond Street. We walked from Victoria to Bond

Street, talking *hard, furiously hard*. We talked till we got to the shop, and began again directly we left. From Bond Street we rode to Liverpool Street on the top of an omnibus. Hale wanted a motor 'bus (I can't think why!), but a horse 'bus came first, so we took it. I said something about the *witness within ourselves*, and the producing of that witness in the form of a Creed; and as he got down from the omnibus he said: 'All the things that I believe *are so difficult*.' We found Molly at the station. I waited till the end. We all parted, I thought, in good spirits. Just before they started, Hale said that he did not think there were any three people in the world who got on as well as we did.

Extracts from letters, from 18 North Parade, Southwold:

11th Sept. 5.15. Just got into our lodgings. Why all this fuss and bother to get into them I don't quite see at present, but perhaps I shall see better to-morrow. It is bitterly cold and uncomfortably wet.

12th. This place, so far as I have seen it, is certainly wonderful, quite unspoilt, and surrounded by great wastes of heath. It is totally unlike Devonshire or Cornwall. My bedroom faces the sea and, of course, east. I was up at five this morning and saw the sunrise out of the water. The house, ten bedrooms, is to be let for £45 a year! Such an outlook is more to me than all the mountains and valleys of Cumberland or trees of Groombridge.

14th. A curious thing happened yesterday (Sunday) afternoon. About 5.30 I felt myself getting strangely tired, and at supper-time I was fain crawl to bed. I had done nothing to bring on this fatigue. Just before tea I had dropped asleep and woke up with a start, dreaming that I was in my room at Groombridge and heard Molly in the garden below calling 'Dorothy, Dorothy'. There is a tendency in us to prefer mysterious causes to those which are simple, but, in this case, the cause at least *may* be hidden sympathy between us; for certainly, if such sympathy is possible, it is so between you and me; and I cannot think of any other than the sympathetic explanation. I wonder if you were tired when I was so done-up?

I don't excuse my 'hims' and 'hes' for they obscure the meaning, but I am sure that my practice is derived from the Bible and the writers of the date of the A.V. I was just reading 1 Kings xxii in the A.V. It is not by any means such a striking example as could be found by search, but if you will turn to it you will say, I am sure, that a modern author would correct it in several places. Mind, you must read it in the A.V., not the R.V. There is one advantage in the style of the A.V. The reader has to think. The path is not too smooth. The extreme polish which makes it easy for us to slip or glide as if we were on skates is not found much before Pope.

15th. I wait now the decision of the doctors. I suppose I shall get it in a few days. . . . I try not to anticipate, *not* to say 'if it is so-and-so, what then?' . . . It would be untrue to say I am

not anxious, but my anxiety arises solely from your concern with the matter. If it were not for you, I should not care a straw.

15th (another letter). I have now read the other papers.¹ The *Fifteen Thousand a Year* revives the old experience, regret that I have talked so much when I have been with my dearest, and have not listened more. There is a passage towards the end of this paper . . . It is about a saunter by a canal. How often have I not felt that pleasure must be 'torn out' even of the loveliest of the lovely, that it will not flow into me passive, and I have thought that the need 'to take pains' to get pleasure proved my sour graceless nature. And . . . does it not strike through me like an arrow that sensibility to Poetry may be deadened and lost by 'neglect of a handshake or a smile'? Have you not got an essay expanding the last sentence—'If you are not happy when you leave your home, the chances are you will not be much happier when you return to it'? The children are leaving the sea for town, school, and the winter. I looked at a train-load of them this morning and noticed they were happy to exultation, and yet how happy they were on the beach the day before. . . .

I am very sorry now I did not move a month ago as I had intended. I do not want to go back to Groombridge, and I believe I could have found a house at Orpington which would have

¹ Unpublished MSS. of mine written some years before. The sentence following is characteristic. As a matter of fact it may safely be hazarded that I did most of the talking. I imagine that this Diary reveals as much.

suiting me and would not have been inconvenient for you. I could not pay the Beckenham rents, but, from what I hear, I might afford the rent of a five-bedroomed house at Orpington. I half purpose to write to a friend there. I need not finally decide till it is settled whether I am to be laid up. . . . I am muddled and do not know how to extricate myself, hampered by the want of strength to face that terribly fatiguing business, the search for a house, and yet restless where I now am.

16th. You had better not come here. We return on Friday week. You would waste two days in travelling. It is too cold to sit out of doors, and we have only one sitting-room. The journey is expensive and—which is decisive—I shall want you as soon as the doctors have come to a conclusion, for we shall have much to talk about and it is useless to talk about it now.

18th. You want to know what I do here. Scarcely anything, excepting that during an hour before breakfast I revise my *Dream of Two Dimensions*. I wonder what you will think of it. I have, literally, hardly opened a book. The interruptions are many.

. . . One thing seems certain, that whatever the future may be there will be trials in it which will tax all our strength, and there is another thing certain, that nothing, nothing, not the minutest atom of my love for you can be given up. That is never to be questioned under any circumstances whatever. One more thing is also beyond doubt, that I shall have to depend on your *wisdom*. Recollect, my dearest, that this is solemnly true—you *must* counsel me as well as

yourself. . . . What you say about the love being imperishable if we remain the same is gospel true. The love is the necessary result of certain antecedents, to wit, ourselves. So long as we are what we are the love *must* follow. There is no choice. Why am I funny about 'hims and hes'? To you, of course, I wanted to excuse my carelessness. I wonder if you read the chapter I pointed out to you?

Of course I did, but found even a better illustration in Genesis xxxii. 24-27. As to my 'counsel', I am much perplexed. I can only *wait*, and trust for direction. I feel as if the matter will be decided for us, taken out of our hands. I mind nothing so long as his last days are happy, and they *may be that* although we should have to wander on from day to day without taking *any definite steps* for the promotion or securing of our happiness.

I have to copy most of the extracts now,¹ as he *will* write on both sides of the sheet, and I do not want to bother him.

Extracts continued :

18th Sept. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 1st Aug. 1908 there are several pages devoted to somebody who loves you, and you may therefore like to read them. It is odd that he should be known in France. . . . Will you also let me have what I wrote for the *Opera Posthuma* if you think I could improve it? And will you tell me if that lecture on Dickens is worth publication as a pamphlet?

¹ I used to paste portions into my Diary.

. . . No: we cannot see the clouds here you see at Beckenham, unless they are very high. I have watched the sun rising through lovely clouds every morning, straight out of the sea. More than the beauty of the divine spectacle was its silent solemnity, a silence broken only by the wash of the waves, which in reality did not break it, but, as it were, gave it speech. Not a contradiction. It was as if a grand drama were being played, but what did it mean? Gods may have been the spectators and have understood it.

One end of Southwold is fashionable, really expensive people, and between 10 and 12.30 the ladies and gentlemen bathe there and dive from stages and boats. The costumes would be thought rather scandalous by these very folk except by the sea. The proper thing for non-bathers to do is to sit and watch those who bathe. I have kept away from that quarter, and prefer the moors and grassy flats. I wish I could get more of *them*, their coolness and quiet, into my blood. How difficult it is to get really into your arteries anything which is good and helpful!

20th Sept. Something curious happened last night. I would not tell you if I did not feel that I ought not to keep anything secret from you. I was sitting opposite the fire after dinner and suddenly, without the slightest warning, became totally unconscious and was falling on the floor when Molly caught me. In ten or twenty seconds I was myself again. Molly says I did not turn pale. About seventeen years ago exactly the same thing happened, but then the unconsciousness lasted longer. I was in the

office. I can only account for this transient annihilation, not unpleasant, by some momentary obstruction in a slow circulation. I had been much troubled and depressed by almost continuous hysteria all day. I would give the world, were it mine, to liberate myself from the fangs of this horrible Python. O! for an Apollo, Sun-god, with glittering bow. You recollect the Turner picture in the National Gallery?

. . . Another thing knocks. I wish sometimes I could be more at one with ordinary people, with the crowd. I should be better for, at any rate a little, more easiness of intercourse with the mob. The Sunday visitors, all so happy, are wandering past my window. I long to be with them, to take pleasure in their amusements, to feel jolly after a pint of beer. I have not tried one for many years, but I am afraid it would sadden me. I would barter my books and shoals of 'ideas' for the ability to laugh as those girls are laughing, shop-girls in their Sunday clothes. What are our fine notions worth? They may be all wrong, and three-fourths of them tend to melancholy.

His next letter was so wretched that, in spite of his injunctions to the contrary, I took the matter in my own hands and went to Southwold on Wednesday morning. I sent a telegram, and he came to Halesworth to meet me. I was so thankful I had come, for it changed the whole state of affairs. He brightened at once. We had a beautiful afternoon, and the next day was gorgeous, and we were all three happy again. I will copy a few extracts

from that letter, and also from another letter which reached home after I had left and came to me subsequently.

21st Sept. Molly has been begging me to telegraph to you to come down to-day. She was 'miserable without you'. It cost me something to refuse, but you know my reasons. . . . If I have to go to a nursing-home soon, I think I would rather not see you again beforehand. I am not sure what might happen at the parting, especially as just now my nerves are not strong.

22nd Sept. The swallows are flying backwards and forwards before my window getting ready to go, the grey sea fronting them. There is something very affecting in the antiquity of such a sight. Thus they did when the Roman legions were here, and the exiles were reminded of their beloved Italy. For thousands and thousands of years these little creatures have been the symbols of so much !

. . . Begun Tuesday evening. . . . When *will* you believe that I do not care one single rotten nut for any of these printed praises—and never have cared.¹ What is the writer to me ? I don't find myself a grain the happier in my lonely moments for his criticisms. . . . Wednesday, 6 a.m. Nothing more. I did kneel and thanked Heaven that *such* a one as you had been given me. Prayed for guidance. A marvellous sunrise after yesterday which was continuous gloom. Sun-path stretching straight to the East.²

¹ This evidently refers to the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

² Here the first volume of my Diary came to an end, and I began another book.

Three hours after he watched the sunrise he must have got my telegram. I am writing this on Sunday, Sept. 27th, but I must fill in my Diary from *Wednesday, 23rd*. After tea we went to see Irene (Ernest's ¹ wife) and the children. They are in a cottage called 'The Wigwam'. When any one says to Oliver: 'Say *Wigwam*'; he replies, 'No, I can't say *Wigwam*.' He is a very handsome child, with rather a royal bearing. In the evening Molly and I had a long talk about her father's religion. She said that one, at least, of her friends was surprised that he should 'have taken up with a High Church woman'; that, I think, was the kind of expression. I told Molly that I knew a great many people would and will be surprised. Explanation is really impossible; besides, if people were puzzled, *I* should say: 'Don't bother your head about *our* religion, but *your own*.' If only we could realize that it matters much more what the Truth *is* than what *is thought* about the Truth! What *I* think and *you* think is all-important; we each know something about that; but can either of us honestly or intelligently profess to know about *what is thought*?

Thursday, 24th. A very fine day. We had a long talk in an empty room on the first floor of the lodgings; the landlady, I am sure, thought it most bare and uncomfortable, but we filled it with ideas. He spoke of the mistakes of his life, so

¹ Molly's twin brother. They were on a holiday there.

many mistakes, mistakes all through; he said he had had no guidance; any light given to him was 'clouded by his own wisdom'. The only thing he had ever been *sure about* was *beauty*. We walked to Walberswick, not to see anything in particular, but to cross by the ferry and wander about. We watched the dredging in the river. Irene came to tea. We discussed orderliness. Hale said that some people seemed to have a notion that 'genius must mean disorder'. At this point he very carefully by mistake poured his cocoa dregs into the milk-jug instead of the slop-basin—passing himself off for a genius, I said!

After tea I went through his paper on *Dickens*, and he made one or two small corrections. I read all his MSS. very carefully, and alter nothing without consulting him first. I know in this I can be of real use to him.

.

There is now a gap in my Diary. I write this on Oct. 6th at Beckenham. I will fill in this gap with some notes. We returned in good spirits to Groombridge on Friday 25th. On Saturday we went to see Dr. Adeney.¹ On Sunday Dr. Hale White and his wife came down. It was decided that a fourth opinion should be taken about the operation. We passed a week very happy in some ways, sad in others. . . .

Before I went to Communion on Sunday, 27th,

¹ His doctor in Tunbridge Wells.

I showed him the Collect and Gospel (15th Sunday after Trinity). We talked about it; especially the difficulty of realizing God's care for *us*; for *somebody else*, oh yes! He pointed (though not in this connexion) to the verse: 'Is not the life more than meat?'—repeating the words '*the life*'.

We had a week of lovely weather; misty mornings, cloudless days, gorgeous sunsets. The moon and stars were very beautiful. He came out several times after dark and named many of the constellations. In the day it was too hot to walk far, and I am afraid he gets more quickly tired. One evening we went to the post together; the village looked very pretty, for there was a slight mist, and there were lights in some of the old-fashioned latticed shop windows, some bright, some dim—the butcher's bright, the cobbler's dim. There was also a strong sunset glow. We left a note at Miss Saint's. The park seemed very quiet; there were cattle moving in the grass. I mentioned Wordsworth's early lines: 'cropping audibly his later meal.' Of course he knew them, and we laughed. We came home by the field path; he told me that one night he had lost his way there, and only found it by seeing the lights in the Oswells' house and feeling along the palings. We turned back to watch the mist rolling after us. He is such an *easy* companion, so natural and unspoilt.

He received a letter from his son Ernest about

me, which pleased us both very much. He gave it to me to keep. We were a good deal amused by a letter from Florrie¹ which came to Molly one morning; loving messages to every one, and a special message for 'my pet', which Molly thought referred to the cat but, as we discovered presently, referred to me. As we were rather sad at the time, Florrie's messages did us good.

On Saturday night he began to suffer a good deal of pain. Fortunately the doctor happened to be passing, and Molly called him in. Sunday he spent in bed; we kept him very quiet. He spoke to me earnestly in the evening, and I promised to remember what he said. He is afraid that I may some day marry some one on the score of what I call 'goodness', without realizing (till too late) that I need 'greatness' as well. He thinks that I do not sufficiently consider intellectual needs. As I could not possibly want to marry anybody but himself, that settles the matter. Of course I have told him this again and again, but he is not satisfied; he still will talk about 'goodness' and 'greatness'.

On Monday we all travelled to town together. He was to interview the doctor at 12. We all felt certain the operation would be performed, and yet,

¹ Mrs. Collins and her child had gone to live in London, and their place was now taken by Lizzie and William (Mr. and Mrs. Baker), who remained to the end and after. Lizzie had been in service with them before.

though knowing the risks, I was perfectly confident of seeing him again. We parted quite calmly.

In the afternoon I received a telegram to say that there would be no operation, the risk too great. They went home.

Extracts from letters :

6th Oct. I received my sentence yesterday that I am to get no effectual relief. It is terrible news. I am in a good deal of pain. . . . My prescription is 'to keep quiet', but this is difficult with such a future before me. I can write no more. Do not write to me just yet. I am to have a nurse at least for a week. I am expecting her every minute.

13th Oct. We are misled by what is true as well as by what is false. In fact there is *no* absolute truth, and we have to protect ourselves against the truest people and the truest truths. . . . As to myself I have not got over the shock of the prospect before me, but this is not what depresses me most. You know all. . . . Surely the history of this last six months, which nobody can ever know but you and me, is more pathetic than any tragedy ever written. . . . No . . . you cannot help me by any waiting on me. I am obliged to have somebody who has gone through the training, and she must be at my call. This is one of my difficulties. I have at present an admirable nurse, a Scotchwoman of about 50, grave but cheerful and of a remarkably equable disposition, dexterous with her fingers, exact and most carefully clean, a point of the greatest importance. But she takes £2 2s. a week, which of course I cannot afford continuously, and

besides she would not stay in a place like this where there is so little work. She would get out of touch with her profession. What to do I cannot see.

I am very sorry about your cold, sorry for my own sake (!!) because it made me worry about you on Sunday. . . . I can see what the lesson¹ was like. Did anybody care for what you told them about missing the beauty of the Biblical images? Cleansing, washing, what is the process? Is it not a putting away of that which is *not* ourselves, of that which is foreign to us? And must not this process be achieved by that which is also not ourselves? Will any dry rubbing of your own hands cleanse them?

I must see you this week. There is so much to be talked over. It is true I am shaky and excitable, but it may be a long time before I get over that. . . . Will you come on Friday, and should you mind sleeping in the same room with nurse? The drawback to this arrangement is that she has to get up at 5 in the morning to come to me and may disturb you. But if you are here only for a day I shall see nothing of you. You may wonder why I propose Friday and returning on Saturday. Well, I thought at first, at any rate, I would rather have you for a couple of days at short intervals.

I went to him on Friday, Oct. 16th, and returned on Saturday evening. He looked so glad to see me; . . . it was almost as if he had forgotten me and was surprised. He told me on Friday evening

¹ I had sent him my Bible Class notes on St. John xiii. 2-17, a lesson I took at his suggestion.

that he is much calmer when I am with him. . . . The good-bye was not so sad, because we have made an arrangement by which I am to spend the beginning of every week with him, Monday morning to Wednesday afternoon, or at the least Tuesday evening. I liked the nurse; she seemed to think my visit had done good, and was glad to hear I should come again so soon. She was much amused because I could persuade him to take an egg beaten up on Saturday morning, which no one could get him to do before. He would not have done it for me, only I said it would make me so proud; whereupon he said '*Eleven o'clock*'. When Nurse brought it up, he tossed it off without knowing what he was doing, I'm sure, so he need not have made such a fuss! We had discussed this egg business on Friday night at supper, but he kept evading the question by talking of John the Baptist. He said if John the Baptist were alive he should go after him into the desert and eat locusts and wild honey. I like to see him holding his own against us all, obstinate and wilful. He begged us to let his carcass be, but he inquired very tenderly after Molly's cold. After supper we were alone in the drawing-room for a bit. I happened to mention the fact that my Diary, vol. i, had closed in the most beautiful way (by chance it seemed) with his short description of the sunrise on that morning when I went to Southwold. He said he remembered the sunrise

vividly. He went on to say there were one or two sunrises he remembered, two in particular. One was at Sandown years ago, 30 years ago I think he said. It was in the days when he had to go to Portsmouth Dockyard, 'a thing I always *hated*.' He put up at a little hotel on the shore, quite close to the sea; the waves seemed to wash against the walls of the house. He remembered a sunrise *there*. 'That was at an *unhappy* time,' he said. The other was in recent years at Hastings. He went out one morning, quite early, when it was still dark, and saw Venus rise out of the sea, a most beautiful sight, and after Venus the sun. As Venus was slowly rising the gulls began to wake. Oh, it was wonderful! He said that the feelings such sights arouse seem akin somehow to passion.

I want to remember scraps of our conversation on Saturday afternoon. He said he was sometimes quite awestruck and frightened at our likeness to one another. From this he went on to advise me on a certain important point, namely, the keeping up of my intellectual studies. He does not think my chief work will be in literature . . . but at the same time he wishes me to keep to my present plan of devoting two or three hours daily to writing or reading. He told me that again and again he has only saved his mind by forcing himself to apply to some study, no matter how useless. We also discussed what my work in the future might be. I wish it to be somehow con-

nected with him. This wish seemed to surprise him. He spoke sadly. He said he had no influence, no power of moulding people—I forget the precise words, but he went on, ‘ . . . no philosophy, and—well, I cannot say no religion; I *have* a religion, but it would puzzle me to exactly say what it is.’ He said he had never *changed* anybody.

From a letter 23rd Oct. :

I had to go to bed yesterday afternoon, and I am in bed now. I had a very sharp pain, and the doctor gave me morphia, but I could not get sleep till the morning. I don’t know if I shall be able to get up on Monday, and perhaps therefore I may not see you.

From a letter 25th Oct. :

I must send you a few words now, in case I have to telegraph to you to-morrow morning to put off your visit. Nothing will make me put it off if I can be in any way myself to you. But last night I had scarcely any rest from severe pain till five o’clock and had to take morphia again. Do you know what is my trouble now, mental trouble I mean? . . . that you should feel yourself bound to be loyal to me when I am a mere wreck. I believe your fidelity would carry you to the end with me when there was nothing left to be loved. It has weighed sorely on me.

26th Oct. I received a telegram postponing my visit.

From a letter 26th Oct. :

I was very sorry to send the telegram this morning, but I could not help it. Last night was bad, much pain and no natural sleep. I don't seem to get any better. I have read nothing lately, nor have I written anything, save a pencil note to you. My Dorothy book is in arrear a whole day's work, and I have been obliged to put your letters in it. They are in the large envelope in which the book is kept, locked up in my box. I believe they are safe. I miss mental exercise. The incapacity to fix my thoughts is distressing. When I open your letters I feel I am not equal to them.

I received this note the following morning, and at once resolved to go to him. I felt instinctively that his pains were better, and that he *did* require just that 'mental exercise' to which he referred. It was a pouring wet day. At Groombridge Station I met Mrs. Hale White¹ and we walked together through the rain. Molly joined us; she was coming to meet me, but had stopped on the way at a shop. I am thankful that I went. I was with him that morning, a good part of the afternoon and evening, the whole of the next morning, and the early part of the next afternoon, and then left. The nurse said that she had been very sorry to hear that he had put me off on Monday, and that she wished I lived closer at hand. I like her, and we talk very easily together. I scolded my

¹ His eldest son's wife.

dearest (by his leave), and told him that he must try now to take my weekly visit as a matter of course, and not fret himself with idle questions as to whether he will be fit to see me or not. There is no need for him to see me if he happens to be in pain whilst I am in the house. I pointed out also that it was bad for me to be fretted in this way, to have so constantly to undertake the difficult task of deciding whether or not, *in each particular case as it occurs*, I am to disregard his word.* Of course he agrees when I am with him, but the trouble begins when I am gone. In part I understand it, better than most people would perhaps. Imaginary troubles are quite as bad as real ones; in fact which are the 'imaginary' and which are the 'real'? And are they not both *troubles*?

I must now record some of the things we talked about. We talked a great deal about Mr. Barnett, the Police Court Missionary. Hale wishes to meet him. I told several of Mr. Barnett's remarkable stories, and Hale jotted down a few notes, and we had a long talk about 'conversion'; all this with the excellent result that he contemplates writing some sort of a paper on this subject. I must say, by the way, that he gets into a bad habit of regretting that he never 'does any work now'.*¹ This is just a fancy of depression, but it tends to bring about the very thing he regrets. That is why

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

it is good for me to go to him and show him that he does more than he thinks he does, and encourage him to further efforts. . . . It is my eagerness and my forgetfulness both of himself and myself *in the matter in hand*, which gives him, as he says, 'such confidence'; and it is always confidence he needs; so he has told me, and so I have seen. We also talked about 'Ned Bratts', and 'Bishop Blougram's Apology'; and I found out that my interpretation was the same as his. I particularly wished to ask him, as I had been misled by one or two remarks he had made, and thought that I had mistaken the meaning of the poems. Also we talked about the Boys' Club. He wishes me always to work in the same way, very quietly, and to avoid 'popularity'. He said that if he had such a class and became 'popular', so that other people wanted to come and hear him, he should go to the boys and say that the class must stop for a while.

He gave me an unfinished letter which he had begun to write before I came. It was in reply to my letter of Oct. 26th received that morning.

. . . You must not consider yourself bound to write to me because I write to you. Writing to you is my life. I cannot read or do any other work, but you *must* work.

I ask no longer why you love me. The only reason is what our forefathers would have called 'the grace of God'. It is remarkable how many of the doctrines of St. Paul's theology have their

counterparts in daily human life. St. Paul is always insisting that we are loved by God for no merit of our own. God's love through my Dorothy does not ask for desert, makes no conditions. 'If I love thee what is that to thee?'—a great saying. I shall think of you as my 'wild bird', a lovely image. I have something of the wild creature in myself, constrained, chained by circumstances, but freed since I knew you. . . .

He is going to alter the plan of his Dorothy book. He means to preserve portions of my letters as I do of his.

I returned on Wednesday afternoon.

From a letter 30th Oct. :

. . . Last night, or rather this morning, at one o'clock I was trying to wrap myself up in a blanket and longing for a jacket of some kind which would slip on easily. Remember, every night is the same. Is it not wonderful? At eight o'clock Molly brought me your present. It is perfect at every point, exactly the right size, loose and therefore warm, and so resplendent in colour as to distract my thoughts from myself. . . .

I went again on *Monday, 2nd Nov.* I found him lying down, but not in bed. He meditated going to bed; he was very much depressed, but gradually got interested in talk with me. . . . I told him about my visit to the Boys' Home at Yewsley, and we also talked about burglaries!

Tuesday, 3rd Nov. He talked about his work at

the Admiralty. In speaking of contracts he said that, although he was brought up in the school of Mill and Bentham—to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market—he was convinced that buying and selling is not so purely mechanical a matter as that; ‘*humanism*’ *must come in*. Experience taught them at the Office that it was best to employ a firm *known to be honest*, whatever the estimates tendered. He talked a good deal about flags, and the days of the hand-woven buntin—buntin it is, not bunting, so he said—‘lovely materials’ he called them. Sailors’ clothes are dyed with indigo, not aniline; aniline would not stand the sea salt. He gave me a sailor’s black scarf which he told me will wear for ever, and look a good black to the last. These scarves, in his day, had to be very carefully tested, for the makers would often use a poor silk, weighted and thickened with dye to make it appear good; and as the sailors had to provide their own scarves, and knew at once the quality of the silk when they came to tie it, there would have been riots if the quality had not been good. ‘Great dandies,’ he called the sailors.

He said that the praises of love never hurt anybody; the only kind of praises which hurt were insincere flatteries. He said, ‘I have known many people whose lives have been *starved* for the want of those very praises which it is love’s pleasure to bring.’

In the evening he spoke of St. Paul's conversion. St. Paul must have heard all the facts about Christ; it needed the discovery of no *new fact* to convince him. The educated Pharisee and the carpenter's Son! He told me that this story has a wonderful effect upon him. I talked to him, in this connexion, about F. T. Bullen's book, *With Christ at Sea*; and we discussed the Church's and Chapel's views on 'conversion'. When we bade good-night he said: 'You don't know what you are to me, Dorothy,' and then after a pause, very emphatically, 'nor what you are *not* to me.'

Wednesday, 4th Nov. He told me I need not read *Endymion*! He thinks also that I should not care much for Shelley. We talked about *King Lear*, which I had just been reading. Old and mad he is, but (we agreed) you *cannot dismiss him*;—Kent and the Fool won't let you. Both of us rejoice in the bit where Kent trips up the Steward. He pointed out that Lear remains on the stage practically all through the play to the end. He showed me some notes he had been making on *Captain James's Strange Voyage*,¹ and read me fragments which revealed the endurance and piety of these explorers. I returned home in the afternoon.

From a letter *5th Nov.* :

Remember I mention to you a certain Annie Hall when you come again, sister of a coalman,

¹ This grew into an article which appeared in the *Nation*, 28th January 1911.

unmarried, aged about 45, in whom the best Christian virtues have sprung up without any other planting or watering than she has got in Groombridge Church, by nature and from God's grace. . . . I feel more strongly than ever that there must be no mechanism in your visits. Directly you feel for one single instant that it would be better not to come on a particular Monday, do *not* come, do not hesitate. It would be as well, even if there were no special reason for postponement and taking another day, to break the custom sometimes so that this blessed privilege may not become a habit.

From a letter 7th Nov. :

. . . I can see through my window the trees changing, but beyond this limited outlook there will be no autumn for me. The first time in my life ! I recollect New Park Wood in Nov. 1907.¹ I never felt the beauty of autumn as I felt it then, and I had a strange foreboding. If I had my life over again I would perpetually urge and strengthen myself to admire and lose myself in pure beauty. I would teach myself to *worship* the beauty of the autumn, the skies, the sea. This worship needs discipline. . . . I would give myself up more systematically to beauty than to reason ; make the study of beauty a business. How much happier Webb² is than if he had been a literary person, a philosopher, or a theologian ! . . .

Returned to Groombridge on *Monday, 9th*. I found him free from pain. He talked a good

¹ See *Last Pages*, pp. 314, 315.

² Philip Webb.

deal of the Brontës. He is slowly reading the new letters. He pointed to one or two passages in Charlotte's early letters showing a wonderful understanding of life ; we agreed that she must have understood through the imagination.

He also talked of Annie Hall ; how she had devoted herself to her sick mother, lately dead, and was now looking after her aunt ; always ready to nurse any poor sick person. Poor, of course, herself, she keeps her cottage ' scrupulously clean '. Not in the least degree ' handsome ', but with a very ' sweet face ', and he is ' very fond of her '. When I bade him good-night I told him there was a splendid moon. He looked pleased, and then he said he wished he was out now at Ashurst with me. We talked about the Ashurst walk ; I reminded him how I carried his waistcoat and how he smoked a cigarette, and he remembered it all.

Tuesday, 10th. A very cold morning. Molly and I walked through the wood past Top Hill Farm. Molly went on to Langton, I returned alone. When I got home I sat with my dearest. I told him of the hoar frost, and the gorgeous autumn colouring, and of the sky—a soft blue overhead and pink by the horizon—and of the sheep in the fields we crossed. He was very sad. He said his religion, education, reading, had done nothing for him, and he might just as well have been without them ; he lay there in bed and could only dread the darkness. I told him that this was not true,

that he saw more light than he supposed. . . . By degrees he was comforted. He cheered as the day went on. He helped me to a good idea in my story,¹ became very eager, and when I was out of the room wrote some notes on a scrap of paper. I read to him *Melchior's Dream*; ² he was much struck with it. In the evening I finished *Melchior's Dream*, and we had a long talk on religion.

Wednesday, 11th. Very restless and suffering. I determined to stay. He only demurred a little, thought I ought to get back to my boys, but soon yielded, said it was 'very sweet' of me, and seemed glad. The doctor came. There is to be another consultation, and probably an operation. After the doctor's visit with the idea of something to be done, and the possibility of relief, he was happier. Immediately he began to make plans. One can hardly believe how ill he is, when one sees him dealing with any business; he writes without any hesitation. I must not forget to mention that just before lunch, when he seemed most depressed, he suddenly asked for a bit of paper and sat up and drew a picture to illustrate what he had written the day before about the new idea for my story.

Thursday, 12th. A beautiful warm day, St. Martin's Little Summer, but I kept indoors on account of my cold. He got up and dressed; he looked very thin, shrunken. Nurse is astonished at his vitality. We had a happy time together;

¹ *Frank Burnet.*

² *Juliana Horatia Ewing.*

he was free from pain most of the day and in a more cheerful mood. We talked, as we have not done for some long while, about our first meetings. . . . He said, 'I should like it to be put on record that I never made to you a proposal of marriage ;— I *flew* to you.' His face kindles when he finds just the word he wants. Molly said, laughing, the other day : ' However ill he is, he always speaks so elegantly ! ' In the evening he asked me about my last Sunday's lesson. I read him the chapter, 2 Peter i, and tried to recall what I had said, whilst he lay with his eyes shut. He cannot bear to think that the boys do not all listen eagerly at the class ; he said ' Wouldn't it be better to speak to people who *did* listen ? ' This is our old quarrel, and of course I said ' No '. Though there are many things to make us sad and many anxieties, we have wonderful peace and happiness.

Friday, 13th. Much pain in the night. When I went in before breakfast he was easier, but sad. He spoke of the ' hunger and thirst and need ' of his life, ' an infinite need ' which neither his books, nor his friends, nor his religion had ever satisfied. I was to remember that I had satisfied that need. In some ways it is painful when the body is so weak to see the mind and spirit so eager, straining for more and more of life, more and more cruelly aware of human limitations. It is sometimes to me as if his spirit is struggling to free itself, to mount to a wider world. He got

up and dressed as yesterday. When I went in at 12 o'clock he rose at once to fetch me a chair and place it by his side ; but he is very weak. He read to me the story of the Temptation in the Wilderness. He said those three temptations were not the temptations of common men but of genius, a point which to him helps to confirm the truth of the story. Of course (he put in by parenthesis), the temptations were capable of being brought down to touch the temptations of ordinary men. To him the first temptation seems to be to employ miraculous powers for unworthy ends, as when a great writer uses his gifts for mere making of money. He kept saying 'Wonderful ! wonderful !' He broke down over the words '*and Him only shalt thou serve*'. Afterwards he said to me : 'I *did* want to show you what a living influence that Book has had over me.' Then he said : 'You are the only person who does not mind my being so serious. I can't *help* being serious.' What set us talking about the Temptation was Milton, 'the poet's poet,' as he called him, and praised him enthusiastically. And what set us talking about Milton was a letter from the editor of a certain paper asking him to write an article on 'Milton as a religious force', before the end of November—too big a subject, he thought, to treat satisfactorily in a fortnight.

When I brought up his pudding at lunch he asked me if I was leaving that afternoon. I said,

no, I wanted to stay till Saturday. He said: 'I can't think why you are here at all,' and repeated it. I said: 'What do you mean?' He said: 'You know what I mean.' I told him my only happiness was here, and that he must give me all the happiness he could. As I turned to go he said: 'God still works miracles.' In the afternoon I went for a long solitary walk. I did not feel a bit lonely. The beauty of the day made me happy. Several times, as I stopped to look at the wonderful rich colours and the low sun between the trees, I thought of his words about making 'the study of beauty a business'. I chose for my walk Burr's Wood and determined to find the pool—a sort of secret pool—where he once had taken me. I *did* find it and stood there for some time. The surface of the pool was thick with yellow leaves, but there were spaces where I could look down into the dark water and see the same rich weeds below. I took the wrong path coming back, found myself at a padlocked gate and had to jump from the top of a wall. Starting out for my walk on the Ashurst Road I saw some gipsies on the road behind me. After my circuit through the woods I met these same gipsies as I returned upon the same road, not much advanced; they were wild-looking creatures. I told him everything when I came home. In the evening we talked of religion, about the different *depths* as well as the different *widths* of belief.

Saturday, 14th. A better night and less pain, but hard to cheer this morning. We were very anxious. At night the doctors came. I had arranged to dine with Miss Turner and set out about 6 o'clock. It was raining a little, and so dark that I could hardly find my way out of the gate, and after groping some steps up the hill I turned back for a lantern. Lizzie kindly provided one, a large three-sided thing, which clanked along with me. I was not sad. I rather enjoyed splashing through the mud. I sent off a telegram to Mother from Langton to let her know I was not coming home, then went with my lantern to 'Upper Birchetts', dined and had a pleasant time, and Miss Turner with a friend brought me back at 9 o'clock. She was anxious for news. We were told the operation would be performed, a small one first, possibly followed by the big one afterwards. The doctors are hopeful. Nurse is to be with him, which is a great comfort. We went to bed reassured.

Sunday, 15th. I went to Holy Communion. After breakfast I was with him for a long time. He had some sharp pain which soon abated, and then he lay very still holding my hand. He pressed the ring on my finger again and again. He reminded me of the day when we went to get that ring, a 'bright day', he said, and he asked me if I remembered how he jumped into the hansom cab. He was too sad. He makes up his

mind that God does not mean to give us more time together. I told him that it was 'wrong to judge for God'. We must wait. I dare not say one thing or another. . . . I came downstairs, and shortly afterwards his son Ernest arrived. We talked together in the drawing-room and then he went up to his father. I was with my dearest constantly, kneeling by his side. He kept feeling for me with his hand. We talked very little. Sometimes he was in great pain. Between 6 and 7 he was easier, and he spoke a good deal; he seemed in a peaceful state of mind and talked about happy things. He said: 'I have such strange fancies. When I shut my eyes I seem to see you glorified.' Then after a pause he said: 'Like I shall see you glorified some day.' Towards 7 o'clock he was talking very much as usual, and we were even inclined to argue with one another (as much as we could ever argue) and to talk nonsense. One very characteristic speech he made. He asked me to send Molly to him, because he had so many arrangements to see to, and Molly of course must be instructed in everything, 'She has such a *failing* memory!' he said petulantly. I came down and told Molly and Miss Turner (who was here), much to their amusement. A remark of that kind gives one confidence. He does not consider *his* memory failing.

Monday, 16th. A better night; more free from pain. He complained of weakness, and of his

distressing thoughts and (now that he lies in bed, unable much to read or write) of his powerlessness to hold them at bay. He told me how he used always to keep his mind employed; even out of doors he would force himself to look up and admire the beauty of things, to prevent 'dreaming'. I hoped he would take some little book to London; at first he said no, then he said yes, he would. . . . I left at 11 o'clock a.m. Molly was to leave about 2 by train, and be ready to welcome him in his room; he and the nurse to start in the motor between 2 and 3 p.m.

Below I affix the scrap of paper mentioned on a previous page: ¹

Had been a week of very wet weather. Wattie had not been to the church. Large old pipe led from the top of the tower carrying rain-water from the roof. Blocked up near the ground with leaves and a jackdaw's nest which had fallen down from the head at the top. The water consequently had broken through a joint, then through a chink in the stone work into the tower, over the picture, ruining it beyond recognition, and at last had brought the plaster to the floor where it lay a heap of wet broken rubbish.

Tuesday, 17th. I telephoned last night to Nurse Sargeaunt. She told me he had stood the journey well. Again this morning I hear he has had a good night and is free from pain. He has sent me

¹ Page 123.

a little note; he does not want me to go to the Home.

11 Nottingham Place, W.

18th Nov. 1908.

. . . The event comes off to-morrow at 9 a.m. The whole business is to be done at once, so that there is risk. . . . Molly will let you know when I shall be able to read a letter from you and when I shall be permitted to see you. Please do not call. I shall rely on your not coming to inquire. I don't want to fancy that you may be at the door.

When you next write tell me what is the Greek word for 'pure' in the sentence 'Blessed are the pure in heart', and whether this word is used in the N.T. in other passages. If so, how is it rendered by the R.V.? How do you interpret 'Blessed are the pure', &c.? You see I do try to think of things beyond my wretched self. . . .

Sometimes things he has said come back to me. He told me on Sunday that my voice in reading and speaking was always very clear; he said: 'I can always hear what you say.' Then he reflected and said there was special meaning in that. 'When other people speak I only hear the first word and the last word, and all in between is lost to me.'

He praised — one day, 'very affectionate', 'most devoted'. I said: 'Do you ever tell — so? You should say those things to the right

person.' He was silent for a minute, and then in his abrupt way : ' Well, I've said it to *you*.'

Some anxious days. On Thursday at 12 I received Molly's telegram. ' Operation quite successful. Patient doing well.'

This morning (*Nov. 20th, Friday*) I went to see Nurse Sargeaunt. She told me that when Hale got to the Home¹ on Monday he refused to be carried up the stairs, but walked from the bottom to the top, 100 steps in all ; also that he was perfectly calm before the operation, did what he had to do without the smallest hesitation. She says his strength is wonderful, that his speech is just as clear and direct as ever.

I have been to see him. Nurse did not wish him to know beforehand that I was coming ; so I went in, a surprise visit, on Monday (*Nov. 30th*) at 2 o'clock. I stayed an hour. He looked very grey and his cheek was cold, but very quickly I got used to his changed appearance, and then he seemed the same as ever. He was quite quiet ; there were no tears ; and I provoked him once to

¹ Though there is no entry to that effect in the Diary, I have a distinct memory of his changing from one Home to another. Nurse Sargeaunt confirms this : she writes : ' Mr. White did walk up *nearly* 100 steps, and next day went to another Nursing Home. I cannot give any reason, but I know I sat up with him all night in the first Home, he felt so much *alone* and being amongst strangers.'

a real smile. I went again the next day at the same time. He talked a good deal about *Esmond*, which he is reading slowly through; he has got about half-way. He asked me whether, had I been Lady Castlewood, I could have behaved to my husband as she did. This led to an interesting discussion, about men and women, lords and ladies, Thackeray, 'fine' writing, snobbism—never mind what. We were very happy. I left him with our old copy of *Daddy Darwin's Dovecot*¹ (illustrated). He was glad to have it.

27th Dec. He went home yesterday. Molly telegraphed to tell me of his safe arrival. I have been with him constantly (every other day, and sometimes more) since Nov. 30th. I have entered no notes. It has been an anxious, heavy time. By degrees things will go better.

12th Jan. 1909. I will now enter some notes. I went to Groombridge on December 29th. He was sitting up, in his room; he seemed quite himself again. He told me of a story he meant to write; he had the notes of it by his side. He told the story very beautifully, word for word as he might write it. I listened without interruption. The story² was of a farmer who after a healthy

¹ Juliana Horatia Ewing.

² Subsequently appeared in the *Nation* as 'A Home-made Religion', the hero converted into a heroine. See *Pages from a Journal*, 2nd ed.

country life—lived, I think, always in one parish—is suddenly overtaken by some disease, in consequence of which he has to be carried off to a London Nursing Home for an operation. Here, separated from his daughter Alice, his farm, his fields, his parish church, he undergoes a strange experience; he finds himself a different man, shorn of all his old beliefs. How can he ‘believe’, in the stir and hubbub of the city? . . . In due course, however, he returns to his home, and then, all at once and completely, come back to him his old beliefs; he attends his parish church again, he walks through his fields, he is with his daughter.

As he told me this story, I knew what he meant. It was a pathetic attempt to account for much that had happened in London.

We talked a good deal about the death of Moses, which he said was as fine as ‘anything in Aeschylus’.

I told him I had had one of Maeterlinck’s books given to me for a Christmas present. He said it would be waste of time for me to read it; ‘it wouldn’t do me any harm, nor any good.’ . . . He then spoke vehemently against professional writing; he called it ‘a curse’ . . .

I remember so much of the first day because I took rough notes. After that I scarcely took a single note, for troubles quickly began. He got very nervous and excitable, and then confused. There were some strange scenes. Sometimes he was quite clear, but only once or twice since the

operation have I seen him really like his old self. I came home on Sunday, Jan. 10th, for my Bible Class, and stayed over Monday at Mother's request. Yesterday I returned. He had been very delirious on the Sunday, and he seemed to have received a shock in finding out that he had mistaken evening for morning and was unable to account for so many hours. I sat in his room all the afternoon while he slept. He slept quietly, but directly he woke he was flung into agitation again. I need not enter into more details; it is enough to say that I decided to leave him temporarily; it was his suggestion, not mine, and I fell in with it at once and spoke of it with perfect composure. I told him I looked forward to the time when he would be better and he could have me back again. I left soon after 11.¹

One or two notes I should like to make. Last night after sunset there was a beautiful sky, pale chalky streaks. I went to Killick's, and the lights were beginning to twinkle in the cottages as once before. Afterwards I went round the garden, turning twice in the pack-horse lane to look back at the sky between the trees and over the stable roof.

One afternoon I went out for a long walk. I kept

¹ This of course means the morning following, i.e. January 13. See Nurse Sargeaunt's letter of the 14th. I must either, by the way, have dated this portion wrongly (January, 12th) or else begun it that day at Groombridge, and was continuing it at home on the 13th, for I say 'Yesterday I returned', i.e. to Groombridge, and I returned on the 12th.

wishing to find some budding flower to bring in with me, and I actually found some blossoms of the dead-nettle, and a little white flower nearly out. I walked past Top Hill Farm, through New Park Wood, and back by the Ashurst Road. Another afternoon I went through the little wood path to the field which leads to Top Hill Farm. There in that field I stopped. There was a strange feeling in the air. In the west the sun was setting calmly in a yellow sky; from the north swept up a curtain of cold cloud. As I was going north I thought it best to turn; there was something ominous in that sweeping cloud. When I got into the little wood again I saw the yellow sky before me; on the ground the wet leaves glittered like gold, and behind me I could feel the darkness of the approaching storm. He was asleep when I returned, but he woke in time to see a little of the sunset. I told him all about my walk, and I noticed that he looked at me in the old proud way.

One day he called me up to his room. He had an idea that the end might come suddenly. He begged me not to tell any one of this idea, in case they should think it 'weakness'. He spoke to me again of his love very vehemently, and he bade me not to think of things as they are now but as they were; I was to remember that 'the first was the last'; he repeated this several times.

In the evenings Nurse and I used to sing duets to Molly;—queer old-fashioned duets—most of

them from memory. I cannot praise Nurse too much—not for her professional skill, of which I am no judge, but for her character. Her husband,¹ at present, is most kindly acting as night nurse; he returns to Tunbridge Wells by day.

Extract from Nurse Sargeaunt's letter, *Jan. 14th*:

Yesterday, after you left, Mr. White was very ill indeed, so excited and talking so fast and such nonsense, and nothing would convince him that you had not gone the day before; he was continually referring to your having gone; he seemed very uneasy about it, and my Husband

¹ In 1905 Nurse had married a retired Sergeant-Major of the 13th Hussars, Mr. E. Sargeaunt, a widower with one grown-up daughter. Their home was at this time in Tunbridge Wells, but presently they moved to Langton to be nearer to us. It seems to me, looking back, that it was *every* afternoon he walked over to see his wife. From the study we used to hear the murmur of their voices (*his* voice more especially, however much subdued) in the dining-room below. Upstairs, Hale might be asleep or awake, better or worse, the murmur below was just the same, and it recalls to me even now a pleasant sense of ordinary things going on. Hale was very fond of Nurse, and, I might add, he was very fond of her husband too, but perhaps chiefly amazed at him, his vigour, his unquestioning barrack-square attitude towards life. The only puzzle which I remember to have heard him propound was why, if God Almighty wished us to go to church—as presumably we all supposed He did—*why* there should have been so many wet Sundays in that particular season? Proud of having served in the Regiment for 22 years with Sir Robert Baden-Powell, he was always ready to be eloquent on that theme and on two others, the Union Jack and the Royal Family. His cottage seemed to me full of military testimonials; and his latest honour now has been the Meritorious Service Medal presented to him in 1918.

says he was speaking of ' Dorothy ' nearly all night in his half sleep. . . .

I went to see him yesterday, Jan. 26th. I found him decidedly better, but he was in bed. I had my lunch in his room, using his bed for a table. I talked to him about his *Examination of the Charge of Apostasy against Wordsworth*, and had so much to say that he had finished his pudding before I had finished my meat. I never ate my pudding at all ! I was glad to see in him again a certain *carelessness* of manner, a real self-forgetfulness ; of course it only appeared at intervals and for a little while. We had one or two strong bits of talk together which I think did good. I find that I can enter less and less in this book ; the whole matter is so complicated, and I see so many difficulties which I did not see before. I have to say and do such odd things at times, guided only by my own instinct and often utterly in opposition to his will, I often wonder how it is I manage to battle on ; but my reward comes when, after one of these struggles, he turns to me quite calmly with : ' Every word you say is perfectly true.' He little knows at what a cost those ' perfectly true ' words are spoken ; for it is very hard for me to withstand him and tell him the truth. I do long for him to be well again, and then how we shall make it up to one another !

Nurse Sargeaunt is unwell, and the doctor has

ordered her to rest for a fortnight ; she is to have some teeth out. Hale praised her to me enthusiastically ; there was no need to do that. A nurse from Guy's has come to take her place meanwhile.

I went on *Tuesday, Feb. 2nd.* He was sitting up. I lunched in his room again. He hurried over his fish in order that I might use his tray. I thought him decidedly better, able to *entertain hope*. He allowed that the illness had got such a hold over him, that even if he were suffering less he doubted if he should be able to realize and acknowledge the fact. I told him emphatically that this was the wisest thing he had said since he was ill, and he gave me a penetrating and meaning look. He is able now to rise above himself from time to time and exercise a sane judgement. He had one bad nervous attack ; I told him it would pass ; he said ' No, I don't think this one will ' ; I said, ' Yes, it will ', and of course it did. I referred to this afterwards as an instance of his ability to control himself ; *habit* here is strong.

I mentioned R. L. Stevenson and Bunyan in the same breath, and he stopped me to ask which I thought the greater. Bunyan, *greater* yes, and I said I was sure Stevenson would agree to that. ' But,' said Hale, ' isn't it better to be Stevenson and write Stevenson, than to be and write Bunyan —better both for yourself and others ? ' *¹ A sad

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

query, but I met it without a shadow of hesitation. I said that was God's affair, not ours nor theirs. I forget all I said, but when I had finished Hale said: 'Well, I believe that's true enough.' In this connexion I also told him that he himself had brought *faith* to hundreds, and he must not mind nor question, even if it has been achieved at the cost of many painful doubts. The living spark is only struck by conflict, irritation. When I left he said: 'God bless you for coming to me to-day.' I am sure it is better for the present to pay these weekly visits.

Monday, 8th Feb. I found him sitting up, and he came down to lunch. We all lunched in the drawing-room. He sat with his back to the fire, and the sun streamed in upon us. It was nice to have him at table again, and I noticed several of his old courtesies. In spite of one or two attacks of pain I could see a marked improvement. We *really talked together*, and about religion too, just like we used to do. He always has this strong *wish* to be able to belong to some Church.¹ We discussed creeds again. I said that if all creeds were done away with, passed away, perished, my *religion* would still stand. This satisfied him; he said he knew it was so, and that it was so with him. He spoke of his absolute belief in those

¹ Memories, perhaps, don't go for much, but I remember his occasionally expressed hankering after the Church of Rome, and also his smile and shake of the head, for it wouldn't quite do.

spiritual truths which the material forms embody. We are entirely at one, and I told him there will soon come a time when the 'form' no longer matters. We are endlessly interested in this discussion, sometimes external, sometimes internal, of creeds and churches, and of the root or branch causes which make people adhere to this form or the other of belief. I am thankful and proud to say he has got through some reading, about 50 pages of the Brontë letters, and three-quarters of my Occasional Notes IX which he had asked me to send him. He had promised me to try to read a little every day; and Molly tells me he referred to this promise, saying 'It is something Dorothy wants, but it won't do any good'.

Nurse Sargeaunt is better, but she is not coming back. A new nurse arrives to-morrow. The present nurse has heart disease and cannot stay.

Monday, 15th Feb. I went by the earlier train, arriving at 11 o'clock. He had asked me to do this, as the morning is supposed to be his best time. When I got there he was asleep! He did not wake till about 12, and then had to be washed and dressed, so that I did not see him any sooner than I should have done had I come by the later and more convenient train! However, Molly and I enjoyed ourselves. We darned stockings, and then she went to bake some bread, and I went out into the garden. It was a beautiful spring day. I found some violets.

Molly gave me a favourable report—the doctors agree that there *is* improvement, though slow—but I was rather disappointed ; he was in a difficult mood. I had received a letter from him that morning ; it was in my pocket ; I had no intention of referring to it (I destroy these letters, for they are hypochondriacal and therefore false), but he referred to it himself, he wanted to justify it, and he declared that he had put the case as well as he could, and he had nothing further to say. The ‘case’ was that he being practically ‘dead’, it was of no use for me to try to ‘resurrect’ him ; and was it worth while for me to ‘wait’ on the remote chance of his recovery ? I dealt with this ‘case’ quietly and with (I hope) provoking common-sense. I said that it looked rather as if he would advise my leaving him, which of course I could do, throwing myself into other affairs and not coming back again, whereupon he shook his head and said that was not what he meant. I spend my time half-comforting, half-scolding. I could tell the strangest stories ; but he belongs to me, and nobody else could quite understand as I do. It will be a cruel day for me when I first see his faults and virtues *pigeon-holed*. I prefer them all loose, free to stretch themselves, to disappear and then return, and mingle with one another. I told him what a difficult patient he is. ‘Difficult !’ he said ; he declared he had no idea of this. I laughed and said I was sure that he knew, but he

assured me he didn't and begged for an example ! I gave him several !

In the afternoon, while he rested, I went up the garden and scrambled by the rubbish-heap into the wood, through the path to the field. The field has lately been ploughed. I felt very happy and I was whistling ; the air was so fresh yet mild. I wore neither coat nor hat. When I came in I sat with Molly and dried and cleaned my shoes. Then I went up to her father again. Presently he insisted on going to bed. . . . We had tea in his room. Molly and I sat in the window and I talked to her about *A Poor Man's House* by Stephen Reynolds. . . . A very difficult day ; but he kissed me many times at parting and wanted Molly to see me to the gate, which, he said, *he* would of course have done if he could. I don't believe any two people ever did love one another so much before, or fight so obstinately. I'm in the right, and I won't give in. I want him to *live*.

I told him I was going on with Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* which I had borrowed from his library. He said : ' I ought to be by your side while you read it. I am so afraid it may not mean to you all that it meant to me.' I assured him it probably would ! At any rate it would have the same *kind* of meaning.¹

Thursday, 18th Feb. He has returned my

¹ I was wrong there, however, for I stuck at the first volume, struggling with Frederick's ancestors.

Note-book X with one or two comments, and has asked for Note-book IX to be returned to him by early post. Also he has sent the following scrap, which shows he has been reading more of the Brontë letters :

‘ A weak brain, chill affections and strong will.’ One of Charlotte Brontë’s combinations. Letter 226.

I received the following, *Feb. 20th.* I had written to tell him that Murray had accepted my book, *Frank Burnet*.

I do rejoice as well as I can, but it saddens me terribly that the book will be printed and all the world will praise, and I shall be left out from the chorus.

From two letters, *22nd Feb.* :

I. I am convinced it will be better for you not to come to-morrow. Do not get into a habit of coming. You are now very much excited, and you need every moment of quiet you can obtain for the revision of your book. I cannot help you. I have not read it, and anything I could say now would not be worth a straw. Shut yourself up in your room. You have the most difficult part of your task before you. Murray says nothing about revision. He will quarrel with you if you give him many corrections. . . . I write from pure affection. I don’t want you to break down. Do for my sake remain at home at peace. Your last two letters show me your

need of it. That noble passage¹ is in my Sir T. Browne's Works. *Do, do*, my dearest one, listen to me. Your temperament cannot stand serious disturbance. I am positive it cannot.

2. I wrote to catch the early post. I write now with a little more leisure. Every word I said about staying at home and resolving on peace I confirm. I do now know a little about you. I dread excitement for you. It will ruin your health and work. . . .

As to my part, it is of no use to read it yet. I will not let my thoughts interfere with those of strong healthy intelligent critics. If I read I must talk—and I cannot say a word worth notice on any subject. The responsibility in my present condition of perhaps misleading you would be too great.

. . . I cannot give you the palest reflection of what during these last few days has passed through my mind. . . . You cannot conceive what my emotions are;—I passing out of the world, and you with nearly half a century before you. What do those years contain! . . .

I told you I found that royal page in Edward² Browne's letters. It is in Vol. I, p. 129, Wilkins edition. I must therefore have read it but I had forgotten it. It fits me singularly now. I shall not forget it again.

23rd Feb., Tuesday. Of course I went to Groom-

¹ A passage I pointed out in Pater's *Appreciation* of Sir T. Browne. The passage is to be found at the top of p. 143, *Appreciations*, Macmillan, 1907. 'If it were possible', &c. He quotes the passage at length in writing to Miss Partridge, February 22. *Letters to Three Friends*, p. 271.

² A slip, as he afterwards explained, for 'Thomas'.

bridge, and of course when I arrived they were all expecting me! I had the happiest, most natural day with him that I have had since his illness. We talked a good deal about *Paradise Lost*, which I am reading for the first time in my life! . . . Hale said that 'whatever he has said about Milton he has always felt that that is not the *whole* thing he has said, but only the *last*.' *¹ His voice broke on the word 'last' as it often does when he has found just the word he wanted. He showed me with pride a volume of his edition of Sir T. Browne; he spoke of it as 'a lovely book'; he referred to the edition, print, paper—editing, too, I suppose.

At tea he heard us say something about chocolate cake. 'What *is* chocolate cake?' he inquired. We handed him the plate which held one or two dry remains. He took one curiously. I think he imagined something quite different, a sort of fairy cake made in some inconceivable way of chocolates welded together. He ate his scrap, however, without in the least bit considering the taste. He is very funny about food. He will sometimes eat the breast of a fowl and then complain that he was not served with a fish-knife!

From a letter 24th Feb. :

What I said yesterday about difference and similitude was not a sudden catch, but was so badly expressed as to be almost unintelligible.

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

It is a long-believed belief. I will try my hand at it again.

Three kinds of contra-position :

1. Sophistical. Not vulgar but Socratic, by which to every truth an opposite can be presented.

2. Conviction of wrong-thinking or wrongdoing ; the conviction of a friend who is about to correct what he knows to be dangerous error.

3. The contra-position through which the love of two lovers for one another becomes a thing of more substance ; through which they grow to be more eager and intimate lovers of the same truth ; even in consequence of a dissimilarity of something more than mere expression. It is because of such a difference that Dorothy and I never differ.

W. H. W.

Bungle, bungle, my head is thick and heavy.

He returned my Note-book X to me with some remarks on my disentanglement (?) of a piece of Pater's *Appreciation* on Sir T. Browne.¹ I copy his remarks.

This is all, my dearest Dorothy, too difficult for me. After a lifetime spent in the endeavour to apprehend intelligently, definitely, the Being

¹ The passage is in *Appreciations*, pp. 159, 160. 'He represents in an age' &c. . . . 'a legitimate apprehension.' It is my 'disentanglement' rather than Pater himself that the remarks refer to. I find in my notes : 'I sent this book to Hale when I had got so far ; partly to rouse him from the terrible lethargy which overcame him for several months after his operation. . . . And from this argument he was led on insensibly to read his Thomas Browne again and enjoy it.'

we call GOD I find it impossible. Do not, my love, enter this dark wood of metaphysics and theology. Be satisfied with the Love of God, a different thing altogether from the science of God and theology. My love of God, I speak it with reverence, is the love of Dorothy. I do not mean altogether that. What shall we call the emotion with which on a spring morning, early, we watch Venus rise out of the silent sea? Love of beauty! Nothing more?

Tuesday, 2nd March. I found him in bed. The weather has been very cold, dull and snowy, and he could not keep warm sitting up. He seemed to have been employing himself reading and writing. He was not as *natural* as he had been the week before. I think I must have been tired or selfish, but something made me cry. I believe this did us both a great deal of good. I confided in him, at last, unwillingly and incoherently, some of the troubles of the last few months—since the operation. . . . I have promised to go again this Saturday, as Molly will be away.

Immediately after I left he must have written to me. The letter arrived the following morning. All this means returning *life*. I have only to be patient and keep my head.

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I went to Groombridge yesterday, *Saturday, 6th March*. It was dreadful weather. Molly had *not* gone to town. We had a time of perfect happiness. He is now pronounced 'well', and the next thing

is to get him out. We talked for a long time about Wordsworth. He read to me, most beautifully, 'The Solitary Reaper.' He also spoke a good deal about the Leech-gatherer. He said he had '*longed* for me' that morning. This is the first time since the operation that he has expressed such a longing—or *consciously* felt it, I am sure. He has *needed* me, however, but all that is past, and of the greater part he knows nothing. Over tea Molly had an argument with him about the word 'prepossess', which was quite like old times! We all laughed a lot. He *does* laugh again now.

Tuesday, 9th March. Better and better. We are now as we were before ever this illness came upon him. Molly keeps well. Nurse Sargeaunt returned. It was nice all four to be together under such different circumstances. Hale spoke of the Journals and Letters of Sir Thomas Browne and his sons. He is much struck by the fact that, living in the midst of perils in those days, they neither looked forward with fear nor backward with horror. In *these* days, when a great many of those perils simply don't exist, we both look forward and backward, painfully apprehensive. We had some serious talk; other talk too. He not only laughs now, but *throws himself back and laughs*.

Extracts from letters :

12th March. Your letter has just come.

•

•

I have not written because I have been ill . . . these last few days.

13th March. I could not write more last night. . . . As I have little strength it has knocked me over somewhat and brought on what I most of all dread, depression and nocturnal terrors. . . . Your letter amused me. I need hardly tell you I am not to be interviewed.¹ . . . Yes, Cooke the artist lived and died here. He built an ugly, most pretentious big house. . . .

I meant to go on with this page of the letter, as it was very shrewd and funny, but I cannot quite reconcile it to my conscience, for I am determined that there shall be nothing in this book which could possibly give pain even to people I do not know or do not care about. I will merely, for my own memory's sake, put in the last words about some people who used to ask him out, and never offered to send their 'prancing, stupid, superfluous beasts for me'. A sentence very like Hale.

Tuesday, 16th March. Rather a disappointing day. He has had a recurrence of the pain, but I myself believe that this relapse is due in a round-about way to Nurse Sargeaunt's return, by which I mean that the sight of her has brought back to his mind the earlier stages of his illness. She *is* so good, and both he and I are very fond of her, so it seems a little hard.

I had to put off my visit from the following

¹ A journalist had applied to me through a friend of mine for an interview.

Tuesday to Thursday. I shall now keep to Thursdays or Fridays. The early days are Father's 'off-days', so it seemed a pity to take them. No extracts from his letters. . . . He is reading the revise proofs of *Frank Burnet*. On March 22nd he wrote a card :

I have just got to p. 58. You may be in time to correct a mistake there which is worth correction. The train from Waterloo to Winchester does not go through Twickenham. That was all ! I wish he could have read the proofs, for I am sure there are many such blunders which have escaped my eye but would never escape his.

Thursday, 25th March. I went by the usual train, but stayed the night, returning by the 5.6 on Friday. He wishes to go back to that arrangement, wants to have me with him in the morning, would want me for his morning walk. In all this one can see a great improvement ; there is a natural eagerness to plan and hope. Nurse told me he had been looking his boots out and sending them down to be dried, &c. He was watching at the window for me and waved to me as I came up the hill. It was strange how I brightened at once, and I had been so sad before—chiefly with troubles and disappointments in my Class—but I began to run ! Uphill too ! *And* he saw me, for he said so afterwards, though I thought the hedge would have shut me from his view. . . . How we talked !

He had plenty of books about him. He read a page or two aloud to me from a book of Burton's about the East ; it was a description of an oasis in the desert. We talked a great deal about style. He thinks I am getting too much into the way of short, sharp sentences. He said he didn't mind telling me my faults, so long as he was not expected to tell them to any one else ! When, after much persuasion, he pointed out a few of the short, sharp sentences, of course I asked him why he was 'so cross !' He is making copious notes on *Frank Burnet*, and got to work on them by 6 o'clock on Friday morning. I was fast asleep in bed. On Friday morning, before he got up, I went for a short walk. I told him I had shortened the walk considerably by stopping to talk with Molly. He wanted to know what we had been talking about. I told him we had ended up with Woman's Suffrage ! He feigned great disgust. I said : 'Don't you think a married woman may be quite as narrow-minded as an unmarried woman ?' and he said in his funny, brief way : 'More. She has all her own narrow-mindedness, and her husband's added.'

He talked very beautifully to me about spiritual influences which have their exact counterpart in natural influences, the one seeming to confirm the other. What did we know, for instance, about our love for one another, what it *meant*, how and where (if anyhow, anywhere) it had its limitations ?

He asked me if I had ever seen a photograph of the rings made by a stone thrown into a pool ; it was a sight not to be forgotten. He described the ever-widening circles much as he has described them somewhere (I forget where) in one of his books or MSS. He spoke of the waves of air which must be (scientific fact) affected by those circles, and of the consequent indirect affecting of all things—you and me. He then spoke of the transmission of Light, and of the strange thoughts suggested by the scientific discovery of the rate at which light travels. If some one in a star, millions of miles away, could come by a telescope sufficiently powerful to be able to reach the light of the Earth, the light reached would be the light of hundreds or thousands of years ago. In a star at 'so many' miles distant, he said, not yet for a hundred years would they see Jesus walking about the earth. I have described this conversation very badly. It is his *way*, which makes everything he says so wonderful. He said that it is a great thing, perhaps the only thing, to get people to *wonder*. Carlyle says that too, I know, in *Sartor Resartus*. I remember copying the words. Hale said that children ought to be brought up on plenty of Romance. He referred to *Undine*, a favourite book of his when young.

From a letter 29th March 1909 :

. . . I cannot sit for more than a few minutes

at the desk. This is why I go on writing in pencil. I have now got to the end of my revises and notes. I find the notes very difficult, if I consider them as part of a whole, because the characters go on developing to the last. I cannot mark or select a passage and say 'There, that will give you a notion of Frank'. Nothing but the whole book will give you a notion of Frank. Nothing must be omitted. How it is to be reviewed puzzles me. It is like its author in this way.

I had a night of terrors, haunted by devils, but this morning was so soft and sweet that with the doctor's permission, or rather by his orders, I forced myself out in the garden for ten minutes and am no worse, although I found out my weakness. . . .

I wrote on the spur of the moment to congratulate him on his first breath of fresh air.¹ The answer he sent was so beautiful, had for me so much sacred meaning, that I have given it the place of honour on the fly-leaf of this book.²

31st March 1909.

DEAREST DOROTHY,

I wish I had followed your example and had written a word yesterday upon impulse. A vision came to me the night before last. It was TENDERNESS, just your tenderness, as distinct and real as the light in the room, a Divine Face.

¹ This must mean that he had not been out of doors since the operation in November.

² Each of my four volumes has a specially chosen letter for an extract for the fly-leaf.

It was sent me for a purpose: I have not hitherto seen your tenderness.

My own, may that shining apparition never fade, standing out there on its background of darkness. May He, whose messenger it was, grant that its power to move me, to stir me to the depths, may never become less.

Yours for ever,
HALE.

2nd April. I went to him, returning on Saturday evening. Foolishly I neglected to enter my notes when I came back, and I can recall nothing clearly—so much has happened since—save that I took him out twice on Saturday into the garden. We saw where a robin was building, and I showed him a clump of violets which he had not known existed! The week following was Holy Week. I did not go to Groombridge. I will copy a few extracts.

From a letter *4th April*:

Will you please send me word to-morrow telling me how you are after your Sunday's work? I am anxious. I had to struggle hard yesterday when you left and I saw you walk so swiftly down the road. . . .

I have had to rewrite so much this morning.¹ Probably I shall have to re-rewrite it. It is most singular. I was quite satisfied with it as it originally stood, and now it was all wrong. I am afraid I shall not get through, but I will struggle hard. Do you think 'coward and liar'

¹ His review of *Frank Burnet*.

survived in Frank or in Phillis, say after marriage? Could the bitter words be forgotten? Could I ever forget them if you had said them to me? 'I am not Phillis' is your reply. No, thank God.

How differently great things strike different persons! You remember what I said to you yesterday about Good Friday. All through this week horrible spiritual and bodily torture will be present to me. I do not believe any human creature could fathom or approach the depth of the agony in '*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*' I dare not trust myself with a word on it. I should become heretical or blasphemous.

From a letter 9th April:

. . . I had to lie in bed on Wednesday. I tried to get up yesterday, but the pain was very severe and I was obliged to go to bed again. Here I must remain, at any rate to-day.

From a letter 11th April:

. . . This is Easter morning. I pray for the eternal resurrection in you.

I went to him on Easter Monday, 12th April. He was in bed. It was a rather sad, difficult time; not as bad as it has been, but the same sort of troubles occur. Perhaps the less said the better, though I *could* say a good deal. Still, the chief thing is to keep my own Faith and Hope, and hold to them quite apart from him and his. Between whiles we had some talk; we talked

about inductive and deductive reasoning, also about judging others. He said that it was rash, wrong, impossible—I forget the word—to judge others, not only because one never properly could appreciate the circumstances, causes, temptations, &c., but because one is more or less certain to try them by *our own standard*. He spoke of the different standards of different nations. He has spoken of this before. I think it presents some sort of a stumbling-block to him, or perhaps not a stumbling-block, but a puzzle; by which distinction I mean that I do not know that his beliefs about good and evil, principles and conduct, are affected by these apparently irreconcilable points of view. I returned on Tuesday evening.

I must still continue to copy extracts, as he still continues to write in pencil. Besides, I leave out most of the references to his illness, those at least which are tainted with hypochondria. He would wish these left out himself. He has plenty of real pain and discomfort, but by far his most distressing sufferings come through the imagination.

From a letter 15th April 1909 :

I have not been able to look at any more of the revises. I have not read anything, and shall take them up as soon as I feel I can deal with them. So far as I remember, the part which still remains is the most difficult, as the movement must necessarily be so slow, and consequently it is hard to do justice to it in a small space; not quite as hard as if I had to do with

Clarissa Harlowe, but almost. In the eight volumes of *Clarissa* there is not a superfluous word, nor was there in the last chapters of *Frank Burnet* in its first state.¹

— orders me 'to be cheerful and amuse myself'. Please tell me, dearest, how to begin. Bunyan, when the shadow of Death had fallen on him, was advised by the parson of his parish to 'drink beer and dance with the girls'. Such are the counsels and consolations of the wise.

This last part is just like Hale in an obstinate humour. He really knows perfectly well what — means, and I have written to tell him so. Of course these general directions are rather annoying, so easy to speak, so hard to perform, and I sometimes think doctors and parsons might be more explicit, and also that they would give more confidence if they showed in calm anticipation the kind of difficulties with which the patient will have to contend in his efforts towards recovery.

From a letter 18th April 1909 :

I do try to do some work every day. It is just as it was before. The steel has been softened, the edge of the tool turns.

The death of Swinburne makes me feel very lonely. It is now three or four years ago since I stood by the empty space reserved for him amongst his ancestors, the naval branch of the

¹ I do not understand 'in its first state'. It looks as if I had altered the end since he first read it ; but clearly from my Diary I gather that he had not previously read a word of the story. See extract from letter February 22, I.

family, in Bonchurch churchyard. The great rocks towered above, the deep blue sea murmured far below. It was a lovely, calm summer day. He had great faults, but there was something in him which made me deny faults. Never again will Nature be voiced as she was by him. I can imagine her mourning in solitude that she has lost the interpreter of her thoughts to man. The loneliness lies in the reflection that hardly anybody I know cares for the thing or quality for which Swinburne stands.

Yes, I remember that day in Bonchurch churchyard, the long morning, what I dreamed as I sat by the grave that waited for him. Then I went and lay under a rock high up, and looked down the Channel straight into the Atlantic. I suppose something obstructs in us the pure pleasure derivable from form and colour. If I am always *after* something to be had, I am not accessible to this pleasure. The noblest pleasure is not that which is to be retained.

23rd April. I went to him. He had sent me one of his sad letters, advising me not to come. Perhaps in time I shall learn to disregard these letters. I think I can almost disregard them now with my head, but they still hurt my heart. I thought I would scold him for some of the things he had said in this letter, but directly I saw him I forgave him. And he was watching for me from the window, although he had advised me not to come! He cannot help these ways. They are all a matter of health. We were happy at once. He half

wanted to ask my pardon and explain himself, but I covered the whole thing up. It was a lovely evening. I went round the garden and watched the sunset and admired the moon. The place is like fairy-land by moonlight. For a long time I stood by the stile above Mrs. Hyder's cottage. There is a beautiful view from this stile; a rich green field slopes down to the red roofs of the village, and you can see the high road winding under the splendid trees. A fine shire horse was led up the road as I stood there. I seemed to take everything in, slowly, breath by breath. A woman was in the sloping field, moving about, feeding some fowls. It was a scene of perfect peace. I told Hale afterwards that it reminded me of Wordsworth, and the sloping field of some of the slopes of the Westmoreland and Cumberland mountains. Whilst I was standing there Mr. Field's keeper came up with a gun. We had a funny abrupt conversation, at least *he* was abrupt and yet it was *his* idea to talk. I also told this conversation to Hale, and he laughed and said it was 'just like him'.

Hale read some Milton to me. He dwelt much on the lines:

Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice grey,

and

Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse,

emphasizing the words 'foul', 'fair', 'pilgrim', 'guest', 'pulse'. His reading cannot be described. I read (but that's a different thing!) Matthew Arnold's 'Forsaken Merman', which he liked very much but did not know well.

There is something I suddenly remember, and though it has no place here, I shall set it down. When he was delirious (now, thank God, many weeks ago) he talked a great deal of something—letters, manuscripts—Nurse Sargeaunt, who told me, could not remember or understand what—but it could be found 'on Bunyan's tombstone',*¹ or 'in Sir Walter Scott's Journal'.*¹ He kept referring to these again and again, Bunyan's tombstone and Sir Walter Scott's Journal. I am not surprised.

From a letter 26th April 1909 :

Directly you get any news as to the probable date of publication, please let me know. I am divided. I dread saying anything unworthy, anything which shows signs of exhaustion, and yet I do not want to be ousted by somebody who will not understand. Massingham² may, of course, refuse me. He may have promised the review elsewhere. I think I shall go on and risk failure, that is to say, I shall go on *if* I can. It is unfortunate that I cannot come to you for advice. There is nobody, excepting yourself, whose opinion I would take on any work of mine, not because I should think too much of it, but

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

² In the *Nation*.

because nobody knows but yourself. I am very pleased you care for *Paradise Regained*, as your verdict is a justification of my homage. I said the subtle interweaving of classical mythology strengthened *Paradise Lost*. If *Paradise Lost* were constructed entirely out of Christian or rather Calvinistic mythology it would be thin and poor, for Calvinism, although one of the greatest of the world's religions, is singularly barren in mythology. Why then is there so little Paganism in *Paradise Regained*? Why are we satisfied? Because it is perfectly human without it. It is the story of resisted temptation, yours and mine. Milton is absolutely right in regaining Paradise in the desert, for if there had been failure there, Calvary would have had no value. Milton would have been one of the last to underrate Calvary and the Resurrection, but he restores Paradise by the triumph over the Tempter, because, in so doing, the restoration becomes connected with ourselves. We can follow here, but we cannot to Gethsemane, and unless we can *follow*, salvation is an outside transaction.

I rejoice too in your appreciation of Milton's style. I would have you read *Paradise Regained* again, and aloud to yourself. It is just the most perfect bit of expression ever achieved by man, and do not let us think that perfection of expression is a mere luxury. It is *morality*.

Please turn to 'Some Notes on Milton' in *Pages from a Journal*. You will there see what Ruskin says. Do not forget. It is not presumption on my part to ask you to do this, but eagerness for Milton.

From a letter 29th April :

I rejoice more and more over the Beatification of Joan of Arc. The Roman Catholic Church deserves great credit for what it has done. I wish the English Church could do something of this kind. The religious effect on the French will be great.

3rd May. To Groombridge. A lovely day. I read *The Winter's Tale*, as I came in the train, or at least began it, and for the first time too ! I was rather full of it when I arrived, contrasting the gracious, lively, charming, *fine* Hermione with Milton's *feminine type* ! It was only by way of contrast though, for I loved the Milton. I think I forgot to mention that I have read the whole of *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, *Samson* and *Comus*, during my last dozen or so journeys to and from Groombridge. Milton shook me. He is quite right about women ; you can associate them with sin if you want to ; but then Shakespeare is equally right, and you can associate them with virtue.

Our praises are our wages : you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre.

But that was not what Hale read to me. He took the book and read :

We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Over 'boy eternal' he almost laughed and cried.

He also read: 'There 's some ill planet reigns ', &c.

He spoke of Cordelia, remarkable in no way for gifts, genius, character,¹ but satisfying us completely because she is a *woman*.

. . . Molly and I had a jolly time in his room in the afternoon; we sat looking out of the window, and told him he did not care for 'Nature'; we also went round the garden together. We longed to have him out too, for the spring green is so beautiful. After dinner I went alone (with the absurd dog²) through the wood to Top Hill Farm. There was a splendid sunset glow; it filled my eye as I came from the wood into the open field. White wispy streaks of cloud seemed to radiate from where the sun had set. It gave width to the west. Opposite there was the full moon, a yellow disk in an indigo sky. I kept catching it through the trees. The dog was very funny; whenever I stopped, he stopped too, and seemed to be doing his best to admire. Dogs always make me a little nervous. I sometimes think they see things we do not see—spirits I mean—they so often seem frightened without reason,

¹ I have been asked whether I am sure that he said 'character'. Of course I cannot swear to it now (September 1911), but I was very particular to be accurate over his words. It must be remembered that he was not always expressing carefully weighed opinions. Much of his talk was, so to speak, by the way; and if any one is to blame, I am for writing it down.

² Molly's little 'Rough', a Griffon.

and growl and turn back. I waited for the stars to come out, but no stars came, though the sky was dark. A few seconds later I looked again, and a bright planet had appeared; also I discovered, then lost, a pale star in the west. It is not easy to focus one's eyes for the stars. I did not meet a soul. The next day Hale told me what he wished my next book to be. He wants a selection of my Sunday Lessons, and he wishes to write a Preface. . . . Whilst he was dressing, Molly and I cleaned the brasses in church. Another lovely day. Before lunch Hale and I sat in the garden together for quite a quarter of an hour. We talked very quietly about plain things. In the afternoon he read to me Wordsworth's 'There was a boy'. His voice seems to *paint* the words. I see pictures coming and going all the time. He read simply and quickly (gathering speed) from the beginning to 'concourse wild of jocund din!' Then paused, and read with great beauty to 'into the bosom of the steady lake'. Paused again, and at 'on summer evenings' could not get on for a long time. There is, however, no *fuss* in his pauses. By the way, I wish to remember that once, I forget when, he praised 'The Borderers' to me. Perhaps I have noted the fact. He talked to me a little about his publications; he says that he doubts if he has made £150 out of all his writings put together.¹

¹ A chance remark of this sort must not, of course, be taken as a deliberate statement. I have it noted on a half-sheet

From a letter 6th May :

I want, not for publication, to attempt a closer delineation of what you have done for me. I want it as a kind of Testament between you and me. I could not give it any shape. It would consist of broken sentences embodying what comes to me from time to time. Most likely it would end in nothing, but I might try, if I do not burden myself with a form.

10th May. I went to Groombridge. I should not by rights have gone till the 13th, but I had to change my dates to suit a plan we had made for Father and Mother to spend a night at the ' Crown ' Hotel. Unfortunately the plan came to nothing, as they could not get a room, and then I wished I had not changed my days, for it will now be nearly a fortnight before I see him again. He was not very well ; he was a little difficult—eager, and depressed, by fits and starts. I find I am too easily cast down. We sat in the garden. At about 1 o'clock some one went whistling through the wood. Hale's attention was at once arrested.

of paper that Fisher Unwin paid ' £200 for the *Autobiography*, *Deliverance*, *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, *Miriam's Schooling*, *Catherine Furze*, and the *Spinoza*'. This, with other scraps of information about the publication of the books, I appear to have taken from his correspondence with Fisher Unwin, ' which ', so runs my note, ' if still in existence I might read some day '. I evidently looked through it at some time, but when and where I cannot now remember ; neither can I be sure that I gathered correctly or properly valued all my facts.

'How I envy that man,' he said. 'It's Forman. That's his dinner. He does not come whistling like that up the road at 12 o'clock, nor after his tea. Tea won't do it. It's *beer*.'

Extracts from letters :

12th May 1909. I could not find the passage in the Prophets to which I referred, but two passages in Exodus will express my meaning, iv. 13 and 14 (first part). Moses was reluctant to undertake the task he was born to undertake. He could not see his fitness for it. He was quite sincere. See iii. 11. You may possibly be born for the development of spiritual truth. . . . Perhaps you are no longer meant for 'boys' and football and cricket, and not even for novels. I cannot tell. My own instinct would lead me at any rate to doubt the first three, but it is not for me to pronounce.¹

Please turn up the passages in Exodus.

How long would Moses, without the vision, have contented himself with keeping the flocks of his father-in-law? The great leader of men might have slumbered in the wilds of Midian till his death. It needed the angel of the Lord and the burning bush to rouse him.

16th May. I ought not to write to you this morning after an almost sleepless night. . . .

¹ Though I would far rather let these letters and extracts speak for themselves without comment, I feel that a word is perhaps necessary here. This and one or two following passages should be read in conjunction with p. 84 and p. 124. Surely, all things considered, a certain brooding jealousy is pardonable. In the previous October I had written in this Diary, 'He sometimes says to me, "I feel so *out of it*."' '

I must say a word to thank you for your letter. . . . Dearest, I have never thought you ought to leave your mother. All I meant was that you are marked out, I would say, for more continuous work in one direction, which I named to you, and that I do *not* think results which might be obtained are now obtained through your classes and cricket and football. However, I have faith that you will be guided and that you will obey. This is the important matter.

I am unable to go on. I wanted particularly to add a sentence or two upon something which came into my mind yesterday, but the mind of yesterday has gone and the mind of to-day has come.

Will you please remember that I have finished my notice of *Frank Burnet*. It lies in the wooden deed-box in my room, ready for dispatch to the editor of the *Nation* about three weeks after the book has appeared. I mention this to you for reasons which I need not put on paper.

Molly is writing to you. . . . If you cannot have her, do not bother about it, as she can so easily go to Hastings to her friend Mrs. Dannreuther.

17th May. I must write another line lest there should be misunderstanding. It never entered my head you should set up any kind of 'shop' away from home, but I do think you might do some direct spiritual service to older people by writing. Undoubtedly, what you do now is good, but you are designed for something more to the point, and for persons with some intellect who are grown up. You are now over thirty, and time is slipping away. If I am not

too far gone, I should like to join you—both names on the title-page.

The picture of Moses strikes me as one which none of us living now and in this country could possibly construct, and is therefore precious inconceivably. The man lying there day and night in the solitary desert, with no occupation but his own thoughts and the sheep, crouching under the bush to shelter himself from the glare of the sun, and watching the slow revolution of the stars by night in a land where they are inconceivably bright and where the heavens are like an inverted cup, whose edges rest on the horizon, so that Orion, say, is seen from his rising to his setting. What did the prophet dream there! God pitched upon him, the shepherd! I believe he was quite sincere in his incredulity. That he might be destined for a higher station of some kind was possible, but to be a leader of men, able to rescue a nation from the strongest monarch on the face of the earth, was almost absurd. The scene in the Midian desert struck me after our talk. The point of similarity was ignorance of our own *content*, of what we really are, reluctance to undertake just the very office for which we are fitted. . . .

If you have your Matthew Arnold with you, turn to the funeral of Balder. If you have not got it, look when you get home. O! what a grief it is to me that a man who could do such a thing as that should repel me as he does now and then, constantly almost, by his contempt, the contempt of the 'superior person'. At times I feel as if a song of Burns's were sweeter

than all Arnold's scholarly, very beautiful, self-conscious poems.

Will you ask your father if David James Vaughan, of Trinity College, Cambridge, is still alive? Together with Llewelyn Davies he translated Plato's *Republic* in 1852. . . . I looked at my copy of the translation just now, and found in it the inscription 'W. H. W., 11 Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn'. That must have been soon after it was published, and before I was married. How well I recollect those dingy, dark chambers, my first lodgings in London! . . .

Monday, 24th May. To Groombridge. I found him sitting on the upper lawn smoking! I seem to have nothing to say about the visit; I was so happy, and that makes me lazy. His look, his touch, is different; so tender, self-forgetful. It was so jolly to have him smoking, cigarettes, cigar, and pipe! I don't think he has smoked since last June or July. It was also so jolly to be with him in the dining-room again. He had his supper at 6 o'clock, sitting up to the dining-room table, and we talked hard all the time. He talked a great deal about Wordsworth and Coleridge, and about Scott. I am to read *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Abbot*, and *The Monastery*. Scott, he said, handles 'the supernatural' in such a 'masterly' way that you are able to 'live in it'. He also revels in Scott's 'masterly' fashion of telling a story. 'I must say I *do* love a *story*'; that is what he constantly says in talking of novels; he

is half ashamed of himself, and yet I am sure in his innermost artistic soul he knows he is right !

I like the Welsh nurse, though of course I do not know her like I know Nurse Sargeaunt, but she is very good for Hale, I think ; she is pugnacious and enthusiastic.¹

Extracts from letters :

28th May. — has lost her aunt, to whom she was devoted. This aunt did really seem to be a link with life for —. She has written me a letter which will make me un-think a good deal of what I have thought about her, although I imagined I knew her well. I will show it to you. Her sincerity, which we have agreed to be her virtue, is more marked than ever, and it is a sincerity of something higher than that I have seen heretofore. Is it true to say that the higher the region the rarer and more difficult is sincerity ?

Who knows, though he sees the snow-cold
blossom shed,
If haply the heart that burns within the rose,
The spirit in sense, the life of life be dead ?
If haply the wind that slays with storming snows
Be one with the wind that quickens ? ²

¹ Nurse Sargeaunt had to go away again for a while. She, see p. 110, was Scotch. Later we had an Irish nurse who talked like a Synge's Play. English nurses, too, at times. There was not one I did not like, and I think I may say they all fell in love with my husband. Williams was the name of this Welsh nurse, and I have a vivid recollection of her shouting to us to come and look at the '*beautiful sunset*'.

² These lines of Swinburne's are also quoted in *More Pages*, p. 260.

I thought of this when ——'s letter came.

Did I ever send you a little fancy, $\frac{3}{4}$ page of note-paper, about my chronometer? Years ago.¹

31st May. . . . I have not had an answer to my last letter, but I will begin a word or two now to you, as to-morrow I am, if possible, to go to the dentist. A friend has kindly offered to lend a carriage. There was a 'Note' in the last lot which has stuck to me, the one about an active hope; hope is not a languid dream of what we desire. That was not Paul's Hope. These languid passivities are weakness, wickedness even: it is these which torment me. Will you try to give dates to your 'Notes', dates of delivery? I am glad you are going to Ilkley. I have been there twice, about two months altogether. I stayed at the Wells Hydropathic, the best place of its kind I have seen. But the management is, of course, altered now. Although called a Hydropathic you could take your own wines and spirits there. It had delightful baths of all kinds, and a large covered winter-garden which would hold 200 or 300 people. Here I used to sit when I did not wish to go out; alone, perfectly quiet. Whether you will go to Haworth I cannot say, but you must please for Wordsworth's sake (I was just about to say 'and mine') go to Bolton Abbey and walk up to the Strid. Look at the poems before you go.

1st June. I have just got your note. I am glad you are not vexed with me for not liking the publication of your portrait.

I am going to the dentist as soon as I get up.

¹ *Last Pages*, p. 309, so I suppose.

. . . I happened to open Browning a few days ago at 'Any Wife to Any Husband', and went through it again *twice*. Can my over-busy Dorothy glance at it once before I see her?

Shame! He is always trying to drum it into me that I am too busy. I try not to be. Any way I read the poem twice, if not three times, before he saw me, which humiliated him!

From a letter *2nd June*:

. . . Good-bye now. Thursday is near. The second page of your letter, descriptive of *your* labours on Whit-Monday, rather saddened me. You know why. It was all very well for the rest. It is pleasant to think how happy they were, but I had rather have had a report of yourself *at peace*, resting in some quiet spot, not wearing your nerves to tatters.

I went to Groombridge *Thursday, 3rd June*. I stayed till Sunday morning. Molly left on Friday to spend a few days at Hastings. Father and Mother went down with me on the Thursday and stayed at 'The Crown' Inn, returning on the Friday afternoon. We had a perfectly happy though very wet time. Father and Mother and I went for a walk up the Ashurst Road through New Park Wood and home by Top Hill Farm. The way was full of associations for me, and I made them acquainted with some of them. We all had tea at the Cottage. Molly and I dined at the 'Crown'. We had a quaint, old-fashioned time. There was one other lady, a Roman Catholic, who

shared our dinner. She had been a great traveller all her life, and her conversation interested us. She showed us a great many photographs of pictures from the foreign galleries. Molly and I walked back up the dark hill, hugging one another, at about 10 o'clock. The next day it poured hard, but Father and Mother each had a long talk with Hale. Before they left we called on the Miss Saints. Afterwards I returned alone to my dearest. He was now in *my* charge, as Molly had gone. On Saturday morning he suddenly said that he wanted to walk out on the road. This was the first time he had walked on the road since last October or November—October was the last time with me, Monday, October 5th, when we walked to the station together, though that was down, not up, the road. He *had* walked out on the road since (alone), sometime about Oct. 20th, when he got the bad cold and inflammation which hastened all the trouble. We went some way past the Oswells' house, and we talked all the time. He took my arm coming down the hill, but not because he needed it. After tea he actually said he would like to go out again. This time we did not get so far, and it began to rain a little. He was quite careless and jolly. Nurse¹ was much amused at the casual way in which we strolled back with the rain coming on.

¹ Still the Welsh nurse, I presume, as Nurse Sargeaunt, it will be seen, p. 182, returned on June 26th.

He asked me to read to him 'Any Wife to Any Husband', and all the last part of 'How well I know what I mean to do', and 'Love among the ruins'. I read very badly, but he likes me to do it. He reads beautifully, but I am always saying that!

Extracts from letters :

8th June. . . . I have just, this morning, the 8th, had a letter from —, editor of —, saying he wants to see me. . . . I have told him that I have always avoided people who propose to come here for the very insufficient reason that I have written a book, and that consequently my life has been very retired and that I have no literary friendships. I have also told him, of course, that I am weak and not able to talk for long. . . . I am sure I shall be embarrassed or dumb. He will expect something, and that being so he will get nothing but rubbish. I cannot help it, I am so made. The moment I *try* to be anything out of the common I become a humbug. To my Dorothy alone am I always myself, never for a moment unnatural, although I may fail in expression.

10th June. I must write in pieces, for I do not see a prospect of finishing a letter at once. I shall be quite satisfied if you send me scraps, for I want you to spend all your time out of doors,¹ although I hope you have not got the weather we have here, dark, cold, cheerless. This morning there is a mizzling rain.

The planet you see must be Venus, which sets soon after 9 p.m.

I have just finished selecting about 350 books

¹ I was at Ilkley on our summer holiday.

for sale at Sotheby's. William got them down for me and they will go off, I hope, to-morrow; not without a struggle, as many of them take associations with them.

Molly does not report favourably on Hastings lodgings. Trams now run along the sea-front, and the noise is distressing. I have written to Mr. Oswell to ask him if he will let me his little furnished house at St. Leonards. He must, I fancy, be away from home, for I have had no reply. I would not go if everybody, doctor included, did not cry out against me for staying here. I might be away three weeks, but this would cause no difference to you and me, so far as our meeting is concerned. My ill health and despondency make me wish I never had left Hastings with its outlook over the open sea, and never had come to this prison. . . .

Cold, dark weather continues; dismal NE. winds taking all beauty out of the landscape. Of course I cannot get out. You ask me if your letter does not make me happy. A word of yours is enough for that, and yet, with my happiness, there always intrudes a Fear, a sinking of the heart because of my utter unworthiness. I KNOW.

14th June. I must do my reply in pieces to your dear letters. I believe we are going to St. Leonards. Mr. Oswell offered to lend us the house for nothing, as his mother had lent it to us on those terms. This was all very well while she was alive,¹ but I would not consent now. I have agreed to pay 35s. a week, a very small sum but

¹ It is rather odd that there is no reference to Mrs. Oswell's death in this Diary. She died 26th November 1908.

as much as I can stand. You shall come some how. Neither Molly nor I can remember how many rooms there are. I am not sure which day we shall go. . . . The planet must be Jupiter, about two-thirds down from the zenith to the NW. horizon at 9 p.m. ; sets about 11.45 p.m. You shall read aloud to me the passages in the ' White Doe ' when we meet.

17th June. I am not quite sure that I was right in my counsels about the book on which you are now engaged. They were right, provided you can get say a couple of hours' leisure, preceded by quiet, say a couple of hours after breakfast, but I do not think you will do your best if you snatch your time out of business and worry. Really you ought to be by yourself at Ilkley or with Janet to prevent loneliness, and be at perfect peace with no Furness Abbey¹ or excursions to Haworth or Bolton, preparing yourself for pen and ink by strolling over the moor. I know that you must work a stated time each day, but this does not contradict what I have just said. There is no hurry for a new novel. Three years hence will be quite soon enough. I do dread your spoiling yourself by manufacture. What reason is there for another book except as the continued expression of your own thoughts? For my own part I should like you . . . to give up fiction, as I have told you before. I wish I had never written stories. They are somewhat of a degradation. If I had been given you as a wife when I was thirty I would never have let the public hear a syllable from me.

¹ He means Fountains Abbey.

Have you read lately Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*? Read it again. Snatch it up when you get home, before you unpack, or take off your hat: go up into the garret and bolt the door. Swinburne says that *Lycidas*, *Thyrsis*, and *Adonais* are the three perfect elegies—no other approaches them. I agree. I have just read it once more, and although I sorely lack strength just now, it made me feel the old extra-vagant enthusiasm, breaking out into passionate tears.

17th midday. Your letter just come. I do grieve over your misfortune.¹ It will prevent your enjoyment. I have just returned from a ride in a donkey chair. The donkey is 40 years old! Molly goes to St. Leonards to-morrow. I am to follow on Saturday—if—. I feel as if I were going to Tyburn in the cart. The address is 1 Maze Hill Terrace, St. Leonards. I will write when I get there.

Your own,

H.

I sometimes wish you would answer my letters, but it is better you should not.

Sometimes it *is* better that I should not. What he has written one day in a sad mood need not be recalled to his mind on a succeeding day when he may be happy. It is not good either to dwell on the disadvantages of our position. . . . His 'counsels' referred to at the beginning of the letter are really no more than his forced agreement to my proposal that I should oblige myself to do an hour and a half's writing at my new story² every

¹ Apparently a stiff neck: see letter June 20th.

² *Isabel*.

day. I keep that letter because it is so exactly like him. There is a lot of wisdom in it, but it is not to be followed implicitly ! He is, however, all on the right side, and I will try to be as *honest* in my work and loyal to the highest as he is.

From a letter 19th June :

1 Maze Hill Terrace,
St. Leonards-on-Sea.

I have just time to say that I think the journey through from Ilkley in a day will be too much. The last train from Charing Cross which will bring you here in tolerable time would be the 3.35 from Charing Cross. You have to drive across London. Think of the rush and fatigue. The Chatham and Dover Railway run a good train from Victoria to St. Leonards at 10.30 a.m. and from Herne Hill at 10.38. You get to St. Leonards at 12.15. I want you here as long as you can *possibly* stay. This is all I can say now. I have read your letter, but will not try to answer it to-day. We are in confusion.

From a letter 20th June :

The more I think about it, the clearer it is to me that you must not come through in a day. You cannot get here anyhow till latish, and there is a good deal to be done in selection of bedroom, for we shall want an expression of your preference. Then there is unpacking, &c., &c., and, as you know, I go to bed early. But the main reason is that you will find it fatiguing. By the time you get here, after rushing right across London in a cab, you will be beaten. Leave Ilkley on Wednes-

day: take the Victoria or Herne Hill train named, and stay as long as ever you can. Dearest, now and then, only now and then, I want direct response. Your letters are perfectly good, but you may as well say next time you write you believe me when I told you that if I had married you when I was thirty I should not have cared to write a single book. I never felt anything more deeply than that. The study of you, the love of you, would have been enough for my life. Observe, the *Study* of you. There is one of your great sayings in your last letter which I shall copy. 'There is only one measure', &c. It is literally true that our love is a virtue. You know the old classical sense of 'virtue'. I am very thankful your neck is better.

I went to St. Leonards on *Thursday, 24th June*. It was a stormy day. Hale and I stayed in together whilst Molly and Nurse went to the Theatre. We talked about some of the modern immoral books (which, by the way, we never read!). He railed against their stupidity. 'What I complain of is that they are so *stupid*.' He said it was the easiest thing in the world to write that sort of book; a man had only to give himself rein and words would come fast enough, and so far as the readers are concerned, the majority of his fellow-creatures will have the key to it all in themselves ready to hand. We had supper in the kitchen, which I like. After supper I went out with Molly on the front; it was fine but blustery. I slept in the bath-room. A nice print of Cooke's 'Dutch boats in a calm' hung

over my bed, and I knelt on the bed for some time and looked at it. The original hangs in the Vernon Gallery, wherever that may be.

Friday, 25th June. Some sunshine. Hale and I sat in a shelter on the front. Two small children in charge of their nurse came and played with us, a boy and a girl. They each had a puzzle for us to try. I liked to see the way they made friends with Hale, and pushed against him, seemed in a sense to tumble all over him. He liked it too. We drove back from the front in a cab. Hale amused us very much at lunch; he was full of quick odd sayings and doings. I think it was at lunch that day that he suddenly, in an abstracted fashion, when we were all talking, took a piece of blanc-mange off Molly's plate and began to carve it with his knife and fork. When questioned as to the reason of this sudden departure from his usual orderly conduct, he had a great deal to say in justification: 'Well, I only did it *because Molly always says*' . . . He always draws the attention to Molly when he wants it distracted from himself. The afternoon was wet. He read to me the *7th chapter of Wisdom*. We read this because Lady Robert Cecil¹ had written to me about it. When he had finished the chapter he asked me what I saw in it. I said I saw that the writer found *God* in everything. He waited for me to say more, and I

¹ I had made friends with Lady Robert Cecil through *Miss Mona* in 1907.

said that I also saw that he *looked for* God in everything. The realization of God was the first point, the examination of God was the second. It is a religion of the intellect as well as the soul. He can fearlessly walk along any of the paths of scientific discovery ; he exults in ' the change of the seasons ', ' the positions of stars ', ' the natures of living creatures ', ' the violence of winds ', ' the reasonings of men ', ' the virtues of roots ' ; there is nothing cramped about this religion. I can imagine this wise man, having once said his prayers, being too busy ever to say them again : really a very happy state of things ! But in practice quite impossible, at least to my way of thinking.

We had supper in the kitchen. After supper I went out alone ; it had stopped raining. I went down to the beach and stood for about half an hour almost motionless, spell-bound by the breaking waves. The sea was a dull heavy colour, the waves broke sullenly ; it was as sad and dreary as could be, and yet I gazed round and round and drank it all in with the most comfortable and soothing melancholy, such as I feel when I read one of Matthew Arnold's pessimistic poems !

Saturday, 26th June. We went on the pier together, and were perfectly happy admiring the delicate tints of the sea. We watched the boat start for Boulogne and the zigzag track she left behind her. There were grand clouds in the sky, a great white pile rising up at the back of St.

Leonards transforming the scene into some Dutch painting, as we remarked. Driving up from the front I said something quite spontaneously about my happiness, and he caught at it so eagerly. Then he spoke of the sense of 'unworthiness' which always oppressed him. I told him that it was not a feeling to be argued with; just as it came so it would go. It was best to speak of it in this fashion. With mental oppressions one should distract rather than combat. The temptation always is to combat, to disperse the cloud, whereas it is safer to go round it. In the afternoon I went out with Nurse;¹ we looked into All Saints' Church, and also called at the Library to inquire for *Frank Burnet*; they had three or four copies down, but all of them out. After tea Nurse Williams left. Hale had a nervous attack which he controlled very bravely. Fortunately, just as Nurse was leaving, the post arrived with several interesting letters which gave us something to talk about. Presently Nurse Sargeaunt appeared; Molly had met her at the station, and we were all four very happy. He read to me the *8th chapter of Wisdom*. After supper I walked to Hastings and came back by the tram. I liked the lights of the ships on the horizon. I forgot to mention that when we were talking together in the evening, he suddenly burst forth with a panegyric on Lord Robert Cecil; it was quite like a speech in the House of Commons,

¹ This was Nurse Williams.

perhaps not in the present House of Commons—like a speech of Burke's I should imagine; it was about being 'beyond corruption', and 'deaf to the howlings of a mob'; this 'could be said of all the Cecils'.

Sunday, 27th June. I went to the Holy Communion at St. John's. After breakfast I helped Molly to wash up, which I thoroughly enjoyed. Hale and I sat on the front for some time. We discussed Roman Catholicism, a favourite subject. We sat on one of those shelters, packed in between an elderly couple and a young couple. The young man next to us was reading a Sunday paper; we talked in low tones, but I could not help wondering every now and then whether he must not have heard what we said. He must have thought us very religious. Hale spoke about his own position with regard to the Creeds and Churches; he spoke regretfully and almost scornfully. What right had any one to 'stand aloof' from others? It was all very well to protest that your 'convictions' were your right, and that they forbade you to conform to this or that belief, join hands with this or the other party; but did not he daily prove his convictions on the most trivial matters to be utterly at fault? Were not his settled convictions day after day unsettled by the judgements and opinions of other people? ¹

After lunch Molly and I went by various trams

¹ See note 3, p. 450.

to Hastings, and I saw the house in which they used to live; it commanded a fine view. Molly stopped with Mrs. Dannreuther for tea, and I came back alone through the old town. Hale and I went out together again for a bit. He also read *Thyrsis* to me. We were more happy over that than I can say. I commented specially on the verse about the cuckoo. What a description of a wet summer's day! We love to talk about Matthew Arnold; he is so hard to place; we have never said just what we want to say about him. He talked about Journalism; he said it was the ruin of the young Oxford graduate, and if only we would realize that we are meant to *be*, not to write for the newspapers nor even to convert one another!

Molly and I went to evensong at St. John's; a good sermon, but dull hymns and miserable singing from the congregation.

Monday, 28th June. We sat on the pier and talked about John the Baptist. He asked me what I understood by the words 'Notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of Heaven is greater than he'. I had two interpretations, neither very satisfactory. He had a third which I liked better, namely that the New Dispensation was a far greater thing than the Old, and that the least of Christ's followers was living by a higher, purer standard than the greatest of the framers and followers of the Old Law. Hale looks upon these words as equivalent to 'Ye have heard how

it was said by them of old times . . . but I say unto you', the pointing of a strong contrast. When I am making notes of these conversations it is impossible for me to sever his thought from my own; the one runs into the other. Molly went to Groombridge in the afternoon to tea with the Miss Saints and to meet the Duchess of Albany! The Duchess cost her 3s. railway fare, but she proved worth it! I wrote for two hours. In the evening I went down and sat on the shingle. I came in for a pretty sight, a sculling boat brought in to shore. There were four oarsmen and a cox, and first they raced a bit, then pulled in, and a few feet from the beach all jumped out of the boat into the sea in their scanty garb, turned her upside down, and eventually carried her up on their shoulders. It was all so neat and unexpected.

Tuesday, 29th June. St. Peter's Day. I went to the Communion at St. John's. It poured hard. I cannot remember much about the day. We had a great deal of happy talk. I left after tea.

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He has had a relapse. I received a letter soon after I got home, telling me that he was suffering and in bed again. Nurse also wrote to me, begging me, if possible, to come back. I was very much upset, and the tone of his letters made matters worse, but I had to decide not to go. After his return to Groombridge he seemed to get better; his letters were more cheerful and natural.

From a letter 11th July :

I looked out for your letter this morning. The notice ¹ was written when I was not myself, and I was afraid you would be dissatisfied with it as showing signs of the failure of mental strength inevitable after long suffering. I believe you are quite honest and what you say is therefore a relief to me. . . . The notice would have been very different if it had been written ten years ago. I was determined that, whatever my short-comings might be, I would render my homage to you. I was incapable of any criticism which would satisfy a class of readers such as —, but I thought I might be of some service to others just by retelling the story in a way to which they were accustomed. They might, through my humble attempt at a translation, be induced to go on with a book which, without help, they would have laid aside. . . . If I were you I would not ask for press notices. Do not look at them. Reflect that they are the work of the merest hacks. Not one review I have seen is to be compared with an opinion which your Jessie would give you if you asked her. Nevertheless, although so worthless and weak, they may mislead.

He may seem hard on the Reviewers, but I have heard him several times cover all their offences with the excuse that they 'have no time'. The Review in the *Globe* he specially mentioned, and said that the writer showed that he had dreams of better things, but that nobody gave him the time ;

¹ *Frank Burnet* in the *Nation*.

if somebody had given him three weeks, he might have made something of it.

I returned to Groombridge on *Wednesday, 14th July*. It is now July 20th, and I have entered no notes. I think there are three reasons. (1) I am lazy. I am too happy at being back with my dear one to want to write down in this book anything about him. (2) I have been poorly, poisoned (so the doctor says) by some bad food, eaten when and where we do not know. I did not stay in bed, but I was kept on starvation diet and made a considerable fuss in consequence. It has caused plenty of fun, however. Molly cannot understand any one whose spirits go up in illness instead of down. Perhaps they would not go up in a really bad illness. Nurse and Molly went into fits of laughter because the first time I walked outside the garden through the wood, I came home stung in the neck by a wasp. Wasp, I said, but it was not a wasp. It was some venomous big fly, I suppose, but the interesting thing to me was that the creature had a swarm of ants or gnats buzzing about it, and they all came with an angry whirr and a smack at the back of my neck, and the poor persecuted fly, of course, with its sting out. I brushed them off as well as I could, but the sting had gone in and raised a hard lump, and Nurse found one or two of the ants or gnats in an exhausted condition half caught in my hair. Curiously enough, this morning Nurse has seen

just the same sort of fly (we suppose) like a fat yellow bee (accurate and scientific description on both our parts!) darting hither and thither before the window, pursued by just such a swarm of gnats. (3) The third reason is that I have had sad news broken to me. Nurse told me on Saturday, when Molly was in town, that the doctors think there is cancer, and that no remedy can be looked for. I broke down for a few minutes, but soon recovered. Whilst I am writing these words I am sitting very still in his room by the open window. He is not asleep, I think, but dozing—at any rate too tired to talk, and mercifully free from pain. All I care about now is that he may not suffer much and that his end may be peaceful. I have always from the first had to prepare myself for the end, so that it comes as no shock to me. I have had such strange trials too, and felt the constant separations so keenly and found so much inconvenience and distress from them (though they were inevitable) that my perfect content at being with him subdues all sorrow. Besides, when I am with him, though I *know* we must soon be separated, I cannot *believe* it.¹ . . . It was necessary that I should be told in order that I might make my plans accordingly. It is now my *duty* to be here (and, oh, my only pleasure!), by which I mean

¹ As will be seen, the doctors' fears proved false. I wonder how often what we 'believe' is truer than what we 'know'.

that I have the *right* to put him before everything else in the world.

Thursday, 22nd July. Again I am writing quietly in his room. Molly and I have just had such a laugh over something he said to her this morning. Molly asked him if she might go to the Confirmation at Langton this afternoon. 'But you've been confirmed *once!*' he said in an aggrieved way. It was so exactly like them both. Molly said: 'I believe he thinks it is some sort of entertainment, for he wanted to know who had *invited* me!'

Yesterday I spoke to the woman who keeps the little Post Office. She said she missed Mr. White very much; he used to go in there so often. She looked so glad when I promised to tell him what she had said. Molly and I take a walk now after supper. The other evening we saw a beautiful sight, the newest of new moons, such a slip of a thing, and Venus in the pale sunset sky just over the crown of the barley field between the wood and Top Hill Farm. I should never have seen them without Molly's aid; her sight is keener than mine, also her knowledge of the stars is greater. There *is* barley in that field, and it has grown very tall, and as you stand on the path the barley blades cut off the crown of the hill, so that whereas I once liked this field for its wide expanse and far horizon, I now like it because of its sudden limit brought almost to my eyes.

He has read one or two things to me lately ; some Walter Savage Landor, short and graceful poems of a sort of crystalline purity, and a grand bit from Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, the original volume which he devoured as a lad of nineteen. The bit he read is about the Jews' choice of Barabbas rather than Christ ; and their awful national doom, to wander through the world crying ' Old Clo' ! Old Clo' ! ' How well he read it !

The doctor's report is very bad, but yesterday and the day before and again to-day he has not suffered much pain. He is still between whiles such an eager, boyish creature, always struggling to find just the very word he wants to express some very fine distinction.

Friday, 23rd July. Last night Molly and I again went for a walk. When we set out the sky was overcast, but we had hopes of its clearing, for here and there the clouds were flecked 'with rosy light. We went as usual through the wood ; as usual the owl in the thick bush by the wicket made a great fuss without showing himself. I have decided that it is an owl, and I tell Molly that animals are far more unkind than human beings, for however much I might want to see him that owl would never come out. The barley field looked beautiful, rather wild and sad. There was a raging wind, and the barley bent and swayed and rocked and curtsied furiously. It looked a sad green colour, too, under the heavy sky. The sky brightened

and lightened as we proceeded leisurely along the narrow footpath through the field; bars of gold appeared, and great feathery fragments broke from the clouds and raced overhead, here and there leaving a gap behind them. Thus madly in chaotic fashion the heavens cleared. We wandered a long way, past the farm, down the lane, crossed the New Park Wood lane, and into a great sloping field. We went from the top to the bottom carelessly over the grass, which looked as if it were growing up for a second crop of hay. Presently we made for the corner and scrambled over the ditch and up the bank on to the cart-track under the trees. For some time we hung over a gate where the track led out to the road; then we turned and came home the same way. As we passed by Top Hill Farm we saw the moon, now almost a quarter, silver bright, just over the hedge. Molly also discovered Venus. How she made me laugh as we crossed that field! Something was said about the position of the brain, and Molly, indicating what I will call the digestive organs, declared that as a child she had always thought the brains were situated *there*; and, what is more, she had told her father, who had said: 'Well, my dear, you're not very far wrong.' From internal evidence that story is true!

This morning I have had a long and very happy talk, as happy as ever I have had. I had spoken for some time last night about my beliefs (not

theological but personal) in God and life beyond the grave. As usual he questioned me closely. . . . He asked me to explain my beliefs without the use of the word God. I did so. . . . This morning, when I went in to see him, he said that he had things to say to me but that the words would not come. I told him they would come in time; and I think what he had on his mind was last night's conversation, for it was to this he reverted when our talk began just before noon. He said I had spoken about the soul being stored up with God after death, and that he felt as I felt about it, but one thought had often come to him, that beyond the grave you would no longer be capable of 'making mistakes'. He broke down for a little, which is very rare with him now. . . . After a while I said that this was why I never could pray for the dead; they seemed so much better off than the living; and he emphatically said the same. . . . He particularly wished me to understand why he had asked me to omit the word God in my explanation of the previous night. He spoke of his belief in God as a reality. When he had spoken I said that such a belief covered everything, all ages, all worlds, it was all-embracing like the over-arching vault of Heaven studded with stars. He said that it was ridiculous for any one to come and say to him, 'How can such a vague indefinite belief have any power to regulate your life?' At this point I interrupted him, but he was too

quick for me and interrupted himself, for we neither of us liked the words 'vague and indefinite', and he changed 'indefinite' to 'hard to define'. . . . He said that he used the word God very rarely, reserving it for the great occasions; 'but don't let any one think that, because I use the word so rarely, I don't believe in God. I do. It is the only thing in which I *do* believe.' He then remarked how that all the grandest forces of nature are invisible, impalpable;—the force of Gravity, and Light;—these he took for examples and spoke of them exultingly. After this conversation we suddenly began the very jolliest talk. I revived all sorts of happy memories, the Ashurst walk and the walk past the Tanyard. I told him that his chief charm lay in his boyish ways, his carelessness. I came back to that word 'carelessness' again; it seemed to me to describe him exactly. He threw back his head and laughed contentedly. He said that he had similar things 'branded' on his memory.

I think I must enter in this book a curious story very typical of my dearest's ways. When I told him that I could stop till Saturday, he seemed surprised that Molly had said nothing to him about it. I explained that I had not told Molly as my plans were uncertain. Then I said: 'Why don't *you* tell Molly?' and I went on to scold him for his absurd reticences and pointed out that they might really put me in a very awkward

position. I drummed it into him well. How would he like it if *I* were ill and he came to see me, and instead of telling my parents that I enjoyed his visits and wished him to come again, I only told him? Hale was enormously impressed by my drumming and scolding, and very eager to do all I wished. Funny creature! I had much better have spared both him and myself the pains, for what does he do but write a letter to Molly on the subject!—Molly who was in the house, or rather only out of it for the afternoon and evening! Hale gave the letter to Nurse and begged her to give it to Molly immediately on her return. When he told me what he had done he looked so pleased with himself; he evidently thought he had done the right thing at last! I did not laugh at him or bother him, as I was bringing in his supper at the time; moreover I thought I should only puzzle and distress him, make him think I was dissatisfied; but he little knows what a lot of unnecessary inconvenience he causes by his secret ways. . . . I returned home on Saturday.

From a letter 25th July 1909 :

Your note was unusually welcome to me this morning, compelled after a night of horrors to face a black day. The pad on the door has prevented much noise this windy weather.¹ It was characteristic of you to bring peace. If

¹ I sewed a pad on his baize door to prevent it rattling. For all I know it is still there.

you could but work miracles, what miracles they would be ! You would heal me, I know.

From a letter 26th July :

. . . I have been thinking a good bit about —. I am afraid she is carrying out her theory. It is one which is very repulsive to me, not only as applied to love, but also to friendship. This theory is that she is bound only so long as she has anything left to impart or so long as husband or friend has anything left to impart to her. A person's worth is therefore something definitely measurable. There is no mystery, no infinitude in it. A woman, apart from the satisfaction of passion, is a bundle of propositions upon art and literature. Almost while I was reading —'s letter I came upon the following much-loved lines by Landor :

Remain, ah not in youth alone,
Tho' youth, where you are, long will stay,
But when my summer days are gone,
And my autumnal haste away,
'*Can I be always by your side ?*'
No ; but the hours you can, you must,
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

I have looked up the copyright of *Pages from a Journal*. It belongs to me and will go to my executors. There were 100 copies unsold when the last account was rendered about two years ago. Judging by the rate of sale, I should say they are not all sold yet. I think the extraction of any part, either from *Pages* or *Last Pages*, would do no good to the remaining part.¹

¹ It must always be remembered that *Last Pages* is *More*

My dear, it is as you say, sacrifice induces love. Directly I have given up something to him I love, I love him more. Love first, sacrifice following ; sacrifice first, love following : here is an example of that wonderful law of interchange of cause and effect which runs through all nature.

I can trace nothing very far back about my ancestors.¹ I have been told they lie buried in Wilshamstead Churchyard. Wilshamstead is [a] small, remote, agricultural village in Bedfordshire. They were Bedfordshire folk, and Bedfordshire was the head-quarters of Puritanism and Cromwellian Independency. This survived. My grandfather had his windows smashed by an angry Tory mob during the Napoleonic Wars because he refused to illuminate for British victories, and my father also had his windows destroyed because he was a member of Lord John Russell's Committee at the borough election during the time of the Reform Bill. I seem to have come of an honest set, but socially nothing much above farmers who may have been, and indeed very likely were officers in Oliver's army. Malting was in the family. One of my earliest recollections is the delicious warmth and scent of the malt spread out on the hot floor to dry. . . .

Thursday, 29th July. Returned to Groombridge.

Pages. I distinctly recollect at some time expressing a wish that the beautiful pieces, ' March,' ' June,' ' July,' ' A Sunday morning in November,' &c., might be put together in one volume. This may explain ' the extraction'.

¹ I had asked him if he thought he was descended from Cromwell's Major White, with whom my father claims some kinship.

Molly crossed me on the way, leaving Addiscombe Road as I arrived; she is to spend two nights at Beckenham. I found him up and dressed, very much better; the inoculation appears to be doing good; for the time being, anyway, we are happy. He read me two bits of Landor's, one called 'The Progress of Evening'; the other called nothing,¹ but about gathering blossoms, with a beautiful image in it of some one reaching upwards to the branches of the tree with her foot erect from her slipper. 'The Progress of Evening' contains a rare description of a rising mist. I said afterwards that it reminded me of that night when we walked home through the mist up Miss Saint's Park. Hale said yes, he knew I was going to say that; it had reminded him of the very same thing.

Friday, 30th July. A happy day. It rained in the afternoon, which was disappointing, as I wanted to get him out in the garden. I worked a good deal at my novel. We talked about religion. He spoke emphatically of that 'sloppy mess' called religion nowadays; religion made pleasant and attractive! We agreed that religion was not at all pleasant or attractive, but something very hard. After supper I went through the Park for a change. It was a lovely evening, and the newly

¹ Why I said 'nothing', I do not now know. In Sidney Colvin's 'Selections' it is entitled 'A Fiesolan Idyl', and begins 'Here, where precipitate Spring' . . . It contains the lines 'I never pluck the rose; the violet's head', &c.

mown hay smelt very sweet. There was a fine full moon. A small boy fell in with me as I was crossing the field and talked. . . . I could hardly go indoors. The air was very mild, and after coming up from the Park by the same way that I went, I turned up the road a bit and loitered there. I liked passing from the shade of the trees into the space and light. Of course I took the absurd dog, who yapped ferociously whenever we were within earshot of the Cottage, which was just what he was wanted *not* to do. I forgot to mention a magnificent peacock in the Park. Such a blue neck! Half an hour later when I returned that way this peacock was seated high on the bough of a tree. It looked very big and strange. I should never have noticed it, only it gave two most hideous squawks, much more harsh and grating than the usual peacock cry. It set me thinking of all the birds and where they shelter at evening-time. The trees and bushes must be full of them, but who suspects it?

Saturday, 31st July. A fine day. I walked to Langton to borrow Miss Roberts's bath-chair. Miss Ethel Roberts spoke to me of *Frank Burnet* and praised *Phillis* to my heart's content. I said I admired *Phillis* too, although—but here she interrupted me, silenced me, by saying: 'There is *no* although. There is no although about *Phillis*.' That has nothing to do with this book! I brought the chair home, and presently Hale

went out a little way, pulled by William, pushed by me. We are to keep the chair as long as we like. Miss Roberts will send for it if she wants it. It was a kind thought of theirs to make this arrangement. Afterwards Hale and I walked slowly round the garden. Molly came back from Beckenham. She had enjoyed her visit very much. I had a good deal to think of, because a difficulty had arisen over which both Molly and her father asked my advice. . . . I left on Sunday morning.

Tuesday, 3rd August. I was greeted with the news that he was very poorly. I was frightened by Molly's grave looks. I learnt that pain had suddenly attacked him about 11 a.m. and that Nurse was obliged to give him morphia. I went in to see him, however, as Nurse wished me to do so, and did not find him as ill as I expected; the morphia, I suppose, was beginning to take effect, and he spent quite a comfortable afternoon and evening. After supper Molly and I went into the wood to see the beech tree off which a great arm fell on Monday morning, splitting the trunk as it tore apart. Molly told me what an appalling crash it made; she could not imagine what it was. She thought it was a motor; Nurse thought it was the explosion simultaneously of a large number of fireworks, but Hale said at once it was a tree. One does not realize what a size these limbs are until one sees them stretched upon the ground. This tree stands some long way back from the

path, and yet the branches reached right over the path into the wood the other side. We came back by the road. Such mist lines in the valley, reminding me of last autumn! Indoors I read several chapters of *Alice in Wonderland*. Molly has never read it before.

Wednesday, 4th August. I had charge of him from about 2.30 till 6 o'clock. Molly and Nurse both went to Miss Saint's Fête. I was very happy, for I love to wait upon him; he asks for so little that it is a rare pleasure to be allowed to do anything for him. Otherwise it was a bad afternoon, he suffered a good deal of pain, and from time to time was much depressed. He began to speak in the old sad way; he said that he could not bear me to see him suffer; all sorts of strange sad things he said, and I let him say what he liked and only withstood him very gently. I told him that it would be useless for me to argue with him, but that these thoughts would suddenly disperse; and anyway common-sense told us both that I was wanted here. He caught at that eagerly: 'You *are* wanted,' he said, 'Dr. Adeney said so.' And then he repeated to me what Dr. Adeney had said about me, and his words had been very straightforward and kind. Dr. Adeney began *that* conversation, you may be sure. And now comes the amusing part. Quite suddenly and apropos of nothing, he said that there were certain words he found difficult to spell, those especially with an

i and an e : ei or ie. I told him the rhyme ' i before e, except after c ', which he did not know ; then I asked how to spell ' appalling ', how many p's and how many l's. I had just used the word in a letter. Hale said the trouble was not with ' appalling ' but with appal (appall), and at once stretched out his hand for the Landor which for some days past has had the place of honour on the table by his side, and went on : ' Curiously enough, there is an instance of it here.' *¹ He showed me the beautiful little poem in which it occurs, *On the Death of Mrs. Rosenhagen*, and this led to much self-forgetful conversation. He was quite ready for his tea. At tea I scolded him about his meals. I scolded him quite vigorously, for I thought it would be wholesome and refreshing ! I told him he ought to take what the doctor wished him to take, meat and vegetables especially. He defended himself with some skill, but I knocked every single defence clean down. He said that if he had a proper cook he might enjoy all manner of made-up dishes, such as he enjoyed at Miss Jenkinson's. I said : ' But you know quite well that if Molly brought you a made-up dish you would ask at once what was in it, and directly you heard the first ingredient you would say " Then I can't eat that " ' : behaviour which I reminded him would not be possible with Miss Jenkinson. After tea I was kneeling by the bed with my cheek

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

resting on his hand, and my head turned towards the window staring out into a pale blue, almost white, sky, and listening to some lively music which the band was playing in the Park. I suddenly looked round and said: 'What a strange creature I am!' He wanted to know why, and I told him how gay I felt for the two reasons—apparently such inconsistent reasons and yet all one to me—namely, because of my cheek on his hand, and because of the lively music. He laughed. He likes gaiety—careless, meaningless gaiety. After supper Molly and I went together into the Park. It was a perfect evening after a perfect afternoon, real summer at last. The warm glow in the sky reminded me of last autumn, an autumn I will never forget—like the autumn of some years ago when the hot days went on and on, and I read *Tom Burke of Ours* in the garden. The Park was a pretty sight, flying-boats and giddy-go-rounds and dancing on the lawn. Two kinds of music going simultaneously, and we stood between, and the din was indescribably excruciating but very jolly. 'A little boy called Taps' had hardly ceased (so it seemed to me) all the afternoon on the hurdy-gurdy, and it grew more and more furious as the evening drew on, more and more determined to grind the tune just once more through. The band struck up 'God save the King', but the hurdy-gurdy ground on against it, ground on and on and prevailed. Faster the giddy-go-

rounds went round, higher the flying-boats were flying, louder grew the tumult of voices, and as we turned the confusion followed—the noise of those who were going away and the noise of those who were stopping. When we got home we found Nurse's husband had arrived before us, very hot after dancing with any number of ladies, Miss Louisa first of all ! He made us all laugh.¹ I am sure he would be a most popular partner, with his military air and his exquisite bow, ' Good evening, ladies ! ' down to the ground. Like Nurse, he has no push.

Thursday, 5th August. A very nervous morning for Hale. I sat a good part of the time on the box outside his door, writing. In the early afternoon I went for a walk in the Park past the thorn trees where he took me in the summer of last year, past the blue-bell wood where we sat and talked of Mother, and along the woodland path where the whistling wood-cutter overtook us arm in arm. I had not been that round since. I brought back a few wild flowers with me. Hale was sitting up in his chair. He greeted me with the words : ' Now, I have done this entirely to please you.' I think it did him good. He told me an absurd story of his boyhood, over which he laughed heartily ; about a farm at Medbury some little distance from Bedford—what is called a ' lone

¹ Molly and I and Nurse ; we were all outside the front door on those wide stone steps.

farm-house', isolated from its neighbours, and a walk he took out there one hot dusty day.¹

Friday, 6th August. Still lovely weather ; lovely still weather. We have had nearly a week of it, the beginning of our summer. After breakfast I went up the wood to look at the fallen beech again, and this time to scramble all over the trunk. The little dog came with me and loathed it because he had to stay on the path ; he is quite incapable of climbing, and even likes you to push back the weeds, the grasses, and leaves, if they happen to come in his way. It was a bad day for Hale. He was in one of his strange hypochondriacal moods. I tried to do my best, and yet I was not quite sure about it afterwards ; I think I might have managed better. I wanted to get him out in the bath-chair, and, as Nurse thinks it too heavy for me, I went to the 'Crown' to hire a donkey, telephoned by Miss Ethel Roberts's permission for the shafts, and had the conveyance all ready before the door by the time Hale had finished his

¹ This mention of Medbury is interesting, because it helps to date the *Autobiographical Notes*. In the little black pocket-book in use at this period, there are jottings about this very Medbury walk, and with them appear others which are easy to trace in the *Early Life*. 'Fishing early, baiting over-night, sleep midday, crossing river.' The following characteristic note on the same page is surely at the back of the reference to the *Tales of Ulysses*. 'Adventures of Telemachus. Time when no doubt had arisen, when joys were enjoyed without reflection, when the forecasting of the morrow was a pure unconscious pleasure.' See p. 335, note.

afternoon rest. I had intentionally kept him ignorant of my plans, and then I wished I hadn't, for as I was going up to fetch him, Nurse came down, much disappointed, to say that he was getting into bed. I determined, however, to go steadily on and carry my plan through (as though the most important part were not left out!), and I got into the chair and drove myself up the hill, and nearly burst out crying half-way up (rather hysterically, I think), and yet enjoyed it all, enjoyed it as a new adventure, for I have never been in sole charge of a harnessed beast before. Coming down hill how she pulled! I had to hang my whole weight on the reins; but I managed her bravely, and drove in at the gate without a blunder. I also unharnessed the creature alone, as nobody was about, and led her back to the 'Crown'. I was rather dictatorial and shoved her here and there, half ashamed of my impudence, for what right have I to dictate to a donkey?

In the evening Hale was more difficult than ever, but then I know *I* was too sensitive. He was going to write Mother's name in the little W. S. Landor which he had bought for her birthday, but we fretted one another over the business and something suddenly broke me down. Perhaps this was a good thing in the end, for it made him forget his own strange moods; and then what does he do but insist upon giving the Landor to me instead of to Mother! He wrote also some words on

a scrap of paper which he thought of in the night and slipped into the book when he gave it to me first thing on Saturday morning. I went for a walk alone on Friday evening, between the wheat and barley field. There was a splendid lemon and orange sky, and still the fine star in the sunset. I left early on Saturday.

Tuesday, 10th Aug. I found him better in himself, that is to say not strange or difficult, but it struck me that he looked worn and ill. He spoke very emphatically of his dislike of the present-day 'levity' concerning Church matters, of the criticizing of sermons; some respect surely was due to the office of priest, nor did he think that the man could altogether be judged apart from his office. He wished me to read Landor's *Hamadryad*; he was very eager about this; he knew I should appreciate and he knew of no one else who could—not, at least, in the way he required. In the evening I walked to the post and all through the dark to Groombridge Place. I took the dog, who saw many ghosts. I had, as usual, Hale's honeysuckle stick, and, though wideawake and watchful, feared nothing. The shadows and reflections in the water, the moat and mere, were very sombre. When I came in I played Patience with Nurse whilst Molly worked, and then read *Alice* to both of them. In bed I read *The Hamadryad*.

Wednesday, 11th Aug. I did a good bit of

writing ; stayed in all day till the evening. It is not easy to say how I spend my time ; it is very much cut up. I like to be with my dearest whenever it is possible, but now that he is so unwell I can never be sure when and for how long he will want me, and I run up and down a good deal in consequence, and wait in the passages, hang about idle. Then I also like talking to Molly and Nurse, and I also like occasionally to do something useful, make the beds, strip currants, stir jam. It seems so stiff and cold to sit down and write when other people are moving about. Molly drove off with Miss Turner in the afternoon to Crowborough to spend a few days with Miss Jenkinson. It is still very fine and hot. Hale was restless and weary until the evening, when he suddenly revived. I had been thinking rather sadly of the change which has lately come over our conversations. Before his illness we had so much to say. . . . After the operation for many weeks he was almost dead—almost dead, not quite, for a great effort on my part from time to time would rouse him. Those were terrible days. . . . The loneliness. . . . Then he got better ; bit by bit, it is in this book. Sometimes for several days I have felt quite safe again, as if there need be no dread of the loneliness returning ; but then have come interruptions to our happiness ; clouds have rolled down once more over his mind, and I have had to stand alone. I had been thinking

a good deal in the last few days, and I had made up my mind to face the fact that now he is so ill and must inevitably by degrees get worse,¹ I can only expect rare intervals when we may talk on the old equal terms. I was standing by his bed, waiting upon him, when this last thought came to me, settled itself with me and seemed to form in me a resolution. I looked up, as I often do, to the picture above his pillow of Christ in Gethsemane. . . . It was strange that almost immediately followed the most beautiful and happy talk, natural and self-forgetful. There is nothing to write down about it. One thing I wish to remember is our long discussion on Scott. I told him that I was sure I had read *The Monastery* too slowly; and that one ought to read Scott's novels straight through at a steady pace. Hale said emphatically, yes; that to read Scott slowly in detached pieces was like looking at a great picture inch by inch; moreover, Scott's novels were not written in that way. We spoke of the masterly manner in which Scott holds the threads of his story, disposes the circumstances, controls the actions, and ravel and unravels the most complicated motives. Hale analysed for me *The Bride of Lammermoor*. He showed me how the story inevitably develops out of the subject chosen, the opposition of two political or socia

¹ But he didn't get worse, he got better; two years have passed and all these troubles. July 1911.

factions, the old aristocracy and the new. This, so I gather, is Scott's way. He chooses first his subject, his setting, his idea (I do not know how to call it); then his characters, each chosen for a purpose, almost as illustrations of the subject, types for his idea; *then* what follows *must* follow; there comes in the genius, he writes as the Spirit moves him, he acts in obedience to immutable Law. Very truly he says that he has no preconceived plan for the details of his story, but it is all to his credit. Some of this is Hale's, some is mine; I really cannot divide up our conversations. His first and final word was that he never has said and never can say what he wants to say about Scott. Apparently it can't be done; but what in this world can be done which is really worth doing? The best is always eluding us, slipping in at the gates of Heaven.

I went out after supper with the dog. I chose the barley field again. The air was hot and stagnant; I really seemed to find some difficulty in breathing. I went as before between the barley and wheat, and where the wheat ends and some mangels begin I found a ploughshare to sit upon. I had brought Landor with me, so that I might read *The Hamadryad* aloud. I did so. I thought the dog would run about and play, but he did not; he sat stiffly by my side with his back towards me, not as if he were listening but as if he were waiting till I had done. As to what I was doing he did

not care. Reading *The Hamadryad* aloud helped me a great deal to its rare beauties. I stayed out till past 9. Crossing Top Hill Farm I saw a curious kind of shooting star. It did not travel across the sky, but seemed suddenly to blaze out and as suddenly disappear like a flashing light at sea. I wondered afterwards if it could have been the odd coincidence of a star shooting in a straight line towards me, so that the light only and not the flight was visible. Before I went to bed I saw from Molly's window four more shooting stars, one of them (rather faint) turned various somersaults in the air, wisped round like a cloud, not like a flash of lightning, for that I think is never wispy, but zigzag and angular. There was something humorous in that star. I watched for more but no more came, and I had to go to bed without. In bed I read Landor's *Fate of a Young Poet*.

Thursday, 12th Aug. This diary is all very well, but it takes up a good deal of time which perhaps ought to be devoted to my new story; but I cannot help thinking that it is a great deal more happy and important than the story. Hale and I are much excited to-day because we see in Murray's advertisement that *Frank Burnet* has gone into a second impression. We have talked a great deal about Matthew Arnold and the Middle Classes; Hale can never forgive Matthew Arnold and his 'culture'; I forgive him because I have never read him, only his poetry at least, and that we

both admire. We also talked of Thackeray. He said that the *Yellowplush Papers* were 'cruel', and when I said I had never read them he said, 'Don't'. My faith in Thackeray has been shaken a little of late. I find him not quite *true*.¹ . . . It must be remembered that stray sayings about books and persons are not to be taken for complete judgements. Hale has a great deal more to say of Thackeray than that the *Yellowplush Papers* are cruel, and more even to say of the *Yellowplush Papers*. I talked to him about *The Fate of a Young Poet*. He liked it quite as much as I did. There are some puzzling sentences here and there, as everywhere, so he tells me, in Landor, sentences which he gives up after a struggle. I said the piece was 'very religious', and he said 'Yes'. I also said that the characters in *The Hamadryad* were 'devout' and his eye flashed round at me and he said: 'That is just the word. Of course.'² . . .

¹ The hero of my youth, nineteen to three- or four-and-twenty. Perhaps I shall return to him again. I used to come home late at night from my boys' club to find my father so often reading Thackeray, and it always seemed to me the only right and natural thing to be doing, and I don't suppose I ever omitted to tell him so.

² Among the many references to Landor, I wish there had been one about *The Death of Artemidora*. Speaking from memory, sometimes trustworthy, sometimes not, I should say it was one of the first pieces he read to me—not quite the first, for I think the *Ianthe* lyrics were that—and should any one wish to know his manner of reading it, I can suggest nothing better than to turn to what Colvin says in the 7th chapter of the *Life* in the English Men of Letters, about this

Another walk after supper. Part of my plough had been carried away, and the seat was consequently less comfortable. I read Landor's *Conversation between Joan of Arc and Agnes Sorel*, and *Petrarch's Dream of Love, Sleep, and Death*; the first has some fine things in it ('Be thou more than innocent', a fine bold phrase for the pure Joan), and the second is beautiful. I rather spoilt my walk by looking for shooting stars;—saw none till I came home. Nurse and I played *Patience*; it nearly broke my heart, but I am getting quicker at it.

Friday, 13th August. A very happy day. Hale gave me a great deal to do, which is rare and a pleasure, telegram, note, letters, &c. Nurse went to Tunbridge Wells. I sat on the box in the passage a good part of the morning, and went in for a chat every now and then. He was quite quiet, but too tired to talk, so I thought it best not to stay for long at a time. I wrote a good bit of my story. By the way, I was telling him about one of the incidents in the story, and happened to say that I hated writing the first draft. 'Hate it!' he said in astonishment. I said: 'Oh, I like thinking about it and talking about it to you, but

'gem', as he calls it, of the *Hellenics*; for it certainly brings it back to me, the slow pace, the repetition of difficult lines, difficult because of 'an extreme, sometimes an excessive simplicity', and finally the obviously affectionate wrestling with the hard-worked pronouns:—'*To those above them . . . 'twas not hers.*'

it is so tedious to write it down.' Whereupon he threw back his head and laughed and said : ' Oh, you Dorothy ! '

In the afternoon we managed to get him out in the donkey-chair. It was very hard to persuade him ; the heat made matters worse, but at last this long-talked-of project was achieved. He was so glad afterwards, and quite enjoyed it as we went along. I lugged at the donkey's head, and Nurse followed by the chair. I am sure it did him good, and he was very grateful to us both for the trouble we took, and also, I think, for our perseverance in overcoming his disinclination to start. After tea I played Patience by his side. He was very gentle and anxious to appear interested, but yawned the whole time. I did laugh at him ! And he does not know the name of a single card ! I told him about the suits, and then I told him there were 13 cards in each suit. ' Thirteen suits ! ' he said in horror ; and then I had to explain all over again that there were only 4, and that he would soon learn to distinguish them, and that 10 of the 13 cards had their numbers marked on them, &c., &c., &c., and then it was supper-time !

Saturday, 14th Aug. Hale was very drowsy. He seems to me much weaker. I fancy some kind of change ; he has been suffering less pain, and, though I am thankful for that, I do not think it a good sign. I kept going in and out of his room,

and sat a good while on the box in the passage. About noon he seemed better and wanted to talk. . . . Molly returned. The doctor came ; he thinks the weakness is partly due to the intense heat. I left by the 5.6.

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I came back on *Monday 16th*, as I had been so anxious. I found him much better ; he had sat out on Sunday quite a long time. . . . He greeted me so joyfully. He was up, seated writing at his table when I went in. I gave him my Sunday lesson about the woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment ; he liked the last sentence very much. I wrote my story for more than an hour in the afternoon. Miss Irene Noel ¹ came, and I saw her to the station after tea.

Tuesday, 17th Aug. A bright cool morning after yesterday's rain. I felt rather poorly and tired, and rested from 10 to 12. I was with Hale from about 9.15 to 10, and then with him in the garden from about 12.15 to 1. He was much better. He lunched with us, and as usual was rather funny about his food, said he wished he might live in the desert and eat manna. After lunch I meant to write in Molly's room, but of course it ended in talk, and at last I felt so tired I had to lie on the bed and fell asleep, and did not wake till 4. Hale came down to tea, and we had one of our old amusing arguments—Molly, her father and I—

¹ See *Letters to Three Friends*, p. 339.

about letter-writing, in which, of course, we were all obstinate and refused to yield a single point. After tea I sat in his room. He read to me a few lines from Landor's *Peleus and Thetis* which had much meaning for us both. I have copied them into my little Selections.¹ I commented on the words 'Gods who see within it . . .'—so like Landor, as we agreed, putting the heart, loveliness of soul, before everything; 'And yet', said Hale, 'she was divinely beautiful.'

Wednesday, 18th Aug. The doctor called and gave a very favourable report; the inoculation, for the time being at any rate, is doing good. We telegraphed to Lady Robert Cecil to ask her to come here, and she hopes to come on Friday. Hale lunched with us and talked a great deal, and after lunch he smoked two pipes, then slept on his bed till past 4, then had tea with us and is now writing a letter. At lunch he told us about the Dukes of Bedford, the great old Duke who did so

¹ *Peleus.* . . . Ages shall fly
Over my tomb while thou art flourishing
In youth eternal, the desire of Gods,
The light of Ocean to its lowest deep,
The inspirer and sustainer here on earth
Of ever-flowing song.

Thetis. I bless thy words
And in my heart will hold them; Gods who see
Within it may desire me, but they know
I have loved Peleus.

I evidently copied this passage from the edition in his library; for the Selections give a different version.

much to improve the dwellings of his tenants, especially in the village of Oakley, which every October was ravaged by typhus fever ; also about the great Duke's son who was united but not duly married to a poor woman in Stockwell, remained perfectly faithful to her, visited her regularly in her humble home, went but rarely, if ever, into society, and died not childless (for he had a family in Stockwell) but without an heir. A curious story, to my mind, and I should like to conceive the character of such a man. Whilst he was smoking he told me to remember that since he has known me everything has become to him ' so much more important ' ; for instance, the books he reads ; he could not say that ' Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Coleridge used merely to amuse him ; they had been matters of keen intellectual interest, but they had now become matters of life and death '.

Thursday, 19th Aug. The principal item was that something hurt my feelings and I was going to hide it from him, but he found out.

Friday, 20th Aug. I heard from Murray that *Frank Burnet* is *not* in a second impression ; it is a mistake. We had a busy morning preparing for Lady Robert. I helped Molly wash up the breakfast things, and I put no end of polish on everything ! . . . I met Lady Robert and brought her up in a cab. At first Hale had some difficulty in making her hear, but after a while they got on

very well. Molly and she made great friends. We called at Groombridge Place, but came back here to tea. We had a good deal of fun over Walter Savage Landor. I drove to the station to see her off; on the way back bought some sweets to cheer us through the period of reaction which always follows the departure of a very charming guest on a dripping afternoon. This is a regular end-of-summer day; what is called, as a rule, the break-up of the weather, only we have had no weather yet. I have been filling in my Diary in Hale's room. I did not want him to talk, as I knew he was tired. He was in bed, sitting up in the usual position without any support for his neck. He looks so strong when he sits like that, if you just take the line of his head and neck. At last he made a little noise and I went over to him; in less than a minute he was fast asleep. . . . He has enjoyed this day very much, though of course he feels tired now—sleepy I think, and that's a good thing.

I left on Saturday morning. I was supposed to return on Tuesday, but Mother was very unwell and Janet had gone with Hugh to Folkestone for a week, so I decided to stay at home. I must say I felt rather torn in two. Fortunately I had no special anxiety about Hale.

Extracts from letters :

24th Aug. . . . I have not the least hesitation. I love you the better (if possible) for

staying. I have only one thing to add. Stay over Thursday or until such time as your dear mother shall be quite happy and well. It is strange: I must repeat it. I—love—you—the—better. Every word slowly and with emphasis. It is because you are doing what it is your clear duty to do.

26th Aug. . . . I longed for you, and yet the telegram was welcome, for I am sure your mother wished for you. You will not come now till next week? In your heart of hearts you know you had better not. I am much the same—no change, I think, since you left. I am doing the same¹ with *The Monastery* whenever I can lift myself on a level with it, but I am not doing it so thoroughly. I cannot, for it demands, not so much critical penetration, as a capacity for rejoicing, for emotion, a shut door against indifference, a heart full of hope and enthusiasm. This is the temper in which to read Scott. I look forward with eagerness to your notes.

I went to him on Friday 27th, returning home on Saturday morning. It did us both good. We are a strange couple.

Monday, 30th Aug. I went to Groombridge, taking with me A. C.² for his holiday. It was a fine day. A.'s enjoyment was very keen, but it is not a robust kind of enjoyment. As we came down in the train together, little beauty escaped

¹ I think this must mean the same as I was doing; for it appears that I had been making notes on *The Monastery*.

² A boy in my class who had not been at all well, aged about 17, a very intelligent reader.

him looking out of the window, but the tunnels; as he said, 'cast a gloom'. Hale has been very good to him, and the holiday has been a great success. A. is very tactful and never in anybody's way. He sleeps at Mrs. Farmer's Blue Cottage, comes here about 9, sees me for a short while, then waits in the garden till I am ready to go out at 10. From 10 to 11, whilst Hale is dressing, we go for a walk; at 11 I send him off and tell him not to return till 4. He sees Hale at 4.30, waits about for me till 6, when Hale goes to bed, and then we spend the evening together, dining at the 'Crown'. This is the daily round with modifications. Yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon it poured, and Molly asked him in to tea. In the evening we got Molly to walk with us up the road to look at the moon. It had stopped raining, but there was a continual dripping from the trees. The sky had cleared, the moon was splendid; it rose quite full, above a narrow belt of cloud. Such amber and green lights it seemed to cast. Then out of the cloud to the left came Mars, fiery red and large and near. The sky looked pale beside them. I do not remember ever before to have seen a planet shine so close to a full moon. This was a little north of east, overlooking the valley from Mr. Oswell's gate. The mists in the valley were like bays and gulfs and inlets, and we noted several curious effects. Of course we tried to quote, and A. got out his Wordsworth and by the light of the moon we all

three struggled to read the verses to Lucy containing the lines :

Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Hale is rather crowded out of my Diary this week ! I have been very happy with him, so there seems nothing special to say. A. bought us each a present in Tunbridge Wells, two nicely bound little Bibles, exactly alike and tied up together in one parcel. We were both pleased, touched and amused in the same way. It seemed such a wise gift. He must have known that we would each already possess a Bible, and yet it was the only gift probably which in his eyes would not be an impertinence.

Hale has finished his notes on Scott's *Monastery*. I thought them beautiful. He read them aloud to me one morning after breakfast. He has cast them into the form of a letter—very much in his *way*. I had shown him my notes the previous day ; mine were cast into no form at all, and they seemed to me dull, more or less of a *task*, but he was pleased with bits here and there. Anyway it was an awkward job accomplished, and that's a good deal for me ! He is now going to read *The Abbot*, but I shall wait a few days before I begin, as I ought to get on with my tiresome *Helen and Isabel*,¹ and when I do begin *The Abbot*

¹ This appeared in 1910 as *Isabel*.

I want to read pretty continuously, concentrate on it for two or three days, otherwise I get no good.

Nurse Sargeaunt has gone for her month's holiday. Nurse Durrant has taken her place. She once nursed Tennyson through a mild attack of influenza in a London hotel. The two chief things she has to say about that privilege are: that Tennyson did not like to be washed—hands and face, he thought, were sufficient, the rest was a bother; and that he would not talk about his poetry, but preferred to ask questions about hospital life.

Last night (Friday) we went out again after supper. The moon was not up, but presently and suddenly she appeared and lifted herself inch by inch out of the mist. She was red and ragged, with a piece bitten off her right side. To-day it is wet. . . . I say good-bye to Hale this afternoon till Tuesday morning. He is not very well, and had to go back to bed before lunch, but we have had a happy week. 4th Sept. 1909.¹

[I here give extracts from the little diary which A. C. kept during that week.]

30th August 1909. . . . The Cottage was reached about a quarter to one. Mr. White's nurse (Nurse Sargeaunt) met us at the door. Miss Horace Smith asked her how Mr. White was. She said 'Much better'.

I waited in the garden while Miss Horace

¹ This ends the second volume of the Diary.

Smith went up to see Mr. White, and to ask him whether he would see me before or after lunch. Presently she came out and told me that Mr. White would see me later in the afternoon. Then I went back to the 'Crown Inn' and had lunch.

Afterwards came up to the House again. Walked about the garden.

Presently Mr. White, followed by Miss Horace Smith, came round a corner of the house and went indoors. He looked very tall.¹ Miss Horace Smith waved her hand to me.

After a short time Miss Horace Smith came out. She said that Mr. White and herself had been talking about religions. We went for a walk. . . . We came back to the Cottage. . . . Waited in the garden till Miss Horace Smith came out and took me up to Mr. White's room.

He was sitting in a chair by a desk.

The room was very plainly furnished.

His bed was there.

Opposite him on the wall was a photograph of Miss Horace Smith.

There were two bookcases in the room.

He began by saying 'I have been wanting to see you for some time'. He spoke about the 'Bible Class'. He said he would very much like to attend it. 'You get more from her than from any Church or Chapel.'

Spoke about the operation which he underwent. 'It was a horrible operation.' He was very fond of walking, he told me. 'It's terrible,

¹ I remember receiving the same impression at one time and another; and yet he cannot have been more than 5 ft. 7 in.

when I have been so fond of walking, to be kept indoors like this.' . . .

While we were talking he got up and put some coal on his fire. I asked him if he would let me do it. He said, 'No, thank you,' but eventually he let me.

I told him that I had read all the books which he had written. At this he burst out into a very loud laugh and said, 'I am sorry for you.' *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* I spoke to him about. He asked me if I possessed a copy. On my replying 'No', he got up and went over to the bookcase opposite where he sat. As he could not quite reach the top of it he got upon a chair. The book he wanted was not there, so he went over to the bookcase by his bed.

I asked him not to trouble; but he replied, 'What is the good of life, if we don't trouble?' He searched for it in the same way as at the first bookcase. I went and stood by him. *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* he could not find. He asked me if I had the *Autobiography*. I told him 'No'. From the top shelf he got a copy and gave it to me.

The Nurse was coming up to him now, so I should have to be going, he said. He rang a bell by the side of his bed. Nobody came. He rang again, and still it was unanswered. He asked me to tell Miss Horace Smith to go up to him when I got downstairs. Before going he shook hands with me, a very firm handshake it was too. I gave his message to Miss Horace Smith. She went up to him.

Tuesday. . . . While waiting about the garden

I met the husband of Mr. White's Nurse. He was very funny ; had come to fetch his wife home, as they were going away on a month's holiday. He had been in the army. Miss Horace Smith came out and found us talking. I went with her to see Mr. White. Miss Horace Smith told him whom we had seen. He asked where he was ; got up to see if he could see him from the window. He could not.

I showed him two books which I had with me ; *The Open Road*, and some Selections from Wordsworth. Miss Horace Smith asked me what books I had. *Miss Mona, Frank Burnet, &c.*, I replied.

He said to her : ' This has been a troublesome day ; the house full of visitors, Nurse going away, and the new Nurse coming.'

I asked him if he would put his name in the book he had given to me. This is what he wrote : ' A — C — , from his Friend W. Hale White.'

After this he said that I should have to be going, as he was very tired. ' I have been very tired since you have been here.' Shook hands with me, said good-bye, and I went downstairs. . . .

Wednesday. . . . Went to Eridge. Had my lunch near there. As it began to rain about three o'clock in the afternoon I made my way back to the Cottage.

My coat was rather wet, so Miss Horace Smith asked me to take it off and she would get it dried in front of Mr. White's fire, as she wanted him to think about something. She brought it down, however, as the Nurse thought it might not be advisable to dry it in his room. So she had it sent into the kitchen to be dried.

. . . Went up to see Mr. White afterwards. When I went in he asked me if I had got wet. 'Have you had your tea yet?'

He asked how the boys in Miss Horace Smith's Bible Class behaved to her. 'Were there many rough young men?'

We spoke about books. I told him I had read the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He said it was a grand book. . . .

Thursday. . . Had tea with Miss Horace Smith, Miss White and an American lady. I got up while the others were finishing tea, and went upstairs to see Mr. White. He began by saying that Miss Horace Smith had told him where I had been. Very fond of Withyham he said he used to be. 'Miss Horace Smith told me that you saw Mars last night.'

'I think that you ought to study the stars; it would interest you a great deal.'

He showed me a book of drawings of planets, stars, sun-spots, &c.; amongst them was Jupiter as seen through a telescope. The drawings were very neat.

I asked him about a piece of poetry entitled 'Tapestry Trees' which I had read in *The Open Road*. Miss Horace Smith and myself were not quite sure of the meaning of the lines,

'Fir-Tree : High o'er the lordly Oak I stand,
And drive him on from land to land.'

He said that the fir-tree would be the mast of a ship, and the lower part of the vessel, oak.

He asked me if I had read any of Scott's works. I said that the *Talisman* and *Ivanhoe* were the only ones that I had read, and that I did not care much for them.

The Antiquary and *Old Mortality* he said I might enjoy.

Presently Miss Horace Smith came into the room. We looked at Mr. White's drawings together. She remarked about their neatness. There were a great number of representations of spots on the sun as seen through a spectroscope. A lot of them were his daily observations for days after days.

He then went over to his bookcase, and got from it a book which he brought over and showed to us. There were pictures in it of the eruptions on the sun. He said that each jet measured something like a hundred thousand miles in height. 'It does not seem—does it?' he said to Miss Horace Smith.

She laughed and said, 'I know what you mean.'

We went downstairs for a little while, and went up again to see him later. As we went into the room I saw a picture on the wall, some one's statue. Miss Horace Smith said it was Carlyle's.

Mr. White said the statue was on the Embankment. He wanted some coal put on his fire, and said to me, 'You may do it for me now.' Carlyle's house, he said, was in Cheyne Row. He said that Froude, who had written the *Life of Carlyle*, had spoilt it through sacrificing the truth for a picture. 'Froude said that it was impossible for real intercourse to have existed between Carlyle and his wife. He would probably pick out a quarrel between Carlyle and his wife to try and support his statement that two persons of genius could not possibly agree.'

Mr. White said a man like Froude 'makes old gooseberry of History'. Macaulay, Mr. White said, spoke of Bacon as the wisest and meanest of mankind. 'That is impossible,' he said.

'Whatever would Froude have made of you and me, my dear,' he said to Miss Horace Smith. 'Probably he would have begun something like this: "Who was Miss Horace Smith? Well, she taught a Bible Class, and probably taught and behaved to the boys as no other woman had ever done before. A most remarkable woman. Wrote *Miss Mona*, and *Frank Bur-nett*."¹ The great difference in age and opinions of these two people proves absolutely that they could not possibly have agreed. Her religion was High Church. He, the man, had no religion. Well, and what about the man? He had worked in a Government office. Retired at sixty. Sixty-five is the age limit. Why did he retire? Most probably incapacity. He wrote books, strange books. He was irritable, &c.'" Whatever would this sound like to anybody who knew us a little?'

Friday. . . . Went to Tunbridge Wells. Bought two Bibles for Miss Horace Smith and Mr. White. Came back to the Cottage about half-past three. . . . Mr. White was not well to-day, so I did not see him.

Saturday. After breakfast I went up to the Cottage. Miss Horace Smith came out. . . . We went into a farm, Johnson's place.² . . . We

¹ It is quite true that he always pronounced this name thus, with the accent on the last syllable. If recollections go for anything, he chose that surname for me. I had another to begin with, but I forget what.

² Burr's Wood.

passed a very strange pool. It was very deep, while at the bottom, which you could see quite plainly, were many coloured stones, and things growing. Miss Horace Smith said that she and Mr. White had walked by there once, and greatly admired it.

Saw Mr. White at four o'clock for a short time; he shook hands with me and said good-bye.

[End of A—— C——'s Diary.]

From a letter *6th Sept. 1909* :

I went out in the garden for five minutes yesterday, and consequently am in bed to-day. Probably I shall have to stay here to-morrow.

. . . I have written a note to your mother. Every now and then the desire is irresistible to tell her how much I owe to you. Do not know I have written to her.

. . . I must stop. I can hardly sit up, but I do not want to yield. Good-bye . . . until to-morrow.

Tuesday, 7th Sept. I came to Groombridge from 25 Grove End Road.¹ I found him sitting up. He said he had got up on my account. Of course I praised him. In the afternoon, however, he went back to bed again. Despite some depression he was happy every now and then. He explained an astronomical difficulty to me, and he asked me to read at my leisure Landor's *Aesop and Rhodope*. I did so before I went to sleep.

Wednesday, 8th Sept. I went out with Molly to

¹ This means that I must have spent Monday night with Lady Robert Cecil.

the telephone, and then on to Miss Turner's with a message. Rough enjoyed himself thoroughly in the fields, scampering round and round, barking and fussing over nothing at all. Once I made him come to heel; that was when we had to pass a flock of sheep resting under a tree which grows in the middle of the footpath. Many of them stood up in surprise as we approached. I did not want to disturb them, so made a wide circuit through the wet grass. How they stared!

It was a bad day for Hale; he did not suffer pain, but was very nervous and depressed. I persuaded him to take some Brand's Essence in the middle of the morning and to get up. He seemed better when he was up. We turned to Landor, of course. He read me the last part of the *Aesop and Rhodope* (1st conversation). As it is not included in my little Selections, which for various reasons I love more than any book in the world just now, I have copied that portion on one of the fly-leaves. In the afternoon and evening he was very nervous, kept dozing and waking up with horrid shouts. The first time I was astonished, for I had never seen anything like it, but I was not frightened, for I felt sure he was not dying, and I had hold of his hand and it was quite warm. Nurse was very helpful (Nurse Durrant); towards evening she gave him a good rubbing with some nice-smelling embrocation, not for any other reason than to rouse him and distract his attention. . . .

Thursday, 9th Sept. Much better this morning, after a fairly good night, if not more than fairly good. Molly went to London by the 9.33. I took Rough for a walk. It was pretty to see him chase some rabbits in the Park. They let him come quite near without any attempt at or thought of flight, and then suddenly flew just in the nick of time. It seemed to me they ran it rather fine. He had a close race with one, would have got it, so I thought, but the little bushy thing whisked sharp round and effected such a double as puzzled poor Rough, who tore madly on after nothing and harried it up and down long after the rabbit had popped down its hole. I was only out for an hour, and the rest of the morning I was in Hale's room. We had long talks. I told him I meant to write something about Landor's *Conversations*, but I don't know when I shall do it. I noticed some chestnut leaves in the Park which were turning, the first signs of autumn so far.

Friday, 10th Sept. A very wet morning. I wrote *Helen and Isabel* for a good two hours; dull and tedious. I wanted to be up with Hale, but his washing and dressing and so forth were unusually protracted, and he had some business matters to see to as well. We had a very happy talk before lunch. He had a promise he wished me to make, and that was that if ever I was wounded in any way, however slight the occasion might be, I would bring it to him at once. I told him that *he* never

really had wounded me, over-sensitive as I am, but that things sometimes wounded me. He understood perfectly. He said, so far as I was concerned, only once had I ever said a word to wound *him*. It seemed terrible to me to think I had ever done such a thing, but he told me I said it when I was ill. I do not know when he means, but it really does not matter, for if ever we wounded one another it would be from excess of love rather than lack of it. I told him especially that he had never 'fretted' me, cramped me, fidgeted me, bothered me—I do not know how to express it. He is never stiff and dull and bookish and cold and priggish; perhaps that will do! I want these happy days to go on and on.

Miss Noel came in the afternoon. We all sat in his room after tea. I went for a walk by the Langton Road and Crockhurst Hatch, and back by the Ashurst Road, an hour's round, from 2.45 to 3.45. It was very muddy, but I enjoyed the walk, though I was rather tired. The last time I went that way was with Hale. It seemed a long time ago, and I wished all those walks could come over again; and yet it is strange how one settles down to the inevitable, adapts oneself, and though our happiness has certain limitations in some directions it is boundless in others. I left on Saturday morning.

Monday, 13th Sept. Returned. A pouring wet

day. I found Miss Partridge here and enjoyed a long talk with her, partly political and partly religious. Hale was easy but, I thought, tired. Molly had gone to Miss Roberts at Langton for the night. Nurse Durrant has been amusing me with stories of her girlhood. She is one of a large family ; her father was a Kentish farmer, a tenant of Mr. Henry Brassey's—no, not a tenant, but a neighbour. He, however, was present once at some big gathering of Mr. Brassey's tenants, and made a happy little speech drawing Mr. Brassey's attention to the fact that the farmers had had an unusually bad year, with the result that two of the farmers came to him next day to say that Mr. Brassey had that morning sent them all receipts for their rents. This nurse was in the famous Thirsk railway accident. She gave an account of it to us the other evening when we were supping in the kitchen, or rather after our supper as we sat round the smart red table-cloth. She had been summoned with a doctor from Leeds for an operation. She and the doctor were both slightly hurt in the accident, but not enough to prevent them attending to the needs of every one else. After they had done all they could, they repaired to an hotel where they were laid up for a week or two. 'What happened about the operation?' we asked as an afterthought. 'Oh, that never came off,' said Nurse, 'and the patient got well!'

Tuesday, 14th Sept. We discussed brilliancy in 'talk'. I said that if you live very much on the borders of the Unknown you cannot say many brilliant things; you may argue a little and indulge in a certain amount of fun or sophistry, or what you will, but, so far as a serious opinion is concerned, you are stopped at every moment by the Unknown and instinctively put yourself under the Divine Hand. Hale said '*Rem acu*'. He was in bed, and we were talking just after breakfast; his bed was turned round a new way, or rather his bed-clothes were turned round so that he had his back to the window. The bright light is apt to try him. . . . Before night his bed was shifted into a new position, where it seems likely it will remain; facing the big bookcase and a little removed from the wall. The screen stays as before. He can now get a glimpse through the tiny window. When I went up to wish him good-night he was in a deep sleep, not lying down but huddled up over his plate. I could not wake him for some time, and had to call him and shake him by the shoulder. He was dazed when he woke at last, and said he felt very queer, but I was not alarmed. I do not like these drowsy fits, however, though I think there may be something hypochondriacal in them.

Whilst I was out for an afternoon walk (I wrote, by the way, for two hours in the morning) I came across an old woodcutter working under a shed

by Top Hill Farm. He told me he was 71. He was a sort of Shakespearian character, long and lean, with rosy cheeks, and long, lean face and wisps of hair on a bald head. He wore a little leathern apron. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present ;'—those were the words that came into my mind. He was busy cutting stakes for sheep hurdles. He boasted a great deal of his craft, and said that he went all over the neighbourhood supplying estates with hurdles. 'So I said to Mr. —, I'll do 'em as well as I can, and they can't be done no better ;' that was what he said. I could only understand about half. What was so very Shakespearian was that suddenly, in the midst of all this boasting, the foreman or farmer came up with some brief directions, short and sharp, whereupon the face of things was instantly and completely changed ; he became all humility and unction. He mentioned to me a son in the course of conversation. I said : 'Then you have got a son ?' 'I've got three,' he said. 'My eldest son he's 17 stun.' It seemed to me such a funny thing to put first for a most distinguishing feature.

Wednesday, 15th Sept. Hale spoke with great enthusiasm of Landor's prose, 'some of the most beautiful prose in the English language'.*¹ He also talked for some time about the story of Zacchaeus. He had liked my Sunday's lesson ; he has it every

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

Sunday without fail. In speaking of Zacchaeus, eager and active as we thought, he suggested to me a wonderful idea of the *youthful* Christ (for such a character is youthful indeed at two or three and thirty), rejoicing in that eagerness, sensitive to it, surrounded as He was by dull middle-aged Scribes and Pharisees. We talked a good deal about our first meeting, now nearly two years ago. I told him the story of that instinctive act of mine which betrayed my subconscious love for him, and after I had told him he said he was ' *very glad* ' I had told him, as he had always had beliefs in that subconscious existence. The story I think I have entered in Volume I.¹ After tea Molly and I went through the wood to Top Hill Farm, and were rewarded by a magnificent sunset, coming quite unexpectedly at the end of an overcast day. The sun was dropping like a red ball into a bank of mist ; there was nothing wonderful in that, but above the sun rose a sort of golden smoke, really rays from the sun shot upwards, but wreathed and softened in a smoky fashion. There was also a line of tumbled cloud, like curling breakers on a golden shore.

Thursday, 16th Sept. I wrote for two hours ; then persuaded him to come out in the garden, and sit for a little, warmly wrapped up in the bath-chair. The sun was blazing hot. He lunched with us in the dining-room, and enjoyed our ordinary

¹ No ; see p. 239.

conversation, laughing at some of the rubbish. Mrs. Cobden Sickert came in the afternoon from London for a couple of hours. Before supper I went into the Top Hill field and gleaned barley for Janet's Harvest Festival. There was a dull heavy sky, and the field looked gloomy and barren, but I was perfectly happy. I have the strangest happiness and sense of quiet content. I wish it could always be so, that I need never lose it, but when he is ill I am sad at once, and when he is taken from me my joy must go, unless I can somehow manage to rejoice in the memory of what I ought never to forget. And he will then be at peace ; besides, our life belongs to God ; we must live the whole, nor can we ever stand still ; we are quite ignorant about our lives ; but God can teach us to be good. Goodness is to me the only thing permanent ; joys and sorrows are fleeting.

Friday, 17th Sept. A lovely day. I went for a long walk by the Langton Road, Ashurst Road, New Park Wood, and home by the fields. These roads are very solitary, and I sang and whistled a great part of the way. I suddenly felt sad because we shall never be on these roads together again. I told myself that we should be more eager in every way, more eager in thought and talk if we were walking side by side. But I knew that what I told myself was false ; for it is God's will we should not walk on these roads together, and it is also His will that we should love one

another more and more, and have *consequently* more and more to talk about (for love is life) ; and if these two seeming contradictions are God's will then they are not contradictions. I turned my thoughts to praise. When I came in I told Hale what had passed through my mind on the Ashurst Road, and he was very glad indeed. Afterwards he asked me if there was anything in him which I wanted changed, any point in his character which in the slightest degree vexed or pained me. This led to a wonderful talk, which I do not like to set down. Incidentally we discussed the difference between the two schools of religious thought, the thought which presses forward in the love of Christ, and the thought which looks upward in the fear of God. When we had finished our talk I said we might be very thankful that we could so speak the truth to one another, for that would make our love always endure. He stood up and commanded himself and said, ' I understood everything you said, and that part best which probably you would think I should understand least—about the love of Christ.'

He sat in the bath-chair in the garden before lunch under a roasting sun, and then lunched with us. We talked a great deal of nonsense—Molly and I—and he laughed aloud several times. In the afternoon I worked whilst he rested. He came down to tea. I worked again after tea, and then sat by his fire and read *King John* to myself whilst

he read *The Abbot*. He was in bed and very quiet. I left on Saturday morning.

Tuesday, 21st Sept. I returned ; I was wanted at home on Monday. I found him still wonderfully well. We sat for some time in the garden. I told him I wished to get some of my papers of ancient date printed, in order to make a little money. Of course he listened sympathetically, and even suggested that I should employ an agent, and of course he ended by expressing emphatic disapproval of the idea. Of course I grumbled at every objection, and of course I entirely submitted to them all ! He says that any papers I publish between the appearance of *Frank Burnet* and my next book will only injure my literary reputation. People will be less keen to read the new book if meantime they can read me in bits here and there any day of the week. I know he is right, and I have put my papers away again ; but I made one last appeal for justification. ' Then what am I to do about the money ? ' ' My dear, don't *spend* it,' was his calm and common-sensible reply.

He spoke about my Sunday lesson, and suggested to me a beautiful thought for another lesson on the same passage ; I do not mean that he *made* the suggestion, but I gathered it. I think he has never before wandered off with his own idea before first saying something about mine. This time he said nothing about the lesson of obedience until

afterwards, but plunged immediately into a description of the pillar of cloud and of fire, the desert, the erring Israelites so constantly under sentence of punishment and yet never without this sign of God's presence, God's *patience*. Think, he said, what it must have been to walk home from your work at night and see the pillar of fire still there, still there just as it was the night before, and then to go in to one's tent and see the light through the opening, and wake again in the night and still see the light, and the pillar of cloud in the morning. I wish I could recall his exact words, but I listen so much with my heart and soul that I cannot make notches all the while. He had his supper early (a new plan), and sat up afterwards in his room whilst we supped in the kitchen, going to bed when we had finished. What an explanation! *Who* went to bed when we had finished? *He* did; and he also *supped* in his room as well as sitting there afterwards. I do love the truth!

In referring to Vol. I, I find the story of the 'instinctive act' was never entered. The importance of it did not strike me at the time, which is strong evidence in favour of its instinctiveness. After my first visit to this house I said I would come again some day. I had certainly enjoyed my visit, and perhaps it had made me consciously happy, and perhaps even more unconsciously happy: I really cannot say what my feelings were; probably I was more *flattered* than anything

else. I made no attempt to pay my promised second visit until November. I can recall a strong disinclination to worry myself with new friends ; it would mean new ties, new interests, new interruptions, and my life was already busy enough. In November I went to Manchester for the meetings of the National Union of Women Workers. I went as the Allfreys' guest, and attended all the meetings. I was happy enough in a sense, had set out with the intention of enjoying myself, and yet the whole time I was haunted with an indefinable and inexplicable dissatisfaction. I seemed to be in quite the wrong place and for quite the wrong purpose, and yet I had no sort of a notion what either my place or my purpose should be. How often my thoughts reverted to my new friend I cannot remember ; in any case they must have been cloudy and vague, half-thoughts at the best, and entirely without definite aim. I had written once to him, perhaps twice ; I had lent him my *Short Day's Work* ¹ and also let him see Mary Coleridge's letter to me ; but that brief and polite correspondence had taken place, I think, immediately after my first visit, and there was no idea of any continued intercourse by letter. Shortly after my return from Manchester Beryl ² wrote from Shortlands asking me to go and see her at the house of her friend Mrs. ——. I went, still in this same state

¹ Monica Peveril Turnbull. See p. 4.

² Beryl de Zoete.

of inexplicable causeless dissatisfaction. In the course of conversation I talked about the Manchester meetings, unburdening myself of a good deal of antagonistic feeling, with a great longing to be understood by somebody and a positive knowledge that I never could be. Beryl then talked about Mr. White. I responded quite eagerly. She advised me to go to Groombridge again, and I said I thought I should. I had, I believe, almost given up the idea of going, but Beryl's words seemed to form in me a resolve. Something was then said about his age, and then the strange thing happened, for Beryl said it was sad to think we should not have him much longer with us, and at her words I leant forward and buried my face in my hands. I sat so for perhaps a whole minute, and then recollected myself, and, looking up, saw Mrs. ——'s eyes fixed upon me with strange penetration. My act had surprised me, even frightened me a little, and I left the house very shortly in an uncomfortable frame of mind. I can remember thinking as I went home that I must be on my guard against eccentricity. It seemed to me that I was becoming odd. I could assign no grounds for this, and put it down to some mental phase through which I must pass with circumspection. As to there being any meaning behind that act, as to its being a sign of deep or even slight affection, I had no thought of such a thing. It was not till months afterwards that I recollected the circum-

stance, and, in the light of all that happened subsequently, found a very deep and mysterious meaning. The act must surely have been subconscious. It opens up a good deal of strange untrodden ground.¹ . . . Mrs. — looked me through and through, and no wonder ! I should like to know what she thought. At the time I never dreamt that I was betraying a secret ; I merely thought that I had done something peculiar, and for no reason that I could see.

Wednesday, 22nd Sept. It struck me this morning as so strange that he should speak with eagerness of some book he is going to read. He had ordered two great volumes about Mary Queen of Scots by Henderson from the London Library, and they were on his table. I said something about their size, to which he replied with a sort of jealous greediness that he should read every word of them. Of course for weeks past he has been eager over his reading, but there was such an abandonment in this mood, that it brought at once to my mind, by way of contrast, his steady refusal last winter and early spring to open a book at all. He tells me that Mary Queen of Scots has always fascinated him, as she has fascinated so many readers ; he said he liked the eternal ' puzzle ' of her story.

That afternoon Hale and Molly and I sat in the garden and had the jolliest talk, discussing the late

¹ In a moment of that sort, the whole of the future seems to be compassed in the present.

Marquis of Salisbury for one thing ! Hale told us that he had heard Gladstone once speak for four hours on end about the Budget. He never sat down, and only refreshed himself occasionally with drink from what 'looked like an egg-cup', and his voice at the close was as clear as it had been at the beginning. We had a thunder-storm in the evening. Molly read *Middlemarch* aloud.

Thursday, 23rd Sept. The thunder-storm returned before breakfast. Some bright flashes and heavy claps as I sat in his room. He told me how much he had enjoyed the storm ; he wished it would have gone on all night—have 'rocked' him to sleep.

In the afternoon I walked with Molly to Burr's Wood ; she was going to tea with Mrs. Johnson, so we approached by the front drive ! It was a dull day, unfavourable for passing a fair judgement on the place. The situation seemed too low and yet I liked it ; I liked the three artificial ponds, I'm sure I don't know why, and the little green island in one of them, and the winding rows of red-hot pokers and gladioli. On my return I had tea with Hale. . . . Something I said to him about the power of *overlooking* weakness, inconsistency, and so forth in the character we love, suggested Wordsworth's justification of *The Idiot Boy*, in a letter to John Wilson.¹ He read the

¹ Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, vol. i, pp. 398-405. 'Comprehensiveness of thinking and feeling.'

passage to me, and asked me if I saw the point of similarity between Wordsworth's thought and my own. I said, yes, of course, in the word 'comprehensiveness'. To me the letter seemed very *passionate*, and we spoke of the passion of such men as Wordsworth (apparently so calm) and Johnson (apparently so sensible), and of the means they had to take for self-protection. Self-protection? Is it in these cases to be sneered at as timidity? With so many people there is nothing to protect.

Suddenly Hale said: '*And the Word was made Flesh!* How much better than if the Word had been made a book!' This was apropos of nothing, but the thought struck me, it 'smote' me, as Hale would have said, with new force, even if the thought itself is not new.

No *Middlemarch* after dinner, because I wrote my Diary; Molly plagued me till I stopped, and then we collated two Arts and Crafts Catalogues together, and I didn't know how to pronounce 'Jacomb'; well, who would?

Friday, 24th Sept. It was a fine morning. I went with Molly to Tunbridge Wells by the 9.20. We took the dog. After a few errands we drove to 8 Dorking Road to see Nurse Sargeaunt. She showed me all over her nice little house, and I saw some mementoes of her husband's services in the army, of which they may justly be proud. I left Molly in Tunbridge Wells for a Committee Meeting

of the Arts and Crafts, and walked home with the dog. I did it in the hour, and was pretty hot when I arrived, and horrified Hale of course, and (to enter into details) he had to take out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe my brow. Whilst we were sitting in the garden a butterfly settled on the front of my hat. I was wearing a cheap shady straw, and the butterfly was one of the ordinary pale yellow kind, straw-coloured too. Hale was wild with delight. He kept saying: 'Oh, how pretty! Oh, you wise creature!' and gently lifted the hat from my head to show me, and gently put it back again. Then the butterfly flew away. Hale did not mind; he said it had 'gone to say that all was well'. A 'happy omen' he called it.

I wish to refer once more to Wordsworth's letter about *The Idiot Boy*. I should like to copy out all the passages Hale read, but they are too long, and, besides, I cannot give his tone and emphasis, nor his strange pauses. It is a letter which every one should be made to read. I will note in italics one or two passages which he read with peculiar emphasis. '... That nothing is a fit subject for poetry which does not please. But here follows a question, *Does not please whom?*' ... 'I wrote the poem with exceeding delight and pleasure, and whenever I read it *I read it with pleasure.*' ... 'Such as all men *may*¹ sympathize with, and such

¹ Italics Wordsworth's in this case.

as there is reason to believe they would be better and more moral beings *if they did sympathize*—with a nod of his head and jumping up to put the book away. But I should like to note the whole of the two paragraphs on p. 403, 'I can only say that the loathing' to 'disgust and aversion'. That was the part, too, which applied especially to our talk.

Saturday, 25th Sept. Hale and I had a beautiful talk about the stars. He read a letter aloud to me which Professor Young wrote to him once in answer to a question. He had pasted the letter into Professor Young's book on Astronomy, opposite (so I think) the page whence the question had arisen. I liked it very much. Hale said there was something very human about the study of the Heavens—man, as it were, controlling the stars through his telescope, marshalling them before him, naming them, dictating their courses for years to come. He said it produced the strangest effect upon him when he sat watching for some transit or eclipse, and just at the very second predicted the shadow slipped into its place. On the other hand, as Goethe had said, there was something 'dreadfully *inhuman*'. He was much moved as he said these words, gasped as if on the brink of some horror. I knew what he meant, for the same thought has sometimes bared itself to me, the blank despair of millions of suns with planets wandering round them, 'system' upon

'system' as we say, and our one little Earth lost amongst them. I said, yes, there were certainly both points of view, the human and the inhuman, but that we must remember that both points of view were contained by one and the same mind. You may think the stars inhuman, but *you* think it.

I left on Saturday evening, 5.6.

Tuesday, 28th Sept. I met Lady Robert at Groombridge Station, and drove up with her to the Cottage in pouring rain. It rained all day, but we enjoyed ourselves. She brought some beautiful Killarney roses. She left about 6. Molly drove with her to the station.

In the evening Nurse Durrant told me a rather pretty story of her niece, a clever child of 13 years. She overheard Nurse, before she came here, talking about her prospective patient and his household. Nurse appears to have said that we were 'intellectual people', and therefore that she was preparing for a not very lively time. The niece asked *why*. Nurse replied that 'intellectual and clever people were to her, as a rule, not very interesting or entertaining'. 'Well, perhaps not—not if they are *only clever*,' said the child. Since then she has written to her Aunt: 'Dear Auntie, are you *very* tired of being with intelligent people?'

Wednesday, 29th Sept. St. Michael and All Angels. I went to the Holy Communion; only Mrs. Fisher and the vergers and myself present.

Another pouring wet morning. About 3 o'clock it cleared, and I walked with the dog to Fordcombe, and discovered that three years ago, when I bicycled with the Allfreys to Tunbridge Wells, I must have come as near to Groombridge as Crockhurst Hatch Corner, on my way from Fordcombe to Tunbridge Wells. I have had such happiness again with Hale. Day after day passes, and still the same freedom from anxiety. I told him this evening with what pleasure I do everything, even if it is only addressing an envelope. He liked this. He has written by the way, to ask if Frowde would care to reprint *Pages from a Journal*. He wants to make a little money.

Thursday, 30th Sept. Molly and I had a jolly walk to Langton after lunch, and came back by the fields from the Speldhurst Road. A bit of the way was quite new to me. We talked hard. After tea Nurse Sargeaunt, dear Nurse Sargeaunt, returned, and Nurse Durrant, who has been *very* successful and very kind, left. Nurse Sargeaunt brought us both a packet of Edinburgh Rock, but that is not why she is dear! Hale said first thing this morning that one day such as yesterday was worth a hundred years of commonplace existence; it took him a long time to say it.

Friday, 1st Oct. How different to last year when I was so anxious, and how much has passed between! I worked this morning for two hours. I have worked regularly these last few weeks, and

am getting near the end of my story. Another fortnight's steady work should finish the first draft. Hale suggested a walk up the road; he seemed unusually eager to get out, and not to sit but to stretch his legs. He walked farther than he walked the last time, and his step was much more firm; he walked more quickly too. After lunch I sat with him, then went out with the dog for an hour (Burr's Wood and New Park Wood), and got back about 4. I found Mr. Philip Webb here. I sat with him in Hale's room before tea and after tea before he left. He left at 6, and then I sat with Hale alone. . . . Returned to Beckenham on Saturday morning. The boys' football season has begun, so I shall have to return as a rule on Saturday mornings.

Monday, 4th Oct. I arrived rather over-tired by an exhausting but happy Harvest Sunday. He was so glad to hear all about my boys who came to the Communion service. He knew how hopeful I had been—hopeful which in other words is doubtful. In the afternoon I slept till tea-time. After tea I sat close to his side, partly talking and partly resting. In the evening Molly read *Middlemarch*. I went to bed at 9.30.

Tuesday, 5th Oct. A wet morning. I wrote in my Occasional Note-book, and went up to Hale about 11 o'clock and sat with him till lunch. He read (most beautifully) Wordsworth's *Matron of Jedburgh* which he had quoted the day before,

dwelling much on the verse about the July heat. He said he had never, so far as he recollected, met with any one who expressed any special predilection for that poem. He talked for a long time about my Sunday lesson on Ecclesiastes xi. In the afternoon I slept again! Mr. Cockerell (of the Fitzwilliam Museum) came about 4 o'clock, had tea in the drawing-room, and two talks with Hale, in the second of which I shared. At 5.30 I went for a walk on the Langton Road. There was a calm sky when I started, but before I had gone far I saw great rain-clouds coming up from the north-west. They seemed at first a long way off, but when I turned homewards I found they were marching upon me, and then racing after me, and I only just escaped a heavy storm. There was a long yellow line of light beneath the clouds which pursued me. It was nearly dark when I got in. Hale does not want us to be out after dark, as there are objectionable people about, and some one has lately been attacked on the Langton Road. I generally write this Diary after dinner, and Molly (who hates to see me employed) calls it 'the hour for silent prayer'.

Wednesday, 6th Oct. A glorious day. We persuaded him to ask Lord Trayner for the often-offered loan of his carriage. It arrived, drawn by two black horses, and on the box an outwardly irreproachable coachman and footman. Hale elected to drive round by Langton and Pound's

Bridge. He wanted to show me the old Dower House and Mill. He seemed very happy and eager, and yet of course he remembered how the last time he was upon that road he was walking and in a fine perspiration too. He is very good and never complains, but he cannot help his joys being shot with threads of darkness. After tea Molly and I went by the fields to Crockhurst Hatch, returning by the road. As we came back we saw Mars on our left, Venus on our right, hung like low lamps in the sky. No other stars were visible, except one or two beginning faintly to glimmer overhead. We met Dr. Adeney in his car just outside the gate. He gave a very favourable report.

Thursday, 7th Oct. Father and Mother paid their long-promised visit. The day began well, then threatened, then cleared again, and ended in the evening with a downpour. I was so glad it kept fine and bright whilst they were here, for they saw the place at its best. I took first Father, then Mother, a short walk up the road to look at the view. Hale came down into the drawing-room about half-past three and stayed down for tea.

Friday, 8th Oct. Molly left us in the morning to spend the day and night with Miss Roberts at Langton. *I worked.* It turned out a lovely morning, and Hale and I walked up the road only just short of the bit of wall nearly opposite the Stone Cottages. He said as he came back: 'No one but you would

ever have got me to go as far as that,' which may be regarded as a compliment or a reproach as one pleases. We passed a small boy grubbing in the sticky leaves under the beech trees by the road-side. We asked him what he was doing. Getting beech-nuts, so he told us, for 'Miss Turner's squeakers'. 'What are Miss Turner's squeakers?' I asked. 'I don't know,' said the boy, 'and that's what I want to know; her squirrels and squeakers.' I told Hale the honest, honest truth, that when I am walking with him everything looks beautiful, everything seems worth a comment. We admired a white cloud rising from the back of Top Hill Farm, and the colours on the two hop-oasts. He lunched with us in the dining-room, refused the oil-stove and asked for an open window, ate a good lunch and talked a lot. After lunch he rested. I made him get up off the bed to admire my new golf coat, green skirt, and brown boots. He has implored me to have my shoes and boots made for me! I am not quite sure whether I have solemnly or unsolemnly promised that I will. Then I went for a fine roam all over the fields towards Langton, walking for nearly two hours. It was beautifully mild and sunny, and though I met not a single soul until I got back close to the house (except for a villainous-looking tramp with a thick stick in the wood behind us) I was not a bit lonely. I suppose it was very wrong of me to startle so many pheasants and partridges, but I meant them

no harm. I love to hear them whirr up, and how slowly they move through the air ! I felt I should like to aim at them, and yet how dreadfully sorry I should be if my aim went home ! These fields are jolly ; they have a careless look, as if they belonged to somebody who had not been that way for a very long time ; so I thought as I passed between the hedge and the lines of mangel-wurzels, and came out on the path where I walked on those hot fine evenings in August and read Landor aloud facing the sunset. The path was dry and powdery then, now it is slimy mud. We had tea in Hale's room, and I sat with him whilst he ate his supper. A very, very happy day. . . . By the way, in the morning he showed me his old-fashioned copy of *Robinson Crusoe*, and praised Defoe's style, reading me for example a chance bit.

Left on Saturday morning, and spent the following Monday at Ashted with Marion. He sent me two little notes. He does not like the football season. ' I dread especially the cold, damp, foggy football ground ; you standing on it, almost inviting disaster.' Something troubles me a good deal more than the cold football ground, and that is, that he seems to get sad when I go away. He spoke of the ' half-mad thoughts ' which possess him in my absence. The same thoughts possess me when I am away for more than a couple of days. Saturday and Sunday I can cheerfully endure, but on Monday I feel it is time

to be back, to realize who I am, and what my life is. I am *I* when I am here, and *this* is my life. Still, it is worse for him, for he has not the busy and happy occupations for Saturday and Sunday ; besides he is ill, and the whole thing is harder for him than for me.

Tuesday, 12th Oct. Came from Ashtead, a tiresome journey but a lovely day. Nurse met me in the village with the news that he had been poorly ever since Saturday, with a dull aching in his head and down one side of his face. She had sent for the doctor, and he thought it might be due to over-fatigue. I knew at once, of course, what they feared, and I felt a sad pang. I was coming up the hill, and could see the house and his windows wide open. I went to him at once. I think *some* of the mischief was nervous, for after I had talked quietly for a few minutes he seemed to me much better. Mrs. Bright¹ had come to lunch—that's a funny phrase ; she had come to see Molly and her father, lunch thrown in—and she had been sitting in his room. Before she left, Mrs. Bright told me that she thought he looked so much better and happier than she had often seen him looking in times past. I think that was very kind of her ; I believe she said it out of kindness, though that does not argue that what she said was untrue or that she did not mean it. She has

¹ A friend since Hastings days. Her husband was a son of John Bright.

had a sad trouble lately in the loss of a much-beloved daughter. I shall always remember that she said this to me. After lunch I sat in Hale's room as quiet as a mouse, reading Landor, whilst he went to sleep. He slept most peacefully, and (I was thankful) woke peacefully too. Molly went to an At Home at Burr's Wood, and Nurse and I had tea upstairs. I gave him Landor's Conversation between Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey to read; he had forgotten it, and was charmed as I had been. When Molly came back I went out with her up the road. It was dark, and there was a wild and stormy sky, heavy clouds with rifts of light. Hale endeavoured to be angry with me for going out with my cold and without a hat. More *Middlemarch* after dinner. I slept in the little low bed. I wanted Nurse to try the big one.

Wednesday, 13th Oct. A bad day. He was depressed and nervous, but cheered considerably towards evening. I sat in his room while he slept after lunch, and I feared he would wake in a wretched state, because he slept uncomfortably, on his back, twitching a good deal. I thought he turned pale, too, in his sleep. He did wake wretched. Still things might have been worse. I have a horrid cold; horrid, not really bad. I stayed in all day. There were violent storms of rain, but a gorgeous sunset which nearly tempted me out. No novel; I preferred to sew table-napkins and

to read Colvin's *Landor* in the 'English Men of Letters'!

Thursday, 14th Oct. Splendid morning; went by train to Tunbridge Wells to shop for Molly. Hale was rather wretched still, but he got up and went out, both Molly and I going with him one on each side. We talked a lot of nonsense and made him listen, and he seemed to enjoy himself. He would not let me eat beech-nuts, though I ate about half a dozen. He lunched with us; the sun streamed into the room. After lunch I wrote in his room whilst he rested. Sir Walter and Miss Murton paid their first call; we heard the voices below us because they had to be asked into the dining-room as the sweep was in the drawing-room, but with the new Turkey carpet, what did that matter! Molly loves new callers; she came upstairs to me in high excitement. Of course she was full of misgivings as to whether she talked too much about her own affairs and not enough about theirs. I said it would have been the greatest impertinence to talk about their affairs. Molly said: 'But I did *try* to keep dragging them back to themselves!'

We three had tea in the dining-room. Hale can safely come there now, because the new stove is set up. He inveighed against chocolate cake. After tea I sat with him, and he was much better. I do miss him so when he is ill; he seems to go so far away. Something started us talking about

Gideon. I compared him with Joshua; Gideon with his signs (his fleece, and the lapping men) a more romantic figure. Some figures in history, I said, can only be represented fairly and truthfully in a romantic setting, a certain amount of fiction must be woven in with the fact. Hale said it was a 'lovely story', and that if any one came and asked him (as people always will so stupidly ask) if he 'believed in' the story of the fleece he should say: 'I should be very sad if I *didn't* believe in it.' At the same time, of course, he said to *me* when I began to speak of Gideon, that it was a strange story or a funny story (I forget which), and smiled. Whilst we were talking he said a very characteristic thing. It was in reply to a remark of mine that he 'knew such a lot'. He said his was only 'the slipshod knowledge of the general reader'; 'and the few things I can be said to know I don't practise.' We saw Venus, very fair and beautiful, not bright, low in the west after sunset. He came to the window to look at her. He was much happier towards evening, and happy when I bade him good-night.

I have been writing my Diary in Molly's 'hour for silent prayer', and she has been 'ragging' me. Marvelling at my urbanity she has just declared: 'If I were you I'd kill me!'

Friday, 15th Oct. Pouring wet day. Molly and I went to 'Gale' for the day. Lady Robert met us at Forest Row Station in an open wagonette

full of wraps, and we had a windy drive. We enjoyed the whole day very much. Lord Robert was there, and we liked him : we had a lot of fun. Before I started I had a good talk with Hale. He read me from the Bible the story of Gideon and the fleece, beginning at Judges vi. 33. He nearly wept over the beauty of the English, especially when he came to the word 'pitched'. He joined the 'but' at the beginning of verse 34 to the end of verse 33, and then paused : '*But . . . the Spirit of the Lord*', &c. What he said afterwards, though I cannot set it down word for word, sank into me, and I saw my way to a good lesson for my Class. We then talked of Landor. We *love* him ; we love his stormy character. I said he was a 'piece of human nature'. 'A great *block* of human nature,' said Hale.

When I came home at 6 o'clock he was eating his supper ; we were as much excited at seeing one another again as if we had been separated for a year. Nurse said he had got on very well without us, but Hale said Nurse knew nothing about it and he had been miserable !

In the evening I began to read Carlyle's Essay on Johnson, but I must put it away until I have finished Colvin's *Landor*. I read so very, very slowly ; mainly, I think, because I enjoy books so much that I cannot bear getting through them, and I often read pages over again, not to refresh my memory but to prolong the time.

Saturday, 16th Oct. I stayed till the evening train. It rained all day. I am entering the notes for this day on the following Monday, and I remember nothing about it beyond the fact of the rain, and that Hale had tea with us in the dining-room and said that he could not imagine how any one *could* eat chocolate cake. (On looking back I see he has already once that week inveighed against chocolate cake ; but he may have done so twice ! Still, I am vague about this Saturday.)

Monday, 18th Oct. I found him in bed, and still rather wretched. He cheered considerably about tea-time. Sometimes I find it difficult for a minute or two to rise above his ' flatness '. I seem to lack sufficient force and initiative energy to start a conversation all alone, but it only requires a slight effort (an effort of unselfishness which most people would think of no account), and once started I am all right and can't be stopped ! And as I go on, Hale begins to follow me, and then *he* wakes up and is even more eager than I am. He showed me some notes he had made about Gideon. He also talked about Greek architecture. He had been studying some pamphlets by Mr. Lethaby which Mr. Webb had sent him. He said they astonished him ; I did not know what he meant, but I knew some explanation would follow, and then he went on to speak of the strictness of the laws of architecture amongst the Greeks ; there was the law for the pillar, and the law for the architrave, and

the law for the frieze, &c. ; and yet with all their laws they found more room for originality than we find with our lawlessness. 'Necessity', said Hale (that is, the law which *has got to be* obeyed), 'admitting of a greater originality than choice.' (This is *not* what he said ! But he said a wonderful little sentence beginning with the word necessity, and we can neither of us remember what it was !) He also spoke of the workmanship. A man was sculptor and architect too, and so sure of both his businesses that he wrought as he designed—no drawings or plaster models first ; he set to work at once upon his block, 'and', said Hale exultingly, 'the chips *flew* !'

I sat with him whilst he ate his supper—Benger, mixed with some Brand's Essence—and coaxed him into taking a little more, and then presently coaxed him again into taking a little more still. When he had finished talking about the Greek sculptors, I told him he was a Greek and he said he wished he was.

Tuesday, 19th Oct. I pointed out to him the beautiful words put by Landor into the mouth of Pericles when he tries to reconcile Aspasia to her fate of final separation. 'We never can meet again. . . . Let wisdom be heard by you as imper- turbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever ; and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can arise but from the bosom of Aspasia.' It gave us much to talk about. I wrote for over an hour, then sat

with him, then (as the sun came out) walked with him round the garden. He *really* enjoyed things, admired the fuchsias especially. After lunch I went for a walk. I had something troubling me, and of course he found it out, and as usual I told him everything and he comforted me. Molly and I went out by starlight, and did not come in till 7 o'clock. She is very fond of the stars. Before that I wrote for nearly an hour, and ran up for Hale's approbation. I always like him to praise me for doing my work!

Wednesday, 20th Oct. A pouring wet day. It may have stopped raining once for about five minutes. Did my two hours' writing. Miss Finlay came to lunch, and Hale lunched in the dining-room and kept referring to me for my opinion on all manner of subjects in the odd marked way he does when any one else is here. The doctor came and reported very favourably. Molly drove to tea with Ethel Roberts, so she missed the doctor. I went to meet her about six o'clock under a waterproof and umbrella, and then walked on by myself past the Cottage as far as the station to get a little fresh air. It was very warm and oppressive. I persuaded Hale to read some Carlyle to me, *Count Cagliostro*. He read several pages and I want him to read to me pretty regularly. This evening he told me that he had *again* dreamt of being young with me, my own age, though this dream was happier even than the first, which I did

not set down, by the way, as it was too inconclusive and vague and the least bit sad. The second dream struck me as so pretty that I shall give it here. He dreamt that he was playing in a cricket match and I was watching and he had made over a hundred runs. It was 'so vivid', he said, 'so vivid'; he saw me standing by the tent, '*just* like you, in your short skirt'; and he remembered even certain points about his own appearance, for instance, the way his flannel trousers were turned up. Then he came to the tent and I came to the door to meet him, and I was so proud of his hundred runs; and it was just like me and just like him, for we neither of us said much, but we walked up and down inside the tent, and *I* was so proud, and *he* was so proud—of *me*. 'Weren't you proud of your runs?' I asked. 'No,' he said, 'I don't remember much about that, but I was proud of *you*.' Very characteristic! And then he woke up. It was so pretty and yet so sad I could have laughed and cried at once. He woke like a thwarted child. Never mind! I *laughed*, and he laughed too, for the dream was so vivid that it almost seemed true; it still had a taste of truth about it. I have finished Colvin's *Landor*. Hale thinks it very well done, and I have enjoyed it thoroughly. The end is terribly pathetic.

Thursday, 21st Oct. A beautiful day. Molly went to town to hear Miss Turner lecture on 'Birds' at the Lyceum Club. Hale came out with me,

a short way down, not up, the road, but the wind was cold, so we returned and wandered instead about the garden and yard where the sun was hot. After lunch I went for a walk in quite a new direction (but I ought first to say that at lunch I talked so hard about Mother's work in the Beckenham Branch of the Mothers' Union that he ate every scrap on his plate!)—a new direction along the Eridge Road. I turned into Broadwater Forest amongst the pines. For some time I stood and listened to the wind sweeping overhead, and with my eyes shut tried to picture the sea. The sound is certainly like far-off breakers, but then there comes a 'swirl' so loud that you fancy the waves are rolling near and that the burst and thunder *must* follow, but it never does; you never hear that heavy thud and splash amongst the trees. I got back by a quarter to four and sat in the study, then came down to tea—both of us (we were late because we could not stop talking upstairs!)—returned to his room, and we spent most of the evening together. We had much to talk about. I am far too contented and idle to remember all that we talked about. One thing I wish to note briefly; we discussed the evil of coarse and improper joking. We were naturally in entire agreement, and helped one another a good deal.

Friday, 22nd Oct. I forgot to mention two important facts. Yesterday Nurse saw her patient go into the kitchen to examine the pump, which is

out of order, and start vigorously pumping. She was amazed; he pumped for about two minutes, and she drew her own conclusions about his waning strength! The other fact is that the day before yesterday, when the doctor called, Hale happened to be in the kitchen again, and, rather than be caught by the doctor, *ran* the whole way upstairs to his room. Lizzie saw this, and could hardly believe her eyes. I can more or less indirectly bear witness too, for I was sitting with Nurse *in* the room (we were getting the tea), and it struck me as strange the way he seemed to skip in at the door just as if at the end of a run!

This morning was bright, but clouds came up before noon, and it was too cold for him to get out. He read some more *Count Cagliostro*. We had something to add to yesterday's conversation about indecent or blasphemous jokes. He told me that, when he was a young man at the Office, he had to endure plenty of such talk, but he never joined in it, and never laughed at it—never, at least, if he could possibly help it. I know what that reservation means, for sometimes the joke is too quick for you, thrown in skilfully amongst perfectly respectable talk, and before you have time to decide whether the right thing is to be angry or regardless or lenient or indignant, you have been surprised into being the most natural thing, that is an imitator of others. I asked Hale what they thought of him for never joining in.

He said: 'Oh, of course I got called names—Pious, I think that was the word.' In the afternoon he smoked, and I sat and sewed table-napkins by his side. I did not get much sewing done, because he questioned me closely about the early days of my Bible Class, and also my early religious troubles. Then Molly and I went to call on the Miss Saints to see the light wicker chair which they have offered to lend to her father. I have found a man in the village to pull it, a simple creature, not quite 'intelligent', whom we shall probably like! It is the quite intelligent people who embarrass one!

Saturday, 23rd Oct. Rain. I finished the first draft of *Helen and Isabel*, and showed the sheets to Hale, who was impressed by the mass of it. He wants me to copy the MS. fair, so that he can read it page by page. More *Count Cagliostro*. He lunched downstairs, and after lunch I sat and sewed in his room whilst he smoked. He talked of Lyme Regis and Bath, both places where he had a strong fancy to live, but which to choose, he did not know; the sea in the morning, and the town in the evening, that was what one wanted! When he was staying at Lyme Regis he used to get up very early, and sit at his window and watch the dawn over the sea. His lodgings were high on the cliff. I was with him all the afternoon; he took no rest, nor did he yesterday, and in some ways that is better for him, as he is spared those

horrid dozings and wakings. He spoke very sadly of my leaving, but I believe this plan is best.

Tuesday, 26th Oct. Returned. I had to spend Monday at home for the Mothers' Union Meeting. Lady Robert came at 2 o'clock and stayed till 6. It rained hard. She has *not yet* seen this place in sunshine. We enjoyed her visit very, very much. We had a long talk in Hale's room. Unfortunately his voice will not carry through her acousticon, and I have to act as medium. They get on so well together, that it seems a sad pity the means of communication should be so laborious. He was nervous in the evening, and I was troubled, but Nurse told me he had settled down comfortably to sleep, and when she looked in on him at 10 o'clock he was sleeping peacefully.

Wednesday, 27th Oct. Quite himself again. I did a little job for him, writing (copying) a letter to the lawyer about the supplying of a new pump, and then went out (because the dog begged me to), took a letter to the post and up the Ashurst Road, enjoying the cold damp air, the sodden leaves underfoot, and the wet banks and ditches. I recited aloud Landor's 'I strove with none', and lines to Mary Lamb, which I learnt on my journey last Saturday to Beckenham. Molly left before 11 to spend the day and night with the Robertses. When I went up to Hale's room he asked me to take this opportunity of quiet to fulfil a promise I had made, namely, to deliver one of my Bible

Class lessons to him as if he were the class of boys. I gave the lesson for the Sunday before last on Gideon. I meant to do it, if possible, for the one thing he longs for is to hear the lessons. Of course I did not know if I could manage it, but I did. I only once had to stop and break off from self-consciousness ; and yet we were twice interrupted, interruptions which we both took so calmly that in neither case did we betray ourselves nor what was the object of my standing at the far end of the room by the window with a Bible in my hand. This power of recollectedness, calmness in interruption, is very remarkable in Hale ; I have *some* of it too, and hope to learn more from him. It proves our sanity ; perhaps preserves it. Hale said much to me when I had finished.

He came down to lunch and ate heartily. After lunch he smoked, and I sat with him. He came down to tea and ate jam. It had been pouring all day since about half-past ten, but I wanted to go out, and he suggested that I should go and see what I could of the floods. Manktelow told me this morning that no such flood has been seen here for 30 years. The artist's week-end cottage was flooded out last night, and when Manktelow went there this morning to see if all was well, as he opened the door the gentleman's bedroom slippers floated to meet him on the tide ! He told me also that the Miller, disturbed in the night by the howls of his dog, went down, found his premises deep in

water, and in the yard saw the kennel swimming about with the dog perched on the top of it. I walked (as Hale directed) to the Tanyard, and on beyond until I found the road impassable, the whole width of it from hedge to hedge under water, and the length of it for some 30 or 40 yards. The fields had large pools and little seas too, and the trees rose out of them, a pretty sight. The sky was heavy, but with a ragged fringe by the horizon to lend a touch of wildness. I got home just before dark. Then I sat with Hale. He was so good. I knew how much he would have liked to go out with me and see the floods, and I knew he wanted to say so, and I knew he resisted; I *felt* him resist. I rewarded him with a great deal of love and praise, but not as much as he deserved, though as much as I could give. He was taken aback that I could read his thoughts so, not the wish to go, of course (that was easy to divine), but the resistance of the temptation to *say* something about it. He had resisted so quietly—had covered up all signs of what he wanted to say with some ordinary cheerful casual remark; but I saw through in a flash.

I forgot to say that he spoke about the floods which he used to see as a boy in the Bedfordshire flats, much bigger floods than any we would see about here, with hayricks floating down, and dead animals, and water standing in the streets of the town. 'Didn't you enjoy it?' I asked. He

laughed and then was silent ; then suddenly sat up and beat the arm of his chair with his doubled fist, and cried out : ‘ *Such* a curious thing ! Oh, I came back with *such* a start ! I was there by the bridge as a boy, again watching it all, and I came back with *such* a start to this room. Oh, *what* a curious thing it is ! ’ And he beat with his fist again. He was pleased and provoked—pleasantly provoked. I did not say anything, but I looked at his big forehead and thought how almost unnaturally vivid his imagination is—uncanny it seemed, and I wondered what memory *is* and *means*, and what infinite mysteries of eternity (the ever-was, is-now, and ever-shall-be) are bound up in our finite bodies.

Thursday, 28th Oct. A dark morning, but no rain. I went to church, but found there would be no early Communion as Mr. Fisher was unwell. Hale talked about *King Lear* ; the ‘ instability ’ of the human mind as shown in the King and Fool. We agreed how nearly such a story touches one, however far removed the possibility of the circumstances seem to be. We have the *beginning* of *everything* within ourselves, and a chance look or word or action may reveal suddenly to us the *beginnings* of *anything* in our dearest and most trusted and most *thoroughly known* friend. We find ourselves over a deep abyss. Yes, but *over* it ; the fact of looking down proves our superiority, and in the depth there is distance implied. Were

we descending we should see less and less, less and less depth and darkness and horror.

I went for a good walk up the Ashurst Road and back across the fields. I was amused by some rushing rivulets in the valley before I climbed the cross-road. Two joined forces, and made a third. There was quite a fuss of water. Molly came home in time for lunch. She was with her father a great part of the afternoon, and I read *Guy Mannering*. He is reading that also, and we are to compare notes when we have finished. After tea I sat with him. We had more *Count Cagliostro* (we had had some in the morning), and a long talk about democracy. It was a most interesting talk, but I am too lazy to write down a word about it, for Nurse is playing Patience (as usual), and Molly is laughing and chattering and interrupting me every few minutes, and I want to enjoy myself!

Friday, 29th Oct. No *Count Cagliostro* and not much consecutive talk with Hale. I read *Guy Mannering* half the morning (I am taking a holiday from writing, so there was no sin in that), then Miss Turner came and I walked with her as far as Crockhurst Hatch and asked her about autumn sowings, for the field on the left at the top of the hill is showing quite green—a lovely hopeful sign, I think, at this time of year. In the afternoon I walked to Hendal Bridge to see the floods. What I liked best was the ripple of the shallows, and the tapering threads running right and left.

I walked to the top of the opposite hill and a little way down the farther side as far as the sign-post. I passed a jolly farm and saw just the scene for a rural picture. There was the untidy yard, the outhouses, plenty of accessory detail, and for the main interest a fine blue wain—such a blue, I saw it from far away—and a traction engine pulled up behind it puffing a column of smoke. The wain and engine were placed exactly right for one another. I saw also a grand flaming beech standing against darker trees. It turned out a beautiful afternoon ; it was good to see the sun again. I was with Hale for most of the rest of the day, and we had a nice bit of talk, each one imagining the other in a new and more appropriate part ; I conceived him as a wise Eastern magician and astrologer, sitting at the door of his tent looking up to the stars over the desert and drinking coffee ; very wise and also rather cunning ; he conceived me, not satisfactorily, hesitated between various nations, a bit from several, though in the main English. I suggested a Scotch fisher-lass, and then he went further and said he imagined something more savage than that.

Left early on Saturday morning.

Monday, 1st Nov. I went to Holy Communion (All Saints Day) with Elsie Hall,¹ who stayed the

¹ Now Mrs. Stohr ;—a friend of mine from school-days, known once as ' the Australian pianist ', a *wunderkind*, and the first English girl to win the Mendelssohn Prize in Berlin.

week-end with us. She left by the 9.15, and I came here, as usual, in time for lunch. Found Hale well, but he was a little fidgety in the afternoon and evening; I was sure I knew why, and I asked Nurse her opinion and she said yes. By the way, he sent me a letter on Sunday all about the inadvisability of my attending the boys' football. I don't *want* to go to the football (it is so cold!), but I used to think I ought, and still I half-think I ought. Hale is very funny, but of course he *is* funny. He told me I was 'funny' to-day, and said he had borrowed the phrase from me. I will copy a little of his letter. He insists that I am not to give up the football *because he wishes it* (which would be the only reason good enough for me; I don't believe it injurious to my health, and I believe the boys like to see me there), but :

If you change let the risk of catching cold, pneumonia, or influenza be the sole consideration, and on no account concede *to me*. Let your young men and your friends and relatives understand that you can no longer with safety spend two or three hours of a foggy afternoon on *a damp* ground. . . . I have never had anything to do with the women who watch football matches. They may be specially protected. Their enthusiasm may be sufficient to prevent

There may have been other Australian pianists before and since, but I shall always believe that I have heard the best that ever was or ever can be. She came once to the Cottage, but it was after our marriage, in the days when my Diary was quite neglected, so that there is no record of the visit.



WILLIAM HALE WHITE

aetate circ. 78.



danger. I limit myself to Dorothy. I cannot help great anxiety, but I will endure *anything* rather than be the cause of transgression of what she believes to be right. . . . I should have said that Saturday's exposure to cold, and its consequent fatigue, was not a good preparation for your Sunday's work, but again, for the third or fourth time—Do what you think you *ought* to do.

I did *not* go to the football; it was too damp, and I was expecting Elsie Hall. Of course Hale is in this position: he loves the Bible Class, loathes football, and does not care a rap about the boys. He is therefore no impartial judge! Still, there may be something in what he says, and anyway I want to spend most of my Saturdays here with him. *My* position is quite as clear as his: *I love him*, and Bible Class, football and boys must all give way before that fact.

Tuesday, 2nd Nov. A lovely day. Settled down to the revision of my story, and could make nothing of it. Went out and met Bassett, and sent him for the light chair from Miss Saint's. He brought it up, and after stupendous struggles we got dear Hale out, carried him up the hill, and *for the first time* got him past Stone Cottages, walking on the dry, sunny, upper road. He looked at the green crops in the autumn-sown field with much pleasure. He was so thankful we had *made* him go. After lunch I walked with Nurse along the Langton Road until she met her husband; then I returned.

I did not go at once to Hale's room, because Molly told me he was resting. When I *did* go in he declared he had been in an agony of fear that I had left him and gone back to Beckenham because of my difficulty in getting him out in the morning ! Perhaps I had been rather too stormy and he may have fancied that I was *really* angry ; but he requires some strong counter-irritant when he is in these nervous panics. I call them 'panics', but he is outwardly calm ; he makes no fuss to speak of, and merely declares with a sort of heavy impossible obstinacy that he *cannot go*. I do try hard to manage him well on these occasions, but I expect by degrees I shall manage better. The object is to get him out when *he wants to go*, and to contrive that he goes with as little distress and vexation and anxiety to himself as possible. More *Count Cagliostro* after tea.

In the morning he told me of something which had been weighing on his mind. When he begins in this sad and serious strain he frightens me dreadfully, though I always keep perfectly steady. I imagine he is going to tell me that he no longer loves me and wishes me to depart, and I always scold him afterwards for my fright, and he thinks that the very maddest fear, utterly impossible on the face of it, and so on and so on, and I am comforted. On the other hand, *his* fear (which had been weighing on his mind) is that I shall fancy myself *bound* to stay with him when it can no

longer be any joy to me. He reminded me that his birthday comes next month. 'I want you to promise', he said, 'that two years hence, if I am still living, you will not hold yourself bound to stay with me.' He added that it was very unlikely that he should outlive that period—'none of my people ever have'—but that it was an agony for him to think that I should feel obliged to remain with him after he had begun 'to fail'—as 'fail we all must', he said. I assured him that I would leave him the very moment I wanted to.

Wednesday, 3rd Nov. A dull day. Hale could not go out. I walked with Nurse to Langton and back by the fields. A funny little girl talked to me through the hedge of a cottage garden. She evidently did not want me to go on. She stopped me by calling 'Hallo'! She told me she was playing alone, had no brothers and sisters, but might have one some day, 'if we can 'ford!' She declared she was only two and a half years old. I expressed my surprise, as she certainly looked six or seven, and then she conceded that her *mother* said she was *three* and a half.

Old Miss Roberts and Maud came to tea; we had tea in the dining-room, and Hale was with us. After tea more *Cagliostro*, but very little as we talked so much. *I talked an awful lot!*

Thursday, 4th Nov. Molly went with the Robertses to hear Shackleton lecture in the Wells, and was to return with them for the night. A fine

mild day, but no sunshine, and Nurse thought it best for Hale to keep in. I had hoped so much to get him out. The doctor came at noon and reported very favourably. I wrote a good deal, and we had more *Cagliostro*. Between whiles he is reading Henry Sidgwick's life and enjoying it very much, making little notes about it on a horrid scrap of newspaper which he uses for a marker; and yet every now and then he gives vent to his sense of dissatisfaction over the professional academic life, the constant meetings for intellectual skirmishes, the wit-sharpening—I cannot remember the words he used. 'Hopping about' is a favourite phrase with him when he wants to describe the mentally active man, the man whose brain runs about without dragging the rest of his heart, soul, and body. I walked in the afternoon at Hale's direction past the Tanyard and Mrs. Boardman's, down a very steep and pretty lane to the left towards Eridge. I was rather upset by seeing some men ill-using (as I am convinced) a horse; they were some distance away, and as they ceased soon after I appeared, and another horse came and helped the first one over his difficulty, I did not interfere; but I stood for some time watching them, and they saw me watching, and perhaps that helped public opinion, for there were quite half a dozen men and only one was being brutal. I was very sorry.

Friday, 5th Nov. A perfect day. Such a blue

sky as the mist rolled away ! Hale said the blue looked 'liquid' and the trees as if they were 'dipped' in it. I went out about 10 o'clock to look for Bassett to tell him to call to pull the chair : couldn't find him at either the 'Crown' or the 'Railway Hotel', but saw the man who carried up my bag on Monday ; came back, discussed the matter with Nurse, went again to the 'Railway Hotel' to get the second man, and unexpectedly found the first drinking in the bar ! I saw him through the grille and said : 'Why, that's the man I want,' and he put down his mug and came out, looking very red and foolish. He was ashamed of himself, but I wasn't ! Hale says I can go into these pubs. because of my 'conscious righteousness', a remark which amuses Molly. But Bassett is very amiable, and he suits our purpose down to the ground, for it is rather like going out with an animal, and he doesn't make Hale feel shy. We went such a jolly walk, up the Langton Road, down the Ashurst Road to the gate on the left, along the rough cart-track on to the Langton Road again. Hale only walked a little. He *did* enjoy himself. He said afterwards to me that 'I had done it all' ^{*1}; and certainly I *have* struggled hard to get him to try these various schemes for going out, and I feel much rewarded. He had remembered to take field-glasses for me, and he pointed out the chief landmarks over Crowborough way.

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

Molly drove up in Miss Roberts's pony-trap as we were returning. She had enjoyed her time at Langton very much, and Shackleton's lecture. In the afternoon I wrote, and after tea I went through the wood to see the sunset glow from the field at the top; but, to tell the solid truth, I was frightened by the noise of the falling leaves and rattling acorns, and came back soon and fast, whistling to keep up my courage! Then I sat with Hale and we had more *Count Cagliostro*, and I asked his opinion about a part of my story.

Saturday, 6th Nov. I left by the early train, not to return till Tuesday.¹ I received the letter which I have inserted over the page. I keep it, though it does not show him at his best, but I so rarely get a letter now.

Extract from letter, *Sunday, 7th Nov.* :

. . . I wonder what happened yesterday at Beckenham. What were you doing before you went out with your mother? I am haunted with suspicions that perhaps she did not go, and then?—What did you talk about in the evening? Is it not strange that happiness does not make me less unhappy, or, perhaps, less—but although 'unhappy' is not the right word I cannot find a better. I am perplexed. I went out on Saturday morning. Almost unclouded sky, and the clouds added to the beauty of the day. The distance was clearer than on Friday.

¹ I have no record of the reason for this delay. The beginning of his letter seems to suggest some engagement with my mother.

I walked, however, too far and was done-up, bodily and emotionally, till I went to bed. I am convinced that the form my trouble takes is accidental. It might be this or that. On Saturday afternoon and evening the form was entirely Dorothy. . . .

— came yesterday in a very shiny motor-car and with very shiny driver and footman. She talked a great deal about herself, is enormously wealthy, slightly vulgar, and as ignorant as nobody can be excepting rich, English people. It is curious that claiming acquaintance with those above us is one of the commonest failings and yet a woman like —, who is not a fool, makes herself every minute absurd by it. O horror! Just as likely as not that I, too, make myself ridiculous. . . . If Tuesday were but here! . . .

Tuesday, 9th Nov. A fine day. Hale only just stepped into the garden. Miss Price walked over to tea from Penn's rocks. Hale had tea with us. Nothing to note.

Wednesday, 10th Nov. He had rather a bad day; was drowsy and nervous; woke up wretched in the afternoon from his dozing and went to bed. He slept quietly for two hours after tea. I miss him terribly when he is unwell. I have a curious sensation as of being shut up in myself. I went out in the dark and distinguished some of the constellations. This morning Molly and I had a lovely walk through New Park Wood; she did not want to come in at all. This evening I helped with the quince jam.

Thursday, 11th Nov. Such a happy day! Directly I got into Hale's room I knew he was himself again. He was much distressed about the 'nervous attack' of yesterday; he said it seemed so sad that it should come upon him when I was there; he wonders that I can put up with him, what pleasure there can be left to me when he is so apt to fall into these states, &c., &c. Of course I told him it did not matter a straw, as I could always tell myself that he would be sure to come out of that state—perhaps the very next day as he had done this morning. I told him that it seemed at the time to 'kill me'—so it does, numbing all sensation—but that I could look at it in this matter-of-fact way; that I was very, very sorry for him, for he must *feel* wretched in these attacks, and that he was very good—so he is—but that he might find, by an effort when the nervousness comes on him, that he could do better still. It always seems to me as if he does much better than other people would do in some ways (with respect to this nervousness) and in other ways worse. The 'other ways' are all little ways, little tricks and habits.

Now I must enumerate some of the causes why the day was so happy, setting aside the first cause that Hale was vigorous and well. (1) It was gloriously fine. (2) I saw two hunts. (3) We were out with the chair for more than an hour. (4) Molly was in bed with a slight cold, and we had a fire

in her room, and all played the fool to our heart's content !

I did enjoy the hunt. I knew something was up first thing when I went down the village on a message for Hale, and then to Langton on a message for Molly ; there were so many horses about, and I met two riders in pink. Coming back from Langton I saw people standing, evidently on the look-out for sport, and I heard the baying of hounds. I determined at once to bring Hale out this way, and when I got home, there he was just stepping into the chair. So we went up the hill and mixed with the people—several smart carriages now !—and watched and listened for a long time, in the hot sun. They found, I think, in New Park Wood, but what happened eventually I do not yet know. They never passed our way, and we only saw them once in full career coming up from the Ashurst Road. Then we went home, and just outside the gate met Colonel Loyd, who told us that a fox had run to earth in a shed in Miss Saint's park, and they were keeping it there till the hunt returned. The hounds had been down as far as the road, had been called back on the first scent, but Lord Henry Nevill, who was with the hounds, had promised to return. Hale invited Colonel Loyd in to lunch, and he accepted on condition that he might run off at a moment's notice when the hunt came back again. We were sitting at lunch—had hardly been served—when

I saw a flash of pink in the lane outside the dining-room window. I bounced up, and in no time Colonel Loyd, Nurse and I were out of the house, most cruelly leaving Hale at the table and Molly upstairs in bed—theoretically in bed, but practically up and watching from her window until she was afraid of being seen. Oh, it was such a pretty sight! The horses all gathered under the trees just inside the park, the hounds sat round in a group with a couple of huntsmen a little farther down the slope in the sun, whilst Colonel Loyd led the way to the fox's lair. Presently there came a cry; the fox had been seen; and the hounds burst down the field, the horses more leisurely following after. Nurse and I 'burst' too; hatless I bounded along. I could have run and chased for ever, and not known what I was running for. The end of the business was rather abrupt. They killed apparently in the shed. Poor fox! That is the only part I do not like. Then we toiled up the hill to finish our lunch. The afternoon was shared between Molly and her father, and after dinner in the kitchen with Nurse, and when Hale had settled down to sleep, I read *Middlemarch* aloud in Molly's room. They were much amused at me for being so much afraid of burglars. Hale thinks I am never afraid of anything!

Friday, 12th Nov. Not a good day; he complained of numbness in his right hand, dizziness,

&c., and alarmed me once towards evening by half tumbling down as if under a stroke, but I felt sure he was not really ill, only very nervous. Nurse went into Tunbridge Wells to consult the doctor. As the hand was quite warm, Nurse did not think there could be anything seriously the matter.

Saturday, 13th Nov. Magnificent day. Molly and I walked to Langton, and afterwards Hale and I walked in the Park on the high ground and then round the garden. He was quite himself again, though he referred once or twice to his hand, but for the time being the nervousness has passed. He spoke to me of Keble's *Christian Year*; said that he used to read it a great deal, 'used to think it very good poetry,' he added with a smile, not meaning necessarily that he now thought it very *bad*. He said that he had once heard Keble preach and should never forget it. He walked over to Hursley from Romsey with an uncle at whose house he was staying. He burst out into the funniest, most boyish laugh at the recollection of that uncle, the principal recollection being that he used to go to sleep over family prayers. He said that Keble's manner was 'very stately', and that he preached entirely without notes, that the church was thronged, and that the sermon was about the duties of landlords to tenants, and tenants to landlords. Hale was then sixteen or seventeen years old.

Sunday, 14th Nov. Molly and Nurse had begged

me to stay over Sunday, because I had to remain at home until the following Thursday, as Janet was going to Sherborne. Hale, of course, sent for Molly on Saturday evening to tell her that I was staying *because the weather was fine!*

I went to Holy Communion in New Groombridge Church, and in the evening with Molly to Langton. She was pleased to be able to go to the evening service. It was very dark, and we walked home arm in arm. Hale was nervous in the early part of the day, but got better as the day went on. He laughed quite a lot at lunch because, in a discussion about the clergy, Molly told him that he knew nothing about them, and he defended himself on the ground that he always used to read the *Church Times* when he wrote for the papers, and Molly said that was 40 years ago, and he said that it wasn't, &c., &c., &c., and we all roared with laughter.

We talked of *Guy Mannering*, the intricacies of the plot, and of T. E. Brown's poems. I told Hale that T. E. Brown's poetry had a strange way of unexpectedly 'breaking me down', and that on one or two occasions, when reading it in a third-class railway carriage full of people, I had to keep a tight hand over myself. 'Show me one,' said Hale, and I showed him *Mater Dolorosa*, which he read quietly till he suddenly gave the book back and said: 'I'm not surprised.'

We had such a happy afternoon and evening.

I said good-night to him twice, once before going to church, and again on my return, which amused him.

Monday, 15th Nov. I left soon after 7 a.m., in order to get home before Janet left. Molly made me some tea in her bedroom. Her father was asleep, so I could not say good-bye.

From a letter 16th Nov. :

You see my hand is better, although it will not work properly. I must rest it, and you must forgive short letters. I want to know all about you. How did the dinner-party go off? Who took you down to dinner? What did he say to you?

I long to renew that most interesting talk about promises. I must wait. Meanwhile I must just tell you this. Your ethical theory was very characteristic of you. What a blessing it is to have to do with people who are always characteristic! In this way was it characteristic. Although, as I told you, you have bound yourself member of a community, you are essentially revolutionary or, properly, anarchical. *Frank Burnet* was revolutionary because it reversed ordinary rules by which we judge actions and life. Your doctrine of promises is anarchy in the true sense of the word, as opposed to control or subjugation. Your body is anarchical, completely free, as free and unrestrained as if you had not a pin about you. Movement does not disguise or conceal, but at every point reveals. This is the distinguishing note. Always expression which will not be baffled nor thwarted,

impatience of hindrance, *rejection* of it. You refuse to submit even to your own past. I can write no more. Your dear letter is this moment put on my table (7 a.m.), so tender, so *assuring*. Forgive mistakes. I am confused, and it is with much difficulty I hold a pencil.

Note 'mistakes'. There were only one or two erasures, an 'e' left out in 'reversed', 's' left out in 'blessing', 'r' left out in 'assuring'. I make a note of this to show how faithfully I transcribe. 'Ethical theory.' I dislike promises. I prefer sacred vows, very rare and very sacred and *never* broken. Promises are little trivial unsanctified vows; they bother you rather than bind you.

From a letter 17th Nov. :

May I have one more word? Why should I not? Is it unreasonable that I should wish to talk, notwithstanding the hope of to-morrow?

I hold the pencil with difficulty. You will forgive its slips and starts, considering what it aims to do. . . . Never, when you have been away, have I lived with you so continually. . . . Venus and the new moon were wonderful last night. They were setting close to one another in a blood-red cloud. The contrast and harmony between silver and crimson were perfect. Of course I thought of my Dorothy. All beautiful sights lead to her, all beauty of every kind reminds me of her.

As I said, I have been strangely bound up with you these last few days. . . . But I found myself, when I heard of your doings, too much disposed

to lean over the dark pit. . . . The world is all in an uproar. What do I care? A lesson at Arthur Road¹ is of more consequence to me than a dissolution of Parliament.

It is dark, and the owls are hooting outside. It is the only sound. Till to-morrow—good-bye.

. . . Molly particularly wishes you her best love. I was finishing my note when she came in to dress.

I returned on *Thursday*, 18th Nov. I found the bullfinch² there, quite a surprise to me! In the evening Hale said: 'That creature has spent the whole day hopping from one perch to another. That's its duty, its *duty*. . . . Its hopping from one perch to another may be just as much to the Almighty as all the wonderful things *we* do—and', after a pause, 'make so much fuss about.'

In the evening Molly and I went out to study the stars. I saw one good meteor.

Friday, 19th Nov. A very fine day. I went early to the Wells to buy a bird-cage. I got a good big one. Hale was much pleased, and he and I are going to take entire charge of the bird. Hale asked me if I knew anything of Arthur Symons' work; he had heard of him through Mr. Hutchinson, and had seen extracts from his new book on the Romantic Movement in English Poetry which

¹ Churchfields Road, known as Arthur Road in the early days of my class.

² This, I think I am right in saying, was a gift from old Miss Roberts of Langton. She was, and perhaps is still at the age of 97, a great lover of her birds.

he said were the real thing, or the right stuff, I forget exactly what.

Saturday, 20th Nov. I had a long talk, confiding in him certain difficulties ; it is a great comfort to me that I never keep anything from him, and he can always make me happy again. We went for a walk as far as Stone Cottages ; he talked eagerly almost the whole time, and walked almost fast. As I listened to him I was praying for him too. I thought how suddenly he might be taken from me. He never would (nor would any one) suspect that I am constantly watchful—watchful rather than anxious.

I left by the 5.6 ; very tired, and rather despondent.

Monday, 22nd Nov. I returned very happy, and I think a good deal of Saturday's despondency was due to the tiredness ! Hale and I had long talks together, and all our troubles put behind us. We love one another so much that things must always come right with us in the end. I said to him how strange it was that he never seemed old to me, but always my own age. I asked him whether this was because I love him or because he is different to others in this respect. He said ' I can tell you ', and then he paused for a long long time as he stood with his arm round me ; he could not command himself ; then he said : ' It is because *time is a delusion.*'

Whilst Nurse and I were at tea he talked to us

of the tides, and explained about spring and neap tides. I was so stupid, he had to go over the same bit of explanation again and again, and he liked this and laughed and got more and more eager and emphatic. He spoke to us also beautifully about the stars, about the snow which he had seen on the poles of Mars; he said that it was wonderful to be, as it were, in contact with that lovely snow, there being a contact of sight as well as a contact of touch. I knew what he meant. Molly was out; had gone to hear Paderewski in the Wells. She is now laughing over Punch's Almanack.

Tuesday, 23rd Nov. A sharp frost; too cold for him to go out. He finished *Cagliostro* as soon as he was up; then I walked with Molly to Langton and we lunched with the Robertses. Molly stayed on for tea, but I returned about 3.30 and burst in on Hale with uproarious delight as if I had been away for a week—which does not mean that I had not enjoyed myself very much, for I had. Then he and I had a delightful time. We compared our *Guy Mannering* notes, and after tea he read me most dramatically, though quietly, a scene from *Kenilworth* in the 12th chapter of Vol. I from 'As Tressilian, his own eyes filling fast with tears . . .' to the end of Sir Hugh's speech about cutting the lock of his daughter's hair. As Hale was reading I marvelled at him; he seemed to me so full of wonderful and great gifts;

he makes very little show of his gifts, and one is apt to forget them, to enjoy them rather than wonder at them. After the reading he got out an old reflector (telescope) which I had not known he possessed, and put it together and explained the mechanism to me, a long business as I was slow to understand. He is a most clear teacher, and I can always get hold of a thing from him.

Wednesday, 24th Nov. I went to the oculist and ordered my glasses; lunched in the Wells; sat with Hale from about 2.30 to 3.45, and read with him the introduction to Airy's *Lectures on Astronomy*, and asked for any number of explanations. . . . Dr. Adeney came and gave a good report. After he had gone I had one of my usual vehement arguments, very fierce and very loving. *I can never give in to him.* I'd go out of my way to obey him in unimportant trifles or indeed in anything really big; but I won't let him fret me and fetter me over the countless betwixt-and-between matters. It is only a curious instinct on his part which he cannot help, but if I yielded to him he would be miserable, he would no longer have faith in me, and indeed it would show a great want of love on my part, for it would mean that I was deceiving him, adopting a new and artificial 'way' with him, had dropped to a lower standard of loving and living. Molly and I went to evensong at Langton. A lovely moonlight night.

Thursday, 25th Nov. He was so eager for me this morning ; he said he had been saying one thing to himself about me all night ; I hope this is a slight exaggeration ! He said . . . that I was like a wave of the sea ; and then he drew a wonderful picture of a wave, its width, its resistless force, and the tender spreading of itself upon the shore. He asked if the wave was strong with a strength of its own, and said no, it was strong because it had all the weight of the ocean at its back. All he said was very beautiful, and I listened without a word. I write this down because it explains the 'good' of the 'vehement arguments' referred to on the opposite page. Afterwards I told him that I knew nothing about my strength, but that I knew my love for him was strong, and that it was just because it was so strong that he sometimes found it hard to deal with, relentless, stubborn, wilful. My love never yields a point ; I have placed it very high, quite out of reach, I have placed it with God, and I refuse to let it be shifted. I reminded him that I go to receive the Communion every Monday or Tuesday morning before I come to him, although, as I told him, again and again I have been tempted to give up the practice as unnecessary now that things are going so well, but it would be yielding a point and I will not do it. All this I told him, and it gives him great confidence. After he was up we had a splendid lesson in astronomy. He says I am not really as stupid

as I think I am, because I see the difficulties. That is rather a good way of putting it for the dullard, and I recommend it to teachers. In the afternoon I went for a walk through New Park Wood and the fields, to Rough's delight. I was fortunate in finding some privet berries for the bullfinch. When I came in Nurse greeted me with the news that Hale wanted to go to bed. She asked me to try to get him to stay up at least till after tea. I found him very nervous; he had dozed, with some of his horrid nightmares. I managed by talking to defer the matter of going to bed, and eventually he stayed up till about 7 o'clock. He had tea alone with Nurse (as Molly and I were engaged to the Loyds), and Nurse tells me he talked a great deal to her. When we came in, Molly and I went at once to his room, and we had a very jolly time; he was obviously much better. Presently over his supper a characteristic thing happened. Nurse brought up a cup of excellent broth (some of Lady Robert's present) which she particularly wanted him to take with his chicken. *Of course* he refused. We both tried a little begging, but it was useless. I sat and watched him eat his chicken, and when he seemed inclined to give up I cut the rest of the meat off the bone for him and he finished it. Meanwhile he kept complaining of chilliness, poverty of blood, bad circulation, &c., &c., and as the chicken was cold I did so long to see him take the cup of broth.

I used every sort of coaxing, and common-sense argument, and at last very gently worked on his feelings (a mean trick, and yet not mean, for what I said was perfectly genuine), whereupon he let me take the cup downstairs to get the broth made hot again. Nurse heated it whilst I prepared some toast, and then I carried both back in triumph. Thereupon he began the most beautiful talk about my extraordinary influence over him—not concerning broth merely but the highest matters—&c., &c., and meanwhile he was shovelling the broth and toast into his mouth, utterly unconscious of everything except his delight in thoughts and words. Then with satisfaction he drained the last drop. I need hardly say I pointed no moral. He had long ago forgotten all about the broth which had really started the conversation.

Friday, 26th Nov. More astronomy. In the evening I said that we should take a long time to get through Airy, considering how we stopped to discuss every paragraph. He said, what did that matter? 'The doing is just as important as the done,' he said, and added after a pause, 'and much more instructive. People never will understand that.' I told him that it made me wretched to go hurrying on past a lot of half-comprehended difficulties. He said: 'It is just like a general leaving fortified places behind him . . . and,' he went on, 'the enemy will always be coming out again and again to attack you.' It was another

very good day. He seemed particularly well and cheerful. He likes me to clean out the bird-cage first thing after breakfast in his room.

. . . I am always very direct with Hale, and never conceal anything from him (except occasionally something to do with his illness which, after all, is no concern between him and me, but a matter for the nurse and doctor); at the risk of misunderstandings I plunge into the middle of the truth. This morning there came an occasion for this openness, and afterwards he blessed me very much for it. He said that I could have no notion of the help it was to him, of the good it did him; but I have a great notion of it, and it was a sure instinct which prompted me to this really courageous frankness—courageous, because I know the plunge must always submerge me in a sea of difficulties, and it will require a sort of breathless energy to get me safe to shore. When *there*, however, truth is reached, and I don't care a rap for the difficulties.

This afternoon I had a fright from bullocks. Rough disturbed them. I played the coward finely, but got off to the outward view respectably. Of course I confessed here, and every one laughed. I actually climbed behind some hurdles.

I left early on Saturday morning.

Sunday, 28th Nov. He sent me a letter from which I cut this portion. It is strange he should have written this after what I had written above.

I want you to put down in your book that I have said certain things about you, not because *I* have said them but because *somebody* has said them and you will repeat them when I have left you for ever. Please add to what I have already said that there is a veracity which requires *genius* as distinctly as the versification of Shelley or Milton. This veracity you have.

I returned on *Tuesday, 30th Nov.*, and found him very well. He was walking out on the road with Nurse. I was so glad to see him. Nurse says that Mr. White will have to lunch upstairs on the days when I return here, as I talk so much to him and get behindhand with my meal. I have no end to say to him, even if I have only been away for half an hour.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday I was lazy and kept no Diary; no unhappiness, but sheer laziness and contentment. On Friday I walked past Hendl Bridge and found some privet berries for the bird. I took them straight up to Hale's room when I got in. I was in very high spirits, particularly jolly after my walk, which amuses him and he likes it. I thought everything very beautiful when I was out. Walking in the shadow of a ploughed hill I saw lovely filmy clouds come over the brow like messages of light.

I left on Saturday morning.

I returned on *Tuesday, 7th Dec.* Hale was very eager; he wanted to come out and meet me, but Nurse would not allow it, so he watched at the

window. We had a desperate lot to say to one another. After tea we read Airy. I have decided to spend Christmas here, and we are all rejoicing. Molly is very urgent that I should stay. Hale said 'We shall have to have a pudding!' He shall keep a real Christmas.

Wednesday, 8th Dec. Hale nervous, perhaps because the doctor was due. The doctor came and reported well. In the evening Molly and I went to Langton Church, a practice which we think we shall continue after Advent is over. I feel very lazy about my Diary. One thing I wish to note, that I do not go *nearly every day* as I used through the wood to Top Hill Farm! It is curious how one gets rages for certain walks. I am rather keen on Hendal Bridge nowadays.

Thursday, 9th Dec. Molly found a beautiful peacock butterfly on the floor in her bedroom this morning. It was not quite dead, and after warming by the fire it revived and could painfully move itself along, very slowly and a very short way. It sat by my side whilst I wrote my novel, and lunched with us. It is now under a big sieve in the dining-room, and we wonder if it will still be alive to-morrow or whether its life is only one day. The question is, how does a butterfly come to be in Molly's bedroom on the 9th of December after a *bitter* cold, frosty night? Its antennae, legs, and bloom were perfect, but one wing was slightly frayed.

In the afternoon Molly and I drove in Mr. Oswell's carriage to call on Mrs. Boardman; she was out, and we made a round through Broadwater Forest and Tunbridge Wells home. The pine-woods were beautiful, and the brambles and evergreens so wet with thawed frost, and the bracken such a colour! We passed and met a lot of the beasts returning from the Cattle Show. When we reached home we were greeted with the news that a couple of oxen had been round the garden, one going right up the lane and turned back by Afflat. Nurse said they made quite a thundering noise. They had run in through the open gate. To-night Hale read me some beautiful bits of Landor; but they moved him too much; Landor so often touches our own peculiar case too nearly.

Another gap. I had to go home on the evening of Friday, 10th, as Nurse was poorly with an infectious cold and no one was allowed to sleep with her, and another nurse had to come. I returned on Monday, 13th.

I am sure that there is no love worth the name without the love of that which is beyond the person loved. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true, and I must try not so much to love you directly as to love this something above both you and me.

I insert this extract because it contains a great truth, new to neither of us, for we said it from the first. It does not get its full meaning standing

here alone ; a good deal had gone before and a good deal followed after. . . . Lady Robert came to-day ; I went to see her at ' Gale ' on Tuesday. Hale managed to make her hear very well ; he was particularly vigorous and emphatic and amusing.

Another gap. I shall not trouble to mention gaps any more for the present, as I can see that so long as these happy days pass I shall be idle about my Diary. To-day is Hale's birthday, *Dec. 22nd*. He is 78. Molly says that he never had such a fuss made over his birthday before ; he never used to like to have it noticed. Molly gave him chrysanthemums, Nurse rosebuds, Lizzie a plant, and I some violets. This afternoon I *made* him talk to me about his early boyhood. He was very funny with his ' Oh, well this . . . ' and ' Oh, well that ' . . . He actually, after much persuasion, allowed that the Head Master (Moore, a very strict disciplinarian but a just man, Hale called him) once noticed him for good. Some question was asked on Natural History which no boy was able to answer, ' and ' said Hale reluctantly, ' it appears I answered it right,' whereupon the Head Master had said to all the 350 boys there assembled : ' Ah ! That is because his father doesn't let him run the streets.' He told me again how in the Reform Bill riots, when the Tory mob attacked his father's house, he had to be carried as a baby from the front of the house to the back for safety.

Molly and I went to the usual Wednesday

evening service to-night. It was oppressively warm, after a bitterly cold day yesterday; one of the sharpest frosts till late last night, and early this morning the floods out right across the road!

Christmas Eve. A bright warm day. We walked to Stone Cottages. Oh, how we have talked! what a strange *communion* ours is! We have been busy all this week with our Christmas preparations. Everything is just as it should be—holly all over the house. I did the last shopping this afternoon in the Wells. We are full of absurd jokes. Yesterday I posted a Christmas card to 'Master Rough', c/o Miss Hale White, &c., and it arrived this morning and caused a lot of fun. Hale has got a book to give to Nurse; he told me of this on Wednesday or Thursday, and then said suddenly: 'By the way, is this the day I ought to give it?' I said certainly not, and then he said that he must put it away and not let her see it.

I have tried to get him to tell me something about Mazzini, whom he once, if not twice, went to see when he was in hiding in London (Brompton). He insisted, however, that he could remember nothing, and that it would be dangerous to try, he might begin to invent. He talked to me most interestingly of the difference between modern life and life at the time of Queen Elizabeth (a period he has lately been studying) in respect of the need for action and the need for thought. For example,

in these days you get up in the morning with no pressing need to do anything from the beginning to the end of the day ; you may, of course, have your daily routine work to perform, but if you neglect to do it, will the world come to an end ?—certainly not ; somebody else will do it instead, just as well and no better ; you may be blamed the next morning or may even be dismissed ; but again, will *that* hurt you ? You will be comfortably kept by somebody, Charity or the State. In *those* days you got up in the morning with the pressing need of preserving your own life, and the certainty that if *you* didn't do it, no one would do it for you. So also in thought ; *then* you must *make up your mind* whether you would suffer as a Catholic or Reformer ; now you need only shilly-shally between any of the more pleasant and ready-to-hand creeds which surround you. Of course this is put into my own words. He spoke so interestingly that I have begged him to set down his thoughts in writing.

We had a very happy Christmas. Nurse and I went to the Communion at the old church ; Molly went to Langton at midday. Hale and I had a good walk to Stone Cottages in the sun. It was very warm at noon, after a beautiful early morning frost. Every one in the house seemed to think it was the happiest Christmas ever spent. I returned to Beckenham on Sunday morning ; got into the wrong train (I believe it was the

Company's fault), and was carried to Tunbridge Wells, where I had to wait three hours! My journey from house to house took nearly six hours.

I have returned to-day, *Tuesday, 28th Dec.* We have talked very eagerly. One thing I will note: I was regretting the antagonism of Church and Chapel, and I asked if he thought anything would ever bring about a reunion; and he said: 'Of one thing I am quite convinced, and that is, that it will only be brought about by the Holy Spirit.'

6th Jan. The other day he told me a story of Emerson, with whom he once spent a morning perhaps five-and-forty years ago. Emerson was speaking of a remarkable old Quaker lady, and he said that this old lady had once said to him: 'I cannot think, Mr. Emerson, why you should make so much of what I say.' Whatever reason Emerson gave to the old lady, he gave this emphatic reason to Hale: 'If she had said "Yea", and all the world had thundered back "Nay", she would still have said "Yea!"'

He commented on my lesson on the talents. He said that the fact that the man with five talents should gain five more, was quite contrary to the vulgar opinion concerning those upon whom great blessings have been bestowed. Vulgar opinion would predict that the man with five talents (whatever those talents represent), so far from gaining more, would waste those and go to the bad. He also pointed out that the man who had

hidden his one talent is not stated to have brought it with him when called to his account. He refers to it as in existence, but it may still be buried, and perhaps when they come to search for it, it may be lost.

Hale is reading very steadily through Christina Rossetti's poetry. He marvels at her 'felicity of expression'. A *poet* she is, so he says again and again. But he thinks there should have been more selection in compiling the Collected Works; some things are not worth keeping. To-night he read to me most beautifully and very slowly 'This advent moon'. . . . Christmas festivities being over, I have returned to two-hours' writing a day. The days pass very busily, and much too fast, and I have something of a struggle to get the two hours for my story. This book necessarily gets neglected.

Dr. Adeney paid his fortnightly visit yesterday, and gave a most satisfactory report. I stopped purposely in Hale's room that he might see us there together; this was by special arrangement with Hale, for I think it is good for him to break through his funny, shy, secret ways. He generally wants me to hide when the doctor comes, though of course the doctor knows I am here and knows more than any one else about the matter. Thereby hangs a tale! This was at 5 o'clock. At half-past 6, Molly came to hurry me up to get ready for our early supper. I pretended to be in a great

fright and to deprecate her wrath as I ran out of her father's room. She told me afterwards that her father had promptly excused me on the plea that 'I had had something to say to the doctor!' We *did* laugh, but that is just the way in which he seizes on the wildest excuse behind which to shelter himself. It is not fear of *blame*, but an instinctive dread of notice, praise or blame. He always likes to be treated as if *he* doesn't exist.

Thursday, 13th Jan. This afternoon I saw a squirrel. It was on the top of the Park paling, stood there a minute transfixed with fright, then scrambled a little way up the trunk of a tree, stopped again, scrambled again, and stopped again, this time head downwards. Finally it fled so high and fast I lost it. I whistled and called to it, and Nurse saw me from her window, and we laughed and shouted to one another. I had several times seen the squirrels on the branches of those trees from the windows of this house, but never happened to see one when I was passing. It has been a lovely day. Hale and I walked round the garden, and I drew his attention to the shiny buds on a beech tree which showed like white blossom against the blue sky. He exclaimed aloud at the beauty of the morning as we went up the lane. We afterwards walked up the road. Molly has been in bed with a cold; she was disappointed at missing Miss Saint's annual party, but we have had plenty of fun and were boisterous this evening.

There are one or two notes I wish to enter. The other day he had been talking a little sadly of some of the things which he would have had otherwise, wanting his manhood over again with me—things which it is, after all, foolish to wish otherwise, for otherwise *is* otherwise and therefore not *this* wise—and after a long pause he said in his slow tremulous way: ‘Behold, I make all things new.’

One morning, when I went into his room, I said laughingly: ‘I love you as much to-day as I did yesterday.’ He laughed too, and then he became very grave and said some beautiful things which I will try to write here. He said that he was so liable to ‘drop down at once to despondency, to despair, to fears—not *base* fears, though fears; that it was so hard to *lift* him at all.’ ‘Your love’, he said, ‘is so powerful; it is the only thing that could ever have lifted me—that ever *will* lift me—that ever *has* lifted me.’ He said that he did not think there could be any one in the world to whom my love could have been of more *help*. Then he confessed to me very humbly and truly that ‘by habit’ from ‘some cause or another—never mind what—he had always been so prone to reject help as of no use, to make too little of the help and good about him.’ I can understand that so well, though some element in my nature or in the healthiness of my upbringing makes me much more disposed to thankfulness. I greedily snatch

at any help or any good that comes my way. He often now makes odd little confessions of these humours to me, showing, I think, that he suffers from them far less than he did; he has escaped from their clutch and can scrutinize them.

At the beginning of this week I was overwrought. I always know when I have gone too far and (very wisely) recoup my energies. Hale, of course, puts it all down to my Sunday work and the football ground, but I had to tell him that he was himself partly to blame for fretting me about my Bible Class. He has confessed to me that he does not like to 'meet resistance'. I was surprised at this confession, as I always regarded this interference of his as a sort of morbid unconscious instinct for obtaining complete possession of every creature that came within his reach, or rather *remained* within his reach, for the instinct never asserts itself with casual or infrequent visitors. I am convinced that a great deal *is* unconscious, for he has told me so repeatedly that he loves me for my perfect freedom, for the quick snap that comes if ever there is the slightest pull, that I cannot think he would knowingly fidget and worry the reins. Naturally I like to tell him all about my boys, and having once begun to do so (and it was in a sense through *them* and my talks about them that he read *me* first of all) I do not like to desist; it seems as if I were allowing them to come between us. God knows I would

have given up my boys at a moment's notice to come and live here, but the impossibility of doing the latter made the former unnecessary and therefore wrong. My work in the Class has been a great blessing to me, giving me distraction from my anxieties about Hale when he has been ill or difficult for me to manage. I soon found out, however, after telling him about my boys, that he would take points of disagreement, question my wisdom here or there, and beg me to try certain modifications. I naturally resisted, and (not knowing how wise my instinct was) I never gave in. Still, it always meant a lot of arguing and persuading and explaining, for I love him so much that I could never bear to go against his wishes and must always try to win him to my point of view. This might sound conceited, as if I were always right, but who would be likely to know best about the management of these boys, myself who have been at the work ten years, or himself who has (alas !) never seen the work at all ? All he knows of it is known through me, and the worrying part is that he constantly misinterprets when he is in these moods, and he imagines so painfully vividly in nightmares and daydreams a great deal which simply does not exist. I dare say the wise thing for me to do would be to leave the subject alone, draw him away from it on these particular occasions, but I have such a horror of giving in to him, fooling him, cheating him,

and plough on and get excited, and that is bad for both of us, and afterwards he dreams at night that I am very angry and have left him for good. Early this week I spoke to him very gently and seriously about this matter ; I told him I was overwrought, and that he must be careful with me, and not talk about the boys at all. He was, as usual, most tender and loyal, and ready to do all I wished ; and I soon felt well again and told him so. . . . Nurse spoke to me of his varying state of health, and I think I must make some allowance for that ; but perhaps, on the whole, I have done best to be perfectly open with him, and he is very, very good.

Friday, 28th Jan. Molly and I both went to Beckenham on Tuesday for two nights. I gave my boys their biennial party (which I think I ought to make annual) on Wednesday. The party was a great success, but I did wish (and kept saying I wished it) that Hale could be there.¹

He has acknowledged to me this morning his strong instinct for trying to bring people round to his own point of view. It is an instinct so

¹ The following pencil note in one of his little black pocket books can be dated early 1910, and possibly belongs to this very occasion :

‘The most excusable weakness is the despair, even an active despair which overwhelms me, old, suffering, hopeless, solitary, during dark December days while [I] know that others are rejoicing. At this moment, as I lie here wakeful in the silent night, the dancing is beginning, the brilliantly

curiously concealed under his deep humility. I, who am infinitely more conceited (he is not conceited in the least degree), never, never, never want to bring any one round to my point of view.¹ So strangely are qualities mixed and separated !

He has read me some Montaigne, so wonderful I thought it. I said that after reading certain writings I had an odd longing to live for a while in the land where they were written, and that I should like to go to Bordeaux and see the Château, a print of which was frontispiece to the volume. Hale told me eagerly that he had always wanted to go there too. I thought how strange it would be if we could look forward to such an excursion together, but it could not make us any happier than we are.

He has made me read him a good deal of Christina Rossetti lately. My reading is very poor compared with his, and he does not really like being read to, but he insisted upon this for some unknown

lighted room is alive with excitement and fluttering expectation.'

Perhaps he saw here the groundwork of a story, for the note goes on

' or

it is a winter frost with brilliant sun and ' and there breaks off.

At any rate the scene to my mind does *not* suggest a boys' club getting to work at a party, but a somewhat aristocratic gathering in a great country mansion.

¹ I leave that there ; but really I don't know now if it is true ! It is for somebody else to say.

reason. This morning he read me some beautiful poetry by Swinburne, called (I think) Proserpine. The hopelessness, the confident despair, of it all did not affect me; it was so contrary to my way of thought. I said that it seemed to me the outlook of one who had centred too much in self, that this hopelessness and despair might be the result of satiety, the failure of efforts to get one's *fill* of pleasure, one's *own* fill of pleasure, to satisfy *my* passion, *my* desire, *my* longing. Hale said yes. On the other hand, I said that it was, taken as far as it went and attempting to take it no farther, a genuine and natural human cry, and one in which most of us could join in certain moods. I do not call such a poem necessarily infidel. Then Hale added a very true word which I wish I could accurately remember; it was to the effect that the beauty of the poetry helped out¹ the hopelessness of the philosophy, that if you *must* write in a hopeless strain it would be better for you and for every one else if you laboured to write musically; the discipline of it would be an advantage. One might almost say that the beauty of Swinburne's verse gives the lie to the hopelessness of his philosophy.

1st Feb. Yesterday (Monday) was my birthday.

¹ I have been asked what I mean by 'helped out'. I suppose I should have said 'redeemed'. I meant, made it endurable, possible to swallow; *not* of course, brought it more easily to the birth:—by giving the hopeless philosophy the *helping* hand, makes it less hopeless. September 1911.

Hale sent me a few wee violets in a wee box. I did not get down here till 5 o'clock, as I had to go to Hollyer's for my photograph at Hale's urgent request, and then to buy a smart fur coat at a request as urgent from my mother. I didn't really look forward to either job, but Janet went with me and we got on very well. I was greeted here by Molly's cake, a birthday cake made specially for me, all over silver sugar plums. We were all, as usual, wildly glad to meet again.

This evening I have seen this marvellous new 'day-comet' for the first time. Molly called me out at about 6.30, and we saw it from below Mrs. Hyder's cottage. I ran back to borrow Hale's binoculars (if they *are* binoculars; anyway the word's a good one), and by their aid I saw not only the hair of the comet but the bright star from which it was combed. The hair is combed upwards, straight up into the sky, so long and straight and a little spread out.

2nd Feb. I went to the Communion, as I could not go on Monday. I keep to my rule of receiving the Communion once a week specially on his behalf, and our love for one another. The doctor did not pay his fortnightly visit to-day. He is to come once in three weeks. Hale keeps well, but his spirits vary a good deal. I love him just as much when he is down as when he is up; he is just as lovable, though difficult to deal with.

This evening, after a dull rainy day, when I went

to his room after tea I saw one solitary splash of rose colour low in the west. I made him get up to look at it, and a moment later it deepened in tone and I made him get up again. I said I loved that clearing at the end of such a day, and Hale said yes with some feeling, and that it had always meant so much to him. Presently as the clouds lifted, then dispersed, floating away in ragged remnants, he said it was a 'forgiveness'—a good word, I thought. Molly and I went to church; the stars were beautiful, and we saw Orion reflected in a puddle, in several puddles in fact!

3rd Feb. Marion and Olive Willis came for the day. Hale was not specially well, but he enjoyed seeing them. It was a rainy morning but cleared in the afternoon, and when I took them down to the station it was glorious.

4th Feb. A beautiful day. He walked farther and faster than he has walked since his illness; we had got nearly to the end of Stone Cottages, when he said in alarm and astonishment: 'What *am* I doing?' Secretly I was pleased that he should have found that he could pass the usual turning-point. He walked so fast, however, that I was obliged against my will to check him. This morning he said a good thing in reply to something I had said about the inclination to think that one ought not to devote, say, two hours or even an hour every morning to reading, but spend the time in something more profitable, generally profitable,

profitable to other people, in something towards an end. He said *that* had so often been said to him, and he had so often replied: 'But why may you not be allowed to consider that you are an end in yourself?' It is perfectly true that we *do* owe something to ourselves, and if we only paid that duly we should find we were at the same time enriching other people. To-night he began to read *Winter's Tale* to me. We were much too soon interrupted by his supper.

Friday, 11th Feb. I arrived home last Saturday morning to find Father very unwell, dangerously ill, as it afterwards appeared, with bronchitis and pneumonia. I saw him on Sunday but not again, as he was to be kept absolutely quiet. His first inquiry was for Mr. White and Molly. I remained at home till Thursday, when we considered him out of danger. In one of Hale's letters he wrote: 'I went out for a walk to-day, cold as it was, because you bid me. Really it was so. I looked out of window and thought you would wish me to go.'

Yesterday he tried to come down the road to meet me, but the wind was too strong. To-day we had a beautiful walk just past Stone Cottages. Both this evening and last he has read a large piece of *Winter's Tale* without being in the least degree fatigued and without any sign of flagging interest. This means increasing vigour.

I went home on Saturday and returned here on Wednesday, leaving Father fairly convalescent.

I had meant to return on Tuesday, but thought I ought to spare the extra day. I have kept two extracts :

14th Feb. 1910. . . . Of course you ought to stay, and it will be good to be generous and give more than is expected. If therefore you see any sign of disappointment that you are coming back on Wednesday I shall not expect you then. In fact, considering your father's kindness to us, I doubt whether it would not be better to give up the week to him. . . . I will do my part by saying nothing about myself. It would be hypocrisy to urge you to stay, and at the same time expatiate on my own misery without you.

From a letter 15th Feb. 1910 :

The reason why the Bible remains outside us and has so little effect on us is that we do not translate or adapt it. We need a Bible ready for use, ready for instant application to our own circumstances. To this end we should practise with it. A large part of our life remains without help from it, although there is in it everything sufficient for every trouble of a common, workaday world. It is a mistake to suppose that the Bible is exclusively what is called a religious book. The faith of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the evidence of things not seen, enables me to rejoice in my Dorothy this morning. I may add with the apostle that without *this* faith it is impossible to please Him. Yes, *this* faith, the faith in her.

We are very happy ; so it goes on day after day. This morning, when I was with him after breakfast,

I looked back into the past and could hardly recall the troubles of twelve months ago, could only recall the bare facts without the sensations. I was encouraging him to work, in my absence, at the book about Dorothy Wordsworth which I want him to write ; the scheme of it was his own suggestion ; it was entirely his own idea. Of course he at once began to object that he could neither read nor write, &c., &c., to which string of complaints I paid heed with my usual devout attention, then gently unthreaded the string and let the complaints fall to the ground ! I pointed out to him what he *could* do and what he now *does* do day after day, and he listened and then said suddenly and positively that, apart from what my love had done for him, I had been his salvation intellectually. When he says a thing like this I am glad, for it shows that he is sensible of his powers and really alive to the fact that his mind is still a fit companion for the mind of some one young and strong.

We have read more of the *Winter's Tale*. To me his reading seems the perfection of art, so exquisitely simple. The way he begins is characteristic ; there are no preliminaries, no explanations, apologies, coughs, adjustments of person, chair, book or lamp ; he starts imperceptibly ; you find that he has begun. He keeps a big German commentary open by his side and refers to it fairly frequently. He reads without glasses, and

when I watch him rapidly darting from one book to another, I marvel at the strength and quickness of his eye.

Yesterday, after tea, Molly and I had a walk up the road and back by Top Hill Farm. I am still nervous of mad bulls of Bashan as I go that way, after my experience of November 26th, and we heard a terrible monster bellowing and worrying at the gate of the cow-shed by the farm, but the right side of the gate most fortunately. Vegetarianism does not appeal to me on principle ; I should like once and for ever to eat up all the oxen in the world. Hale got out yesterday, too, as far as Stone Cottages. . . . He says that he remembers teaching a class of little boys in Sunday School when he was 13 or 14 years old. Of course when I pressed him to remember more he could remember nothing ; only the fact of taking the class and the look of the room. He does not know when he gave up teaching. His father was superintendent, and it was his father who revolutionized the system of the children's Sunday School by releasing the children from attendance at the long and (to them) unintelligible morning service in church, and giving them a suitable service of their own.

On Saturday afternoon we had a long growl together over the stupidity of the world in general ! It does us both good. If anything has rubbed me up the wrong way (usually some little bit of sensitiveness as to what people may or might say

about us) a good growl brings me round to the most perfectly jolly and serene frame of mind, and the whole of the grievance has vanished in air—exploded in words, would be better. One thing we did was to inveigh against the attitude of the village towards a certain widower who, having lost his wife a year or two ago, has just married again. . . . In point of fact it is all humbug, and so is a great deal of the talk of life, and I dare say it doesn't matter. Perhaps if we all took to talking the truth we should find life over-sad. But if we *are* to talk humbug, do let it be amiable humbug, calculated to make people happy rather than miserable. Hale said such a good thing in his emphatic way: 'I would tell them,' he said, "' If you *are* going to speak evil of anybody, *be sure you mean what you say.*" '

The other day I was teasing him about his carelessness over his meals (a virtue in him which I admire), and I told him that Nurse had remarked that he had one morning left his fish fork in his coffee cup; whereupon he said hastily: 'My dear, if I did, it was very wrong,' and he looked quite vexed as if it were a breach of good manners.

Tuesday, 22nd Feb. He is reading for the first time and with great pleasure, *Lorna Doone*. I mentioned it incidentally the other day, and he got it from Molly's Subscription Library in the Wells. We read more *Winter's Tale*. He also read a passage from the *Odyssey* XIX about Autolycus.

He was overcome by emotion again and again, and once had to stand in order to get on at all. . . . A lovely evening after a stormy day. I went up the road for a bit after tea and enjoyed the mild air and beautiful sunset, and marched home whistling shrilly. . . . Molly and I cut up oranges in the afternoon. Hale was a bit fidgety, but he got quite himself before bed-time. I think these attacks are due to the digestion; he looks white and grey, and evidently feels wretched and oppressed; but it passes off after a while. I have to use my discretion; sometimes I am sensible, sometimes sympathetic, and sometimes I leave him alone and go away, but I only go away if he *asks* me to go, and then very unwillingly, so that he never can feel that I have deserted him from weariness or despair. This is an important point, for in these moods of depression one of his fancies is that his misery makes *me* miserable, and if he saw me anxious to slip away he would believe his fancy confirmed as fact.

Thursday, 24th Feb. St. Matthias's Day, and I went to the Communion. It poured with rain in the morning. Coming home from Church I heard the woodpecker laughing in Miss Saint's Park for the first time this year. Hale and I had a long talk together. Just before tea I went through Watson's field, over the stile, and up the lane in the wood. I found a mighty pine tree fallen right across the path, blown down, I suppose, in Sunday's terrific

gale. I also found, less obvious, quite a nice number of primroses in bloom. I picked about half a dozen and brought them home to Hale; they smelt very sweet and he was pleased. . . .

Friday, 25th Feb. Molly went in to the Wells to the dentist at 10.15, and I was to meet her at lunch at the Robertses, but it was too stormy for me to go. Though I like them very much, I could not help feeling glad to have the whole day with my dear one. We did a lot of work. He *does* work hard, and he must be ever so much stronger. I sang to him the 'Scottish Cavalier', which he liked. We were together all day long, and did not know a tedious minute. After supper I went out for a walk in the village, as it was fine and mild, and I wanted a little fresh air before going to bed. This afternoon he talked to me about Weimar and the beauties of the Thuringen Wald. The grand-duke's park at Weimar 'flowed into the town', so he said; meeting the streets without gates or palings. I asked him about Goethe; he spoke with great enthusiasm, but when I pressed for a more particular judgement and said, 'What do you think of him?' he said: 'You might just as well ask me, "What do I think of any one of the great forces of nature?"— "What do I think of the sea or the sky?"'

This morning I quoted Stevenson about the fall of the artist beginning when he comes to say '*it will do*'. Hale observed that you ought not to

say 'it will do' to *anything*, 'not even to an order to the Stores.' This rule applied not only to writing but to every 'common action'. If you reserve your 'best' style for your 'best' writings, your 'best' writings become 'pompous and stilted'. He said: 'You ought to do your small things as you do your great things, *and* (which is not quite the same) your great as your small—with just the same simplicity.'

When I reached home on *Saturday, 26th Feb.* I found Mother very unwell. I decided to remain there till Wednesday morning. I copy two extracts:

28th Feb. O dear! you are worrying yourself about the Alexandrine MS. and you have forgotten your faithful promise, which was to tell me what happened on Saturday and whether you got wet feet. Troublesome D.! You don't believe I care for you the least bit or am anxious, nursing depression and care here alone this dark day. . . . Yes, I went out both Saturday and Sunday.

1st March. I give you up¹ with complete resignation and yet with a strange sadness which the sunshine cannot overcome. I cannot describe its peculiarity: it is not simply sorrow for your absence. . . . You remember I petitioned for a full account of what you are doing, it would be more to me than much which looked more interesting. Yet now when I want you most I seem to hear so little. . . . The barest chronicle

¹ He had heard from me that I could not return till Wednesday.

will suffice, but it must be *personal*, and in detail—where you went for a walk, who called, trifles, but not trifles to me.

I returned on *Wednesday, 2nd March*. March, I must say, has made a splendid start, *three whole fine days*, and this looks like the beginning of a fourth. Yesterday I got him as far as the gate at the top of the hill, his longest walk since his illness, or rather I should say since last summer; for of course at St. Leonards he walked as far, a good bit farther I suppose. We hung over the gate looking towards Top Hill Farm and were utterly content. He said one or two beautiful things to me; he spoke of the fact that there had never been any friction between us and that, if it was possible, there was still less chance of friction now, that (again if possible) we were surer of our love. He seemed very peaceful, and, so far as I understood, his peace came from the certainty that I was content with him as he was, and that he need have no fears that, as he grew older, I should want him to be something different, to be young again, and eager for new ideas. He said that after a certain age you had to let so much be, so much was too difficult then. As I looked at him I felt convinced that I was right never to have urged him to adopt my form of religion. I have never felt as if God wished it, though I have sometimes wished it myself. Our religion, however, is identical; we have the same love and faith and

hope and reverence, and no difference in form of worship and prayer can destroy that unity. . . . In the afternoon I persuaded him to come out again, the day was so perfect. He has hitherto set his face resolutely against going out twice, and I wanted him to see that it *could* be done. Both doctor and nurse wish him to venture out more and farther afield. He had tea afterwards with Molly and me in the drawing-room. Between tea and supper he was overpowered by sleepiness. Nurse declared it was quite a healthy sleepiness, but I was somehow doubtful. This morning he complains of a disturbed night; but the day is lovely, and I hope he will feel better when he is up and dressed.

I received this on Monday morning. He had heard from me that I should be able to come from the Monday to the Saturday, as Father and Mother were off to St. Leonards on Tuesday. I liked this scrap because it was evidently written in high spirits.

6th March 1910.

DEAREST,

I plunged at your note this morning. I rejoiced—

- (a) Because you were coming to-morrow.
- (b) Because you were glad you were coming.
- (c) Because you were not vexed with me but felt with me. You do not then wonder.

Till 12.35. *St. Perpetua.*

HALE.

Molly and I spent Wednesday night at Ashtead with Marion; we had a very happy time. Hale came down the road to meet us on Thursday morning, and was glad to see us back. In the afternoon Molly went in to Mrs. Hyder to join in the service of Holy Communion. She told me afterwards that an offertory had been suggested; apparently Mrs. Hyder thought it was the right thing, but they had not (there were three of them) brought any money. Old Mrs. Hyder's aged sister (one of the three) had come in by chance. 'Has *she* got any money?' asked Mrs. Hyder in her abrupt way. The answer was 'No'. '*Then she better go out,*' was the abrupt rejoinder! Molly, however, ran home for sixpences.

Hale and I have had some wonderful talks together. He seems so perfectly content, though every now and then he delights in saddening himself with the thought that I shall leave him one day—in fact *any* day—and never return. He has read a good deal to me lately, and has made *me* read, which I don't like. He read Browning's *Lovers' Quarrel*; we thought it beautiful. . . . I want to remember two things he has said to me. Some days ago he said that I had loved him '*with such mercy*'. Yesterday he told me that mine was a 'great responsibility' because I had 'absolute sway' *¹ over him and 'altered' him. That is true, as I well know; and equally true it is

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

that he rules me. I am infinitely better for having lived with him. I often look up from my work and see him working and feel ashamed of my idle ways!

Just before tea this afternoon (Friday, March 11th) he began to talk about the three pictures which hang by his bedside, three pictures of sleep, as he pointed out, the sleeping St. Ursula, the sleeping disciples, and Rethel's last sleep of death.¹ The only one awake, so he showed me, was Christ. He spoke very quietly and under control. I shall never forget with what love and awe and humility he looked again and again at the kneeling figure of Christ. We said very little.

Tuesday, 15th March. I came yesterday, and have arranged to stay till Thursday week, as I must spend extra days at home next week, i.e. Good Friday and Saturday, and it seems only fair that

¹ *Der Tod als Freund.* To the mount of this picture was affixed a slip of paper on which he had copied these words from the Pilgrim's Song in *Sintram and his Companions*:

Nun will euch Hülfe bringen
Der gnadenreiche Tod.
Den müsst ihr freundlich grüssen,
Dann wird er freundlich auch,
Und kehrt in Lust das Büssen;
So ist sein alter Brauch.

(De la Motte-Fouqué.)

The St. Ursula picture was of course that by Carpaccio. As to the other, it is something like ten years since I saw that Garden of Gethsemane, but there is very little doubt in my mind that I have found it again in Holbein's Eight Scenes of the Passion in the Basle Museum.

if I give the boys Good Friday and Easter, I should give Hale one single Sunday. Yesterday I walked to the old cottages on the footpath to Ashurst, where I went once with him now very nearly two years ago. I have never been there since. I mean now to go often; and I cannot see why Hale should not get strong enough to go there with me again some day. In the evening I asked him to read Matthew Arnold's 'Grande Chartreuse'; very beautiful, but the sentiment occasionally weak and expressed consequently here and there in a weak line. For instance, the organ's music is sentimentally introduced towards the end of the poem, whereas near the beginning it is well remarked that there *is* no organ music. Both statements may be true and reconcilable, but the second for some instinctive reason aroused my suspicion.¹ He took down Swinburne's Essay on Matthew Arnold and read me (magnificently) a magnificent passage on Arnold's misty pessimism, a strong and fiery piece of truth-telling. He also read me passages of warm admiration for Arnold's poetic art. If Swinburne's prose is all like that, I call it *good*. He is still reading *Lorna Doone* with intense delight. Mr. Bain has sent him a nice 3-volume copy either for borrowing or purchase.

Friday, 18th March. Hale said to me to-day

¹ It seems to me, on looking at the poem now, that I must have mistakenly supposed the last verses to refer back to the Carthusian Chapel itself.

a thing which of course I wanted to remember but cannot ! It was to the effect that he had often noticed how a ray of light would strike upon some quite common ugly object and call forth colours as beautiful as in the rarest gems. I knew to what he referred long before he had finished speaking, for facing us was a shabby old green baize top to a table leaning against the wall, and the sun shone full on a corner of it.

Hale *can* work, he *can* concentrate ; the sight of it makes me silent, savage and ashamed. This morning he sat, as he always sits to work, square to the table on an ordinary chair, *away* from the fire, from before 11 till past 12.30, with hardly one momentary interruption. I worked too, but then I so often look up, and stare out of the window, and wish I were anywhere but at my business ; I stop to look at him too ! He writes very slowly and carefully, usually on small scraps which he afterwards thrusts between the sheets of his blotting-paper. This morning twice whilst he was writing he gave a sob, and was evidently feeling some emotion keenly as he wrote.

Sunday, 20th March. Holy Communion at St. Thomas's. In the evening Molly and I went to Langton Church, and afterwards had supper with Miss Turner. We had been to her *most* interesting lecture on birds the previous afternoon.

Monday, 21st March. The very happiest morning ! We went out as usual about noon and found

the day mild and beautiful, the first day of spring both by name and nature. When we got to the little white gate leading to Top Hill Farm, Hale suddenly turned in! I had never been up that path, and had no thought of his going. My secret hope had been that he might have walked a very short way into the Top Hill field at the top of the high road. What he *did* was to walk right through the farm, and field, and down the path, through the wood home. We had not been in that wood together for I don't know how many months, eighteen or nineteen I dare say, and he has, during his illness, stuck to it that he never would go, and I have stuck to it that he would, and when the time came he went as a matter of course! I showed him my new private way into the garden, and said he might very well come that way some time, though perhaps not now.—Why not now, he wanted to know. 'Very well,' I said, 'come along.' And we both scrambled up the bank, through the laurel hedge and down the other side.

Wednesday, 23rd March. Another walk, still farther! At Top Hill Farm Hale said: 'I think I'll go along here a bit,' and that meant along the cart track to the gate at the far end of the field which leads to the lane. We met the farmer, who was pleased to see him out, after a lapse of about eighteen months, as he said. The people *have* missed him, I know.

This evening we talked about the Epistle of St. James, and then he read to me the walk to Emmaus, from St. Luke. He drew my attention to the question, 'What things?'

I went home for Good Friday and Easter.

From a letter 26th March 1910 :

The poor bird is dead. Yesterday morning he fell off his perch with just a flutter, and in a second it was all over. We tried hot flannels, but they were useless. He is buried in our little graveyard in the garden.¹

I think I could get to the post office this morning, but I will not go till I can go with you.

Easter Monday, 28th March. I returned. Three of my boys came over from Tunbridge Wells in the afternoon, and we had tea at the 'Crown'. Before tea we all sat in Hale's room, and he talked to each of the boys.

The Cottage,
Groombridge, Kent.

2nd April 1910.

DEAREST,

The proof I gave you had not been corrected. Can you believe it? The *Nation* has inserted an uncorrected proof, without waiting for the return of the one they sent me. There were other mistakes besides the one you pointed out. I never knew them blunder in this way before,

¹ It was thought I had given it too much groundsel, or groundsel with frost upon it. I know I did bring it copious supplies, and I remember the trouble I took to get some from a cottage garden somewhere (I think) out Ashurst way.

and consequently I was not so careful with the MS. when I sent it them as I might have been. I wrote to Massingham yesterday, telling him the article must be postponed. I am half-mad with vexation. Why do you not write to the *Nation* as follows: 'A letter signed "Mark Rutherford" appeared in your columns last week. Please allow me to point out that the story is grossly and absurdly impossible. It is not worth exposure in detail. Many of your readers will not be sorry that Mr. R. himself has proved so obviously that he can write rubbish.

Truly yours,

DOROTHY VERNON HORACE SMITH.'

—HALE.

This refers to an article in the *Nation* entitled 'Faith'.¹ He wrote it ten or twelve months ago, and then put it away. The mistake about the gauge was in it then. There ought to be no gauge, and the man depends entirely on his watch. I had left the house before the *Nation* went up to his room. Molly told me on my return that she took Nurse in with her to keep him calm, and that when he saw the article he danced about the bed and swore! I said I wished I had been there! Five minutes afterwards he did not care a straw, and wrote a simple explanation to appear in the next number.

From a letter *2nd April*:

Although I wrote to you this morning I must write again. I am not quite certain whether

¹ See *Pages from a Journal*, 2nd edition (1910), p. 326.

you were completely happy when you left me. Will you please send me a telegram early to-morrow, with just one word in it to set me at rest. . . . I was going to suggest a word to you for the telegram, but I would rather leave it to you. I shall be able to interpret it. Here is a telegraph form in case you have not one handy, and here are the stamps. If you are sad you must be silent.

All day long I have had you before me. I have been much alone, and have watched the door thinking that it must open and that you must come in. I cannot really believe that you are far away—and yet, strange to say, at the same moment you seem so *very* absent—entirely—soul and body.

Friday, 8th April. We are reading *Rudin* together, at least Hale reads it to me. This is the first novel he has read aloud to me; he makes every point clear, and takes great pains with the conversations.

I copied out, at his request, the prayer which I use for him every day. He wrote to me (April 10th) that he would like me 'to ask that I may be preserved in such a temper that I may always rejoice in your presence. I cannot find the words. You will find them for me. I dread one thing, and, I was going to say, one only, that I may become unfit for you.' I told him that when I pray against his 'fears', that covers this request, for this dread of his is but a 'fear', and I do not fear it at all.

Wednesday, 13th April. He told me something of the occasions when he has seen Mercury rise. Once it was on a winter's morning, looking over the paling up this hill. He then told me that Copernicus had never seen Mercury rise; he thought this very sad, and said that Copernicus was one of the few men who had 'the right' to see Mercury rise. He lived in Poland, where the atmospheric conditions made it impossible. Hale said he was 'not only an astronomer, but a man of a superb and lonely mind'.

Thursday, 14th April. Lady Robert came, and we had it fine at last for her visit! Molly and I both (separately) heard the cuckoo—she on the road, I in the garden, and the cuckoo in the Park.

Tuesday, 19th April. He spoke emphatically of the New Testament as a book for *this* world more than for the next, to teach us *how to live here*. This sounds a simple enough thought, but I felt its depth. He went on to show that it is hardly used in this world's *politics* at all; it is relegated to *religion* as a thing apart—a guide to Heaven, not a guide to earth.

Friday, 29th April. Nurse is moving into her new home at Langton, and last night she slept out, and we were without a nurse in the house for the first time since Oct. 6th, 1908! We got on very well. I made out that *I* was most to be pitied, alone in my room and afraid of burglars, and I said so much about this to Molly that I think

it distracted her thoughts from her father. Next morning, unfortunately, when Nurse came she could not administer the due dose of morphia and Hale had a bad day. In the evening Molly and I dined with Miss Roberts, and afterwards went to the Langton Choir Concert. Molly drove up first with Miss Roberts, who had had tea with us, and I followed on foot at half-past six. There was a wonderful sky effect. As I climbed the hill I saw a yellow glow ; nothing marvellous in that, though lurid and remarkable. At the top of the hill, however, I obtained a view of the western horizon, and this is what I saw : sheets of rain pouring down from the clouds *between* Groombridge and Ashdown Forest. The rain was purely local, just over Ashurst I should say, and so thin must have been the streak of rain that the *full yellow-red* sun was shining through it, a sight which I have never seen before, so strange a sight that I was almost frightened ; perhaps the nearest approach to such a sight would be an eclipse. Equally good proof of the slender line of rain was the fact that I could look through to Ashdown Forest where the sun was shining in a golden mist. Farther south I could see Crowborough, more obscured and apparently sunless. In the east there was a large calm space of blue. Overhead and northwards all was clouded, but no rain fell. As I walked along I expected the rain to catch me, but the ragged cloud from which the rain was falling like dis-

hevelled tresses seemed to remain stationary. The rain came at last, or else I walked into it at Crockhurst Hatch, and at the same time walked into the great broad beam of the sun as it slanted out from the edge of the cloud whose dishevelled tresses had been a veil or screen. So rain and sunshine came together, and then the rain in earnest and darkness, and after that a clearing again.

On Hale's recommendation I am reading *Wilhelm Meister*. Of course it has taken me by storm.

From a letter 1st May :

I have been very tired since last Friday, but I am better now. I must take care to avoid fatigue. I must resist the charm which draws me on when I am out with my Dorothy. I know nothing which soothes me, nothing which seems to protect me, as the presence of my own, we two alone, in the wood or solitary open field.

Wednesday, 4th May. Edith Street² came for one night, Nurse sleeping at Langton. We all enjoyed the visit, and Hale got on with her very well. Molly was much amused by an incident typical of her father. She had taken his hair brushes to wash them the night before, and left them in the drying cupboard. At 6.30 next morning her father came out of his room to hunt for them. 'Whatever did you want your hair

¹ But I never finished it. Perhaps it was too big an undertaking.

² A friend of mine from our childhood.

brushes for at that hour?' asked Molly, for at 7 o'clock he could have asked Lizzie for them, even supposing he could possibly have wanted them; but he seemed quite exasperated by the stupidity of the question and only said: 'My dear, I can't do *anything* without them.'

Something else typical I shall set down. Last Saturday morning after the bad Friday, Hale was, as I expected he would be, quite himself again, but with a sort of aftermath of melancholy. He begged me to come up quickly from breakfast, as he had a very important thing to say. When I came up he began to talk, having first asked me not to interrupt. He talked for about twenty minutes without stopping, and it was all about the sadness of my life here, the impossible union of youth and joy with old age and misery—a perfectly *dreadful* kind of talk, just like a mountain slowly settling down on the top of you, kindly, gently but firmly! I thought I stood it very well, being, of course, accustomed to periodical returns of such entertainment, and I tried to keep my emotions steady and my head quite clear. When he had finished he said: 'Now you must go.' It was in fact nearly time for me to start to the station; but the idea of going suddenly upset me, and I burst into tears. Nothing could have been better devised (though I need hardly say it was no device), for instantly he flew from the depths of despair to the heights of joy, gave

me several hearty but hasty kisses, said : ' That 's all right now, Dorothy, go and get your boots on, or you'll miss your train,' and began to drink up his coffee !

From a letter *7th May* :

' The wind is roaring outside ; it is a disturbed, dark, unhappy afternoon.'

From a letter *14th May* :

Make haste. The bluebells are out. The wood is heavenly azure. I want to be there with you.

Thursday, 19th May. Last night we passed through the comet's tail ; ¹ a most uncomfortable process I found it, because we had a violent thunder-storm, and I was sleeping alone as Nurse was out, and I woke to imagine that this fury was the lashing of the comet's tail and that the earth was being pitilessly hurled into unknown horrors, and I soon made my way into Molly's room, and by invitation into her bed, where we both lay and hoped for the storm to pass. Lizzie looked us up too. Next morning Hale said that he had been ' on the point ' of coming in to see how Molly was getting on. ' He is always " on the point " of that in a storm,' said Molly, ' but he never comes.' I told him how frightened I had been (on the whole I have been a bit too nervous lately, I don't know why), and said how I wished I was never

¹ This was Halley's comet, not the gentle daylight one.

afraid of anything, whereupon he burst out : ' My dear, you would be *intolerable*.' In the afternoon I told him that he had a great power of soothing fears ; he seems quietly to take them up, look at them and lay them down. He said if he had this power it was inherited from his father ; you felt that power about his father directly he came into the room, fresh, vigorous, breezy. When he died, Hale was about 50, but he said the relationship had never ceased to be that of the child to the parent ; that he had depended much on his advice, and apart from natural grief, felt very keenly that he had lost a prop. He has a great admiration for his father. He says that the change of attitude towards their religious creed came simultaneously. He attributed the change in his father's case to the influence of Carlyle. He is writing a paper about his father, and works at it steadily every morning.¹ I hardly enter any notes now in this book ; day after day we increase in our happiness.

Letter 21st May 1910 :

I am really delighted that you are going to see Lady Robert. I should be wretched if you did not go. The abandonment of the visit would mean gross selfishness, which you ought not to permit. And yet—an apparent contradiction—selfishness makes me wish you to go

¹ This must be *Early Life of Mark Rutherford* ; I can see the beginnings here and there in this Diary. (See p. 204, note.) This is probably a revise.

because you will be the better for going. I *pray* you to stay till Wednesday if you are asked. I do *beg* of you also not to put off next Saturday's cricket and the Sunday's class. You will do me no good by not doing your duty. I mean what I say. If I once allow my love for you to interfere with your work, you will suffer and our love will suffer. I shall feel it secure if it does not get in the way of what is good. This is not quite right. Of course it can never be insecure. What I mean is that I like to know our love harmonizes with all that is good and even assists it.

I have had a letter from your father. I hope to answer it to-morrow, and it shall go to you at 'Gale'.¹

I came here from 'Gale' on *Tuesday, 24th May*. I passed Molly driving to the station for a week in town with her brother. Lady Robert has offered to lend us 'Gale' for a holiday, a most munificent offer, and we *hope* to go on Monday; if we do not, it will be that Hale 'jibs' at the last. He *wants* to go, but the thought of *deciding* throws him into a feverish agitation. Nurse and I alternately laugh and groan.

The other day he told me about his experience as a schoolmaster at Stoke Newington. I let him tell me the whole story, though I afterwards reminded him that I had read it word for word in

¹ I had threatened to give up this visit to 'Gale' because he seemed so miserable at the prospect of not seeing me till Tuesday. Note, May 1910.



THE GARDEN

the *Autobiography*. He did not know it was there, and apologized for telling me the story all over again. He said that was the first attack of the malady which has since pursued him all through life.

Thursday, 26th May. We have had such lovely weather for the last ten days or so. This afternoon, as we sat in the garden, we saw two dear little orange-tip butterflies settle on the gentian-blue rock-plant by the drawing-room window. The orange, white, and gentian looked beautiful in the sunlight. Hale cried out with pleasure. I reminded him of the butterfly which settled on my hat last year, and how he had called it a 'happy omen'. He had forgotten.

Friday. Lady Robert came. We walked to and from the station together; and we all three sat for some little time in the garden. We decided to go to 'Gale' on Monday. Hale was fidgety, but her visit cheered him up.

We spent nearly three whole weeks at 'Gale', a very happy and successful holiday; fine weather, with some thundery days and nights. I kept no Diary. I keep no Diary now, as may be seen; this is because the weeks go on evenly and happily.¹

¹ How I wish I had kept some day-to-day record of those weeks at 'Gale'! Hale contentedly smoking under the shelter of the wall on the lower terrace, looking on to the line of the Sussex Downs; the bell-gentians in the wall on the left; Molly's joy over the chaff-chaff always to be heard in the beech tree by a certain corner of the Freshfield Park;

From a letter 18th June : ¹

It has dawned on me that my duty is to strive after your happiness and not after my own. What a simple discovery ! and yet these simple discoveries are often those which are last made and are the most important. This, in particular, came like a flash—' not yours but hers '. The moment it became real to me the whole aspect of things was altered. And perhaps your happiness is the road to mine : perhaps if I do not think about my own happiness, but about yours, I shall be happy. I will try—more earnestly than ever, and I must aim at things which have no direct reference to myself, at happiness for you in which I cannot directly share.

Saturday, 18th June to Monday, 20th. Lady Robert came to ' Ivy Bank '. I have written to Humphrey about the publication of the *Last Pages from a Journal*.² We want it to come out now

mine, over pink apple blossom against a blue sky ; the mysterious church in the wood where the housekeeper declared his lordship liked to worship on Sundays (we hunted and hunted for the church, which—so the story goes—was never found ; hence suspicion attached to his lordship) ; the port wine left in the cupboard, and tipped by the aforesaid housekeeper into a Trifle, into two or three Trifles, Nurse (whose conscience or palate or both objected) having Trifles of her own ; the odd feeling all over house and garden as of some charming presence, somebody *there* who was yet *not* there ; finally Hale's curiosity about everything, even (if I remember correctly) to his writing to Lady Robert to ask where she bought her long bars of soap.

¹ He had returned to Groombridge, and I was at Beckenham for my usual week-end.

² *More Pages.*

whilst we can enjoy it together. This afternoon we sat on the upper lawn for a bit, and we saw a squirrel jump so gracefully from tree to tree. Father has let me have the piano from home,¹ and I am to practise half an hour a day. I mean to make Molly sing. It was the piano at 'Gale' which started this new idea. Hale is very eager about the music.

I have sent *Isabel* to Murray; *Helen* I have put away for six months, on Lady Robert's recommendation.

Thursday, 23rd June. When Hale has Bengier for supper and a plate of pudding, he takes the Bengier and pudding alternately—indiscriminately, would be better—because they happen to be side by side on the tray. This afternoon I went for a walk. For the last few months I have got into the way of neglecting my 'constitutional'. Ever since Hale has been well enough to attempt a second walk in the afternoon or in this summer weather to sit out, I have naturally preferred to wait about here with him. I believe, however, it is not good for me never to get quite away for a clear hour, nor good for him either!—and, having told him so, I have begged him to keep me up to the rule of a good walk every afternoon. He says he is convinced I am right, and that if I do not cling to some such rule I shall find that at last it comes to this, that he can never let me out of his sight.

¹ My practising piano.

I honestly believe that would be so. He always insists that I must go, and is most common-sensible in theory, but when the time comes for going, there is a sadness about him which makes it very difficult to start, and one is tempted to defer the start until—to-morrow! Privately, here, I will admit that I was rather nervous and overstrung before we went to 'Gale'; my fright over the bullocks of last autumn still weighed on my mind, or rather recurred intensified, and I kept looking for bullocks round every corner; I had other fears as well. I have returned from 'Gale' much more careless; but I owe it to my dear one to keep strong and robust, and this can only be ensured by securing a whole hour (sometimes two) in the open air and quiet of the country, with no possible demand upon my spiritual or nervous energies. The oats are up in the field which has shown those beautiful straight green lines ever since last autumn; the lines are now merged in a level lake, and the green has softened to a lovely tint. I played to Hale after tea. He is very fond of Chopin. Music excites him just like poetry; whilst I am playing he will sometimes get up and walk about. He reminds me occasionally of Professor Hambourg! He burst out in rhapsody after one piece this evening; he began to try to express what it suggested to him, but then broke off, saying: 'I can't describe it in words. It isn't meant that I should.'

Friday, 24th June. He inquired what my Sunday lesson would be ; I said, ' For your adversary the devil ', &c., and then began to justify or apologize for my belief in a personal devil. He cut me short and wanted to know whether it was not enough to take that verse simply word by word and ask if it is not an exact representation of the ordinary facts of everyday life. ' For your adversary, *your* adversary, your *adversary*, walketh about—doesn't he *walk about*?—as a roaring lion, and doesn't he *roar*?—*seeking, devour.*' He said it was so much easier to fight against evil if we looked upon it as something outside ourselves ; some *body* too, I said. We give all the credit of good suggestions to the Holy Spirit, and why should we not credit the bad suggestions to the Evil Spirit ? We calm ourselves and stay ourselves by the beautiful presence of Jesus, we see Him watching and commending us, and why should we not check and arrest ourselves by the horrible presence of Satan, sneering, cold, cunning, cruel ? Hale got out *Pilgrim's Progress* and bade me read about Apollyon, which I did, and then we talked more and I had no time to dress for dinner. Next morning he gave me the scrap of paper which I have affixed to the next page ; he said he had made these notes in the night. I used them in my class on Sunday.

I should not be afraid of being literal. Recollect what your object is. Young men,

such as I imagine yours to be, do not understand abstractions and are not reached by them.

Insist on what you said to me—the constant liability to attack.

The verse before is ‘Be sober, be *vigilant*’.

The truth of every word of the text. ‘Adversary,’ somebody whose constant unwearied object is to destroy. ‘Roaring lion’—Terror. ‘Goeth about’, ‘seeking’—his activity. ‘Devour’—makes an end, once and for ever.

Not coarse temptations alone, such as drunkenness, stealing, but also such as cheating. How he cheated Eve.

He persuades us things are pleasant to the taste, but when we swallow them they are bitter.

Fears. Perhaps the worst temptation is fear of doing right lest your companions should laugh. Cowardice is always a temptation.

Each man has his own peculiar temptation. Jesus in the desert: ‘turn these stones into bread.’ What was the meaning of this strange temptation?—It would be none to you or me.

Temptations are not to be overcome in our own strength. The best weapon is a very short prayer.

‘How do I know what is a temptation from the devil?’ The question is generally asked in idleness. *At the time* we can know well enough if we will but listen to the Voice. Which will do good to me and my neighbour? But, above everything for certainty, what would Jesus do in my case?

Monday, 27th June. He was waiting for me at the station with Molly when I arrived! Not done that for nearly two years!

After I had gone to bed I was speaking to Nurse, and she told me she had been able to reduce the morphia to the one dose in the twenty-four hours instead of one and a half, giving up the half-dose in the morning. She has several times tried this and failed ; it always meant that by noon he was shivery and miserable and grey, and usually that he had a bad nervous attack and must go to bed. She tried the experiment again at ' Gale ', with the same result ; he turned an ashen colour and complained bitterly of the cold. It suddenly struck me¹ that it might be a good thing to tell him why he was cold, to explain that Nurse was trying to reduce the morphia (a fact which I knew would please him), and that he had only just to hold out through the day and wait for his dose at night. I went to Nurse and asked her if she thought this would be a good plan ; she consented after some consideration, cautioning me that I must let him suppose that it was the nightly dose which was reduced, as he knows nothing of the morning dose. I must explain here that the doctor and nurse have had great difficulty in making him take the morphia (it was apparently necessary for him, warming him and stimulating the heart), and many ways and means have been resorted to in order that he should not know the quantity administered. The doctor has assured us that the amount he takes could not possibly

¹ I mean on that same day of ' the experiment ' at ' Gale '.

harm him, but naturally one has always that horror of drugs, and their reactionary effects; and, besides, if he were taken ill it would mean not a dose of morphia but an *increased dose* of morphia. Moreover, *to me* he is not an old man to be quietly put to sleep; people are much too fond of speaking of him as if his last days had come; I dare say they have, but they happen to be a good deal more precious than most people's first days or middle days; his powers are still wonderfully strong (he can well wear *me* out!), and there is plenty of work still left to accomplish. It was something after this fashion that I spoke to him that afternoon, and he seemed very glad; he looked at me in a penetrating way when I spoke strongly of my determination not to allow his mind to be clouded, out of an idle good-nature. I told him that I knew nothing of the numbers of grains, but that I did know that the morphia had been greatly reduced since his illness and that Nurse hoped to reduce it still more. I assured him that the amount he now took could not harm him, and that he could at any moment tell Nurse that he did not wish it reduced, but that I felt convinced he would be pleased if the experiment of reduction was tried, and particularly pleased if it succeeded. I then asked him to do his best to struggle through the afternoon and wait for his evening dose. He almost immediately sat down to write; we also took a walk; once he nearly

gave in, sat and shivered on the bed, but pulled himself together again. So we got through. I supposed next day that Nurse would give him the extra half-dose as before, and wait for some time before another trial; I said nothing to her, for I did not want to worry her, though she never minds my asking questions if I have any to ask, which is not often. I was much astonished then to find that the extra half-dose had been given up ever since that day, with the exception of the Saturday when we left 'Gale' and the Sunday, as I was away; and there has been no bad result; in fact I had not the slightest suspicion of what was going on. She says the doctor is very much pleased; for we have now that half-dose to fall back upon if required. I cannot say how glad I am, and he looks so well, works so hard, and is quite ready for his food. There is no doubt that the visit to 'Gale' did him an enormous amount of good.

Tuesday, 28th June. Great fun! I was too much terrified of the cows in Top Hill field to go through with Hale and the wee dog. I actually made Hale turn back, and we were late for lunch, and Hale loved me for it! It was so feminine, he said, and then he told me to consider all *his* fears! I said that his fears were distinguished, mine commonplace. He did not want me to tell the others, because he does not like them to laugh at me, but I do! So I did! In the afternoon, after

a great deal of nonsensical talk, I went alone through the field, passing the cows twice, once at a distance and the second time quite close. When I got home I told Hale and he was very much pleased, though I think he was still better pleased with my morning's adventure; and then I made myself a laurel crown, and put it by my place at the tea-table with some sweets I had bought at the village shop, and I wrote: 'This first prize for COURAGE Miss Dorothy Horace Smith gives to herself on the occasion of her passing at a safe distance half a dozen tame cows in recumbent position.'

Wednesday, 13th July. I must enter some notes. Mr. Philip Webb came one afternoon; I went to meet him at the station. He was much pleased at the improvement in Hale. Another afternoon Hale and I drove in Miss Saint's carriage to have tea with Nurse and her husband. Hale forgot to change his old garden hat for his proper hat, and when he arrived at the Cottage he wanted to hide it away in a cupboard, which amused them all very much.

On Thursday, July 7th, I was engaged to play in a cricket match at Beckenham. Hale suggested coming to stay with us (to every one's surprise), but the visit had to be deferred to the week-end. He appeared to be greatly disappointed, and on Wednesday evening, when I was due to leave, we had a difficult time; the whole day was difficult,

and in the afternoon he went to bed and groaned and writhed with pain ; he seemed so ill that we thought of sending for the doctor ; but both Nurse McPhie (the holiday *locum tenens*) and myself believed the only trouble was the fact of my leaving. It was extremely awkward for me to stay (by which I mean, I knew I was specially needed at home that night), but I could not bear to go. Molly also was nearly crying ; so I sent off a telegram to say I would arrive next day in time for the cricket, and then went in and told my dearest. He was lying all huddled together, but directly he heard what I said he bounced up, flung his arms round me, and burst into tears. After one storm of crying and inarticulate gratitude, he quieted and immediately became full of business, wrote a long letter in praise of my story *Isabel* (unfavourably criticized by Murray) to Mr. Lucas, made Molly copy it out, and was supremely happy for the rest of the evening. I left early next morning, but that he did not seem to mind so much ; he had had his fit and was better.¹

¹ These words very ill describe this extraordinary temperamental disturbance. I say 'he quieted and immediately' . . . and it was immediate. I can see him now, flushed and eager, sitting up in bed, working away at his letter, unconscious of everything and everybody (I might almost as well have been at Beckenham !), absorbed in his determination to make somebody (it happened to be Mr. Lucas) listen to my praises. I was too thankful to have the heavy storm break to feel more than a passing hopeless wonder as to what Mr. Lucas would make of this unlooked-for attention—a wonder which

On Friday, 8th, he came with Nurse Sargeaunt to 'Ivy Bank'. The visit was most successful in every way. We felt a little strange at first. He slept very well and ate very well, and was only nervous once for a bit after lunch on Saturday; but for that he was gay and lively and enthusiastic all the time. He came to my class on Sunday and (with Father) to the Mothers' Union Meeting on Monday, where I introduced him to certain of my friends. On Tuesday we returned here. He had undoubtedly enjoyed himself, and every one thought him looking remarkably well.

Occasionally the question of marriage is brought up again. I dare say people wonder, now that he is so much better, why nothing is done. I am convinced that I am right; my instinct tells me to leave matters just as they are, unless *forced* to make a change.

We have a good deal of music here now. I practised to this day remains with me! But the letter had to go. The storm had burst, and it was not a time to consider trifles.

In one of his little black pocket-books there is an entry belonging to somewhere about this date. 'Mother does not understand my difficulties, nor what my love is. See. She does not know I am coming, and I may not, and yet she wants you to attend the Mothers' Meeting. I am certain this is the beginning of the break-up.' Before this note is written: 'I do not want any more false hopes—only end in worse suffering.' After it come the words 'No peace'. From notes like these he might very likely weave one of those beautiful but distracting letters such as I refer to on p. 158!

tise half an hour after lunch, and play to Molly after dinner, and also teach (?) her to sing.

From a letter 23rd July :

No Dorothy, no music, and I am therefore in my room, solitary, at ten minutes to five. You, I suppose, are with our friend.¹

I have nothing to say, or rather am not in the mood for saying anything, save a bitter expression of longing and revolt. This would make you unhappy and, my own, I love you too much to make you miserable and gain nothing thereby for either of us. . . .

Farewell till Monday. I shall be with you till then—this afternoon to Victoria—Beckenham—night—waking—prayers—preparation—the class—walking home—night again (I shall see you every night, though it may be black darkness), and then comes the day !

Thursday, 28th July. Hale told us a curious thing at tea : Mr. Potts wrote to ask him if he knew anything of a shilling book of poetry, published some sixty years ago, called *Reverberations*. Directly Hale read the word he saw distinctly before his mind's eye a page of Chapman's Ledger, as he had seen it when he worked for Chapman's as a young man, with this entry on the first line, ' *Reverberations* by Call '. So far as he knows, he had not thought of the book or the author from that day to this, when he received Mr. Potts' letter. He wrote to Mr. Potts, who meantime had through

¹ I was to have tea that Saturday in town with Lady Robert.

some other source obtained his information, and *Reverberations* by Call was quite right.

I went into Top Hill field to see the sunset. It is a long time since I did that. Sunsets have been neglected of late, so have the stars! One cannot see the summer sunsets from this house; one has to get up the hill. It was a very tumbled sky, but I found out some order in the clouds. Rough stood by my side and was horribly bored. Rough is very funny; when I sit down for a bit in a field or in the garden, he always seats himself at a little distance from me; and when Hale and I are together he does the same, usually turning his back towards us.

Molly and I have great fun with Nurse McPhie. We were told she was about thirty, but she tells us she is only twenty-five! I think I never laughed so much in my life, nor played the fool to such an extent. Molly is too absurd; I wish I could write her down! As we were getting into bed last night (28th) she walked into our room and said with just the faintest interest: 'Oh, I forgot to tell you, I distinctly heard somebody come into the house whilst Dorothy was playing. I thought it was Lizzie and William, but of course they came in afterwards. There certainly was *somebody* there.' Imagine my horror! We searched the house, or rather Molly and I did; Nurse paid not the slightest heed.

Friday, 29th July. Hale went for the longest

walk (so I think) he has taken since his illness, up the Ashurst Road and right across the fields by the rough track to Top Hill Farm and home by the wood. We passed a caravan called 'The Wanderer', drawn by a white horse accompanied by four young men. They looked rather ruffianly, but the blacksmith, of whom we inquired, assured us they were gentlemen! He had just been speaking with them as they passed his forge. I was tremendously taken with the idea, and kept looking back after them. Hale got quite angry, and when I asked him why he didn't look back too, he said something about 'not caring a damn!'

From a letter 30th July:

If I could believe in prayers for fine weather you should have them for Monday.¹

Gedenke mein in the midst of all your business that day, just one little minute.

From a letter 31st July:

I am certain that my strange trouble when you leave me and during the time you are away from me is quite peculiar to myself and altogether incomprehensible by other people. Hence the reasons against it are of no effect. They are directed, as of course they must be, against something understood.

Monday, 8th Aug. I am filling in my Diary. I stayed at home for August 1st (Bank Holiday), and gave my boys their usual treat. On Wednesday,

¹ Bank Holiday.

3rd, Molly left for Newcastle, travelling as far as King's Cross with Nurse McPhie ; Nurse Sargeaunt returned, and she, Hale and I travelled to London : Hale and Nurse to the Hale Whites for the night, and I to Lady Robert Cecil's. I may take the whole credit of persuading Hale to try this night in town. When I met him at Victoria Station he was quite enthusiastic over his visit. I think it strikes him as a little strange now that he did not attempt these things before.

The other day he showed me the very flattering letter which was sent to him by the Lords of the Admiralty on his retirement.¹ He is actually the least bit PROUD of it. To see him proud is a funny sight, as funny as it is rare ! He even allowed that it was a most unusual thing for the Lords to step out of their way to praise a subordinate.

Tuesday, 9th Aug. I went for a walk to Hendl Bridge. I am always resolving to keep to this constitutional habit but breaking it. In two big fields I passed they were still getting in the hay.

¹ From this letter I copied the following extract : ' At the same time my Lords desire me to express to you their sense of the able and conscientious manner in which you have performed your duties as Assistant Director of Navy Contracts, and their regret at parting with so valuable an officer. They cannot speak too highly of your services in connection with the Patents Committee, a peculiarly intricate and difficult subject, your thorough knowledge of which was of great advantage to the Service. My Lords feel sure that you carry with you into a well-earned retirement, the esteem and respect of your Colleagues.' Dated 18 March 1892.

The hay harvest this year has taken a good two months ; in July things were at a standstill—rain, rain, rain ! I met a respectable-looking man on the road, carrying a parcel ; he turned round very sharply when Rough ran up to him, and then spoke to me. Of course I was quite prepared for him to fly at my throat (and for me to fly at his !), but I stood at a little distance and listened politely. It turned out that he had been bitten a couple of months ago, and that it had made him very nervous, and that whenever a dog came near him the place on his leg turned quite cold. He kept apologizing very humbly, said he meant no harm to my dog at all, and raised his hat with touching respect when we parted. It shows that one does not always feel suspicious in the right quarter ! In the evening I went up the hill to look for a sunset. I could not find one, but I saw a rosy cloud of almost rainbow texture, hardly a cloud at all, just a rosy streak of light across the sky. As I went up the hill, a half-witted man pushing a hand-barrow came up too. There were a good many people about, and the man was excited and noisy. I outstripped him and left him well behind, but I could hear him shouting and talking to himself. When I turned back I knew, of course, I must pass him, and wondered what he would do or say. He kept quite quiet as we approached one another, and then as we crossed he pointed to the west, where some of the rosy light remained, and said : ‘ A fine

day to-morrow !' I called back : ' Yes, I think so.' So also it turned out to be ! I often wish there were more idiots in the world ; they set an example to many saner people.¹ How did he know that excitement which was harmless enough where there were plenty of people about became mischievous when there was only one and that one a lady ?

Hale's *More Pages* is a beautiful book. I am correcting the proofs, and I can hardly get on for astonishment. Such truth and justice, and such religion ! I keep on trying to tell him what I think of it, much to his annoyance ! I am filling in my Diary on *Wednesday, 10th Aug.* Hale and I went into the Park this morning and admired the ragwort, flaunting yellow under a blue sky. This afternoon we went into the oat-field beyond Top Hill Farm and admired the stooks. I have seen no other fields cut yet.

Friday, 12th Aug. Yesterday Mrs. Bright came. We walked to the station to meet her. Hale seemed rather tired ; I believe he was nervous at the thought of Mrs. Bright's visit, but he became quite himself directly she arrived. Over his

¹ Perhaps I should say that a half-witted lad, a ' waif ', was in my Class for a long time and most trustworthy ; I had also a strange full-grown man, an epileptic, equally trustworthy ;—yes, and another, too, of a very low standard in intelligence, who, so far as I can remember, never gave any trouble. So that my generalization is not so hasty as it may appear !

supper he was drowsy, and once for about a minute his mind wandered. This happened once before, when Nurse McPhie was here. It makes me rather frightened, though I pretended to think nothing of it. It has frightened him each time, for the aberration only lasts a minute and he realizes it as he comes to himself. I connect this with his drowsy fits, and believe it means some trouble; but I am strange over my dear one, I can never feel any apprehensions; I live with him entirely in the present; this is a great and, to me, inexplicable blessing. His mind of course wandered to my boys' Class. This saddened me a little. It is as if the Class has made too deep an impression on his imagination; and I have so often had to withstand him over small points. I believe he loves me more in my Class than in anything else, and yet (or else consequently) he has worried me more about it! But oh, he has enriched me in it too! What a value he set on it from the first, and is so eager over each week's lesson! To-day we have been calm and happy; he has not mentioned this incident. He enjoyed the change to a warm SW. wind. Molly returned after tea, well and in good spirits.

Tuesday, 16th Aug. The hay is all in at last! A lovely day. Hale and I sat in the garden this morning, and he read me half Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*. I was alone this last week-end at 'Ivy Bank', as the family are in Cornwall; I shall

be alone for the next two Sundays, and then Father, Mother and Janet come here—or rather to Langton, and I take my holiday from the Class.

Wednesday, 17th Aug. I went to the Wells for shopping. He was at the station to meet me when I came back. It seems so strange to have him able to walk about alone. Nurse had come the first part of the way with him. In the afternoon I was so drowsy that, backed up by Nurse, I gave in and said I would go to sleep. I slept in his room, and he kept as still as a mouse. I slept on and off from 2 to 4. After tea he read more Shelley to me. Whilst eating his supper he inveighed against this place and said he would give anything to get away from it; an old cry which revives from time to time! The day had been rather rainy and dull. Nurse tells me that Dr. Adeney thinks we may soon be able to dispense with her services, and he also may give up his visits. This is very good news, though we should miss Nurse very much, and we shall have difficulties both in making the arrangements and in carrying them out.

Friday, 19th Aug. I was a bit on edge yesterday, and I woke in the night and was vexed with myself and lay awake a long time, partly disturbed by the wind rushing through the trees outside my window, and partly disturbed by my thoughts. To-day, however, I have been very happy again. Hale read to me most beautifully Lamb's essay on

'The Superannuated Man'; we were both touched and delighted in just the same way.

From a letter 21st Aug. :

One of the most precious letters I have had from you. . . . 'We grow fonder.' I do. Is it really true that you do? It is useless to ask for reasons in love, but it can generally in some way be understood. In no way can I understand yours. I sometimes fancy the Heavenly Powers have an unknown purpose in it as regards yourself which has nothing to do with me.

I went out this morning and walked amongst the sheaves. A glorious sky; fleecy clouds driven by a strong westerly wind blowing hope and even exultation; the soft light-golden field of uncut oats bordered and contrasted by the dark foliage of New Park Wood! It was wonderful, too much for words, too much for thinking. Amongst beautiful things I always remember you—see you in them. Thank you a thousand times for what you have said to me.

Friday, 26th Aug. He is reading *Richard II* to me. Mr. Oswell came in after dinner, and kept us in fits of laughter. I bullied Hale into letting him come, because I knew we should have great fun. He was to come on business (to do with a Will which affects old Mrs. Hyder and her grandson), and the question was whether it should be on Saturday when Hale could see him, or on Friday evening when Hale could *not*, and Molly and I would have to transact affairs. One absurd

story he told of how his mother tried to induce an old woman over 70 years to be confirmed. The old lady objected that though 'she could make a shift with the Lord's Prayer and could get half-way through the Creed, yet them commandments she could never make head nor tail of.' One day, however, she informed Mrs. Oswell that she had been to see the clergyman, and had decided to take this important step. 'But how did he get over the difficulty about the Commandments?' Mrs. Oswell *is supposed* to have said. "'Mrs. B.," he said to me, "them Commandments have no *signification* for you *whatsomedever*.'" Mr. Oswell then told how the old lady was confirmed, &c., &c., ending his story 'and in that faith she died'. Half the fun was the clever mimicry.

When we went up to bed we found an enormous bat in Molly's bedroom. This provided us with a good half-hour's entertainment. Molly and I tied our heads up in antimacassars and advanced boldly to the attack. Nurse, whose one and only fear is a fear of mice and bats and such small beasties, preferred to remain on the landing and encourage us through the door. After fruitless efforts to knock it down with a towel, I, at last, by a lucky sweep caught it at just the right angle and wafted it out through the open window; a really artistic stroke! I was highly commended for my *courage*! The story, however, does not end there, for, happening to go downstairs again and

hearing the little dog crying piteously in the kitchen, I went to the kitchen door, turned the key, and *tried* to turn the handle. It would not turn, and I felt convinced, all in a second of time, that an armed burglar was holding the handle on the other side. What does the courageous lady do but return promptly up the stairs and inform Molly and Nurse! All three then descend—Molly and Nurse supremely contemptuous—and of course the handle turns at once, and no burglar appears. Well, we all have our weaknesses, and our strengths. My weakness is burglars, my strength is bats.

From a letter 28th Aug. :

Is it not wonderful how a love . . . such as mine, stirring up, as it does, the very depths, brings to light so much whose existence was never suspected? Good declares itself; this I know well enough, the good of a life, the good which would never have been revealed save by love; but, alas, evil comes too—sometimes—generally in suspension of reason—unreason. It is no more than may be expected from a temper . . . like mine. Also it is to be remembered that I have had no preparation for the surprise of the last two or three years, for what has been poured upon me. F—— was here yesterday, and told a story of a woman who 'could not live up to' enormous wealth she suddenly inherited.

This thought must have been a good deal in his

mind, for he referred to it again when I came on Monday.

Tuesday, 30th Aug. I have lately had to give wedding presents to two of my 'boys'. This leads to much talk between Hale and myself! Hale thinks I am too extravagant; however, that is comparatively unimportant; the real bone of contention is whether I am to give these boys what they want or what they ought to want. Hale would like me to give them some lovely thing to remind them of me! He, of course, thinks of *me*, I think of the boys. A great many of his arguments I entirely agree with; they are perfectly true *for him*; but *for me* perhaps they are not quite so true. After all, one must be in accord with oneself; it is no good patching on other people's virtues; there may even be evil in it, and the original stuff may be torn.

Wednesday, 31st Aug. Hale goes on reading Shelley to himself. He seems to me to be reading steadily through the complete volume. He is very enthusiastic over it.¹ He has also lately read *Grania* by Emily Lawless, for the second or third time; he admires it very much.

¹ I have a distinct recollection of his telling me that he found Shelley's power over him just as great now as it had been at the beginning. In his note-book, from which are taken the notes in *More Pages* and *Last Pages*, there is this entry at about this date: 'It has been said that Shelley is without ideas. His exaltation, his *greatness* are more precious than ideas.'

Friday, 9th Sept. Many things have happened, some pleasant and some not ! Father, Mother and Janet arrived at Langton from Cornwall on Thursday, Sept. 1st. Molly and I went up to the Inn to receive them, and we all dined together. Janet and I enjoyed a long bicycle ride to Holtye and Cowden on Friday morning ; and the whole party had tea here to meet Mr. Vardon¹ in the afternoon. I slept at the Inn on Saturday and Sunday, taking Janet's place as she had to go home for her Sunday School. Marion and Robin came on Monday. Up to this point everything was most satisfactory, and I was perfectly contented to watch the mutual affection and understanding between us all. The only drawback was the Inn ; it proved very uncomfortable, so uncomfortable in fact that, to cut a long story short, they had to leave at the end of one week instead of staying the three. The final quarrel was due to a request from Father that some men in the hall would make less noise on Tuesday night, as Robin was very poorly and it was getting late (between 10 and 11 p.m.). It was just as well that matters were brought to a head, for I am sure—even for the pleasure of being near us!—two more weeks of discomfort were not endurable. Yesterday, therefore, they went on to the Wellington Hotel in the Wells. Of course this is not what we had planned ! What we should have

¹ The Vicar of Langton.

liked would have been to have had them for three weeks quite near at hand—Langton even seemed too far away—but so things have turned out and it can't be helped. Marion and Robin returned (as arranged) to Ashted in the afternoon; so it was a general exodus. I felt as if the holiday was over; a sudden awakening from a dream! However, Janet has just turned up here to say we are all to drive to Scotney this afternoon and it is a fine day. Incidentally this disturbance has done good. I shall not say where, how, or why.¹ I have often noticed that out of the most tiresome and troublesome contradictions come the best solutions of difficulties.

. . . A delightful afternoon at Scotney Castle, thanks to Hale, and Father and Mother thoroughly appreciate his kindness in planning and arranging the expedition. They are most comfortably settled at the Wellington Hotel and will stay till Thursday—*would* stay the third week of the holiday but it would be too extravagant! So all's well that ends well. On reaching home, Molly said: 'Go up to papa.' I thought she only meant to hurry me up to say my good night, but after asking how we had got on, Hale said: 'I have a surprise for you. Read that letter.'² It was

¹ And now I cannot say it, for I have no recollection.

² For the important contents of this letter it is necessary to turn on to the entry under Oct. 23rd, 1912. They were entered here at the time, but erased in July 1911, as Hale wanted them kept secret, and over the erasure I had to do my best to

a most affectionate letter from his old friend Mr. Arthur Chamberlain—with whom Hale has had correspondence these last few days over some purely unselfish matter (concerning an invention of Nurse Sargeaunt's for a two-lipped saucepan), and there was something about this letter which was very beautiful, and it answered one of my prayers. This brings my third book—most happy book—to its most happy conclusion.

*Tuesday, 13th Sept. 1910.*¹ Mr. Chamberlain in his letter spoke of the odd affinity which he had from the first felt between himself and Hale. Subsequently a strange thing happened. Hale wanted to send him some small gift, and Mr. Chamberlain said he did not know what to ask for, but he thought he should like nothing so well as some original piece of writing. I suggested the new copies of *Pages from a Journal*, and Hale sent them. Whereupon Mr. Chamberlain wrote back to say that he had never had the slightest suspicion that Hale was an author, though he had always thought he would be the kind of man who *could* write a very interesting book, and he had the *Mark Rutherford* books on his shelves.

insert these more or less explanatory sentences which read rather tamely, considering the exciting nature of the information which they so carefully disguise.

¹ This passage down to 'on his shelves' was also written here over the large erasure in July 1911. Hence the reference to the new copies of *Pages from a Journal*, which did not appear till October of this year.

It is an old friendship, I believe, but I do not know that they ever at any time saw a great deal of one another, and of late, I am sure, they have ceased to correspond. He has suffered an operation too, poor man, and must be now in a bad state of health.

Father and Mother and Janet are very comfortable at the Wellington Hotel. I took Janet's place there on Saturday and Sunday. Hale has been wonderfully good throughout this holiday, and it was just the very occasion to give him an excellent chance of not being good at all. Considering how apt he is to be suddenly overcome by misery, I think he has submitted very bravely to all the interruptions of the past fortnight. On Saturday, however, he was overstrung. At breakfast he said that he thought he would put off Mr. Benett (the artist who was coming by special invitation to meet Father and Mother).¹ I did not notice anything wrong, but when I went up to his room after breakfast he began to say that he had been thinking that I had better not come back till the following Thursday, &c., &c. His eyes had that curious look they have when he is in a 'mood' when *the thing that he says* is no indication of *the thing that he feels*. He worked me up to tears at last, and then he was happy! I did not give in, however, nor did I deceive him

¹ My mother has the very pleasantest recollection of that meeting; so the storm-clouds must well have passed!

nor let him deceive me ; so the end was peace. I felt afterwards that I might have managed better. . . . To something I said about neglecting Prayers, and consequent lack of confidence in speech and action, and how one was apt to go wrong without them, he said it was so with him also, and that he thought it very necessary to begin each day with a reference to a Higher Power. He spoke with sorrow of the worldly, trivial, tiresome thoughts which too often with him would rush in at the beginning of the day ; one ought not to allow them to rush in, though there were some involuntary interruptions which one could not resist. I will here insert the note he wrote after I left him on Saturday.¹

10th Sept. 1910. . . . I *have* thought about you all day, and prayed that I may attune myself more exactly to you. I have made mistakes in the way I have shown it, but I have never faltered in my love for you.

If your father and mother wonder why I write when you have been away only a few hours, you must tell them that something always has to be said if you are absent from me for ten minutes.

I found much cause for gladness when you left this morning. I felt that you would pardon my impatience when I was without you, and that your father and mother would forgive me for being a little unreasonable sometimes in my longing to keep you ; that you would not even

¹ This means, obviously, to join my father and mother at the Wellington Hotel.

be sorry if I showed myself a little unreasonable with them.

Good night, my own. I am sure that what we both admitted this morning is true. Whatever may be our belief as to direct supplication, it is good to begin the day with a thought of the Highest to which we can recur during the work of the day, a thought by which we may continually rectify ourselves.

Friday, 16th Sept. We had such a happy day—though all our days are happy now; it was our first day together after the holiday. The others went home on Thursday, and so I had nobody but Hale to think of. Much as I loved having the others here, it was nice to be alone with him again, just as it was nice for the others to get back to 'Ivy Bank' once more. We were out for a long time, about an hour and a half in the morning, and three-quarters of an hour in the afternoon. We talked about mills and weirs and cog-wheels and wheel-barrows, and we went over the mill in the village and watched it grinding the corn. In the afternoon we watched a gigantic cart-horse being shod at the forge.

Tuesday, 20th Sept. Lady Robert came in the afternoon and her husband with her, both by invitation. Hale and I met them at the station, and brought them through the Park. We all went into the house ¹ to see the hall and drawing-room.

¹ Groombridge Place.

Lord Robert seemed to get on very well with Hale ; it was quite a coalition of the Tory and Liberal party ! We got him to talk to us about the ' Osborne Case ' over our tea, and all listened open-mouthed. Lady Robert told us afterwards that whilst *he* was speaking and *we* were listening, *she* was watching him with his cake. He broke it in half (so she says), and then as he discoursed began to fit it together again, pressing the two halves neatly and accurately into place ; finally forgetting what he had done, he bit it on one side as if it were whole, with the result that it tumbled on to his lap ! We were all much too deep in the Labour question to notice ! I saw some strange cloud-bars in the west before sunset, about a score of *perfectly level* white lines, close together like music-staves. Lord Robert thought them strange too ; he was quite deceived by them and supposed they were telegraph wires. I never remember seeing so many straight lines in Nature before.

Lady Beatrice Thynne called in her motor to drive Lord and Lady Robert back to ' Gale '. She was very eager to see Groombridge Place, so she and I ran down there and met the motor at the front gate ; it was rather fun, and very ' sporting ' of her, I thought. Lord Robert was very amusing when he left ; he had had his dressing-gown put into the car, as his great coat was in town ; and he strutted about the road in it with Molly's shawl-rug wrapped round his shoulders !

Hale's *Spinoza*¹ is out.

Thursday, 22nd Sept. Cleaned the brass in church with Molly, and then went with Hale for a long ramble through the fields and New Park Wood (which, by the way, he had thought he would never see again)—a peculiarly happy walk. The day was a gorgeous autumn day, and those days outdo the summer; but it was not only the day—we were so perfectly content with one another, fell in love all over again. We saw a snake, but it started from us; we beat in the bushes, but it had gone.

Dr. Adeney came, and was much pleased; he said there was really nothing wrong now, but Nurse is to stay.

Friday, 23rd Sept. Hale much wants me to write something about Turgenev's novels. He stopped to tell me why he thought I ought to do it as we were returning from our morning walk. I caught rather eagerly at the idea. I had finished *On the Eve* before we went out.

Miss Jenkinson came in to lunch unexpectedly; we were all in very good spirits. Molly told me afterwards that she had remarked how much 'happier' her father looked. I thought it was nice of Molly to remember to tell me this, as it was evidently meant (at least so Molly obviously thought) as a testimony to me. After tea he

¹ *Ethic*. 4th edition, revised and corrected. Oxford University Press.

made us laugh very much. He was talking of the bundles of letters which he had kept, and which he was sure no one coming after him would want to read ; he wished he could take them into the next world, because he might have some time there in which to enjoy them ; at any rate there would be no circulating libraries to interfere. Molly said : ' How do you know ? Perhaps there will be, and bigger ones too ! ' ' Oh well,' grumbled her father, ' perhaps in hell ! '

This evening Afflat¹ was dismissed for good ; he did not appear to mind so very much, according to Hale. William is to undertake the garden, and we all do a little extra house-work to help. My job is to sweep and dust Hale's room. At present I do it very carefully and well.

Monday, 26th Sept. Back again ! He has been re-reading my paper on the Truant School.² He made a few notes from which I copy this extract : ' It is true that it represents a temper not mine, but I feel just as I should feel transported to some foreign country and looking at foreign architecture.' How like him ! ' A temper not mine ! '

¹ A strange man. He used to speak of his wife and family, and Molly made Christmas puddings for them and so forth ; and now it was discovered that he had (so far as was known) neither one nor the other, but lived alone in the Wells. He talked to himself a great deal in the garden. I never remember anything against him ; and we regretted (Nurse especially) his leaving us under this sort of nebulous cloud.

² This appeared in the *Cornhill*, Jan. 1912.

I have written to Mr. Arthur Chamberlain and sent him one of Hale's photographs. Hale wishes me to keep Mr. Chamberlain's letter.

Tuesday, 27th Sept. A lovely saunter about the stubble field by Top Hill Farm ; a perfect autumn morning ; we did not care which way we turned or what we looked at. We watched a gathering of rooks, scores of them on the ground, feeding we supposed on odd ears of corn. Hale says it is a bad time for them now whilst the ground is so hard. He remarked how strange it was that we pass in and out of this life without ever coming to any better knowledge of what (for example) the rooks say, mean, or think. I said how strange also that we are quite content *not* to know, and yet if we cannot know all about God we think ourselves most unfairly treated and profess atheism or agnosticism.

In the afternoon we all went to tea at Nurse's cottage. It was a splendid evening sky (of the perfectly clear cloudless kind) as we, Molly, her father and I, walked back through the fields. Hale admires the stack of beans which has lately been added to the other stacks at Top Hill Farm, the rich brown colouring.

Wednesday, 28th Sept. Another perfect day and so hot. I had a long talk with Hale, and a very tiring talk too ; but afterwards I let him see that I was tired, and frightened him a little, which was, perhaps, a good thing. This has come about

through my new plan, which I have just made, of returning to Beckenham for one Wednesday every month in order to give my boys a sort of social evening.¹ Hale is an odd creature ; he has this instinctive passion for trying to get one to see things exactly as he sees them ; he cannot see that even if my way with my boys is not a particularly good way, it may be just as well to leave me alone, to humour me a little. It is a hard fight for me sometimes, but I never really mind, at least I very soon recover, because he is so extraordinarily loving and tender and lively, and so penitent and so positive that he will never offend again !

In the afternoon Lady Wharton drove over with such a dear pair of biggish ponies. I gave them sugar and fell in love with both of them, but I liked the mare the best. I also like Lady Wharton. Mr. and Mrs. Hawes Turner and Miss Roberts came as well. It was a very happy afternoon, and Hale seemed so bright. He *laughs* such a lot.

Friday, 30th Sept. Another lovely day. In the afternoon we walked through the Park amongst the thorn trees, as far as the gate by the old shed. We stood there some time, looking at the great bank of trees opposite us, and saw bits of fire

¹ It must be remembered that for many years I had devoted to these boys every Wednesday evening for winter or summer games. For some time past, as may be seen from this Diary, I had spent the whole inside of the week at Groombridge. This monthly social was to compensate for the loss of the weekly meetings.

among the beeches. We liked the old shed, so untidy and neglected, with a bit of ground railed in about it, all overgrown with weeds and nettles ; and we agreed that there were artistic benefits in bad farming, and we wondered how long one might camp in the shed before any one came that way and found one out. I was reminded strangely of the ruined chapel in *By the Fireside* ; and we talked of the Brownings. Hale remembers how Browning took him into his own room and showed him with great pride his wife's Hebrew Bible.

He was so content with the beauty of everything, and especially the little twisted trunks of the thorns ; one he called 'such a tender little tree'. He said emphatically that he had never seen anything more beautiful or so beautiful (I forget which !) as the Park this afternoon. That is just like him ; everything is always so much better or so much worse than it has ever been before, whether pains, or joys, or miseries, or beauties ; it is so like a boy. I remember how Geoffrey¹ returned from the theatre after seeing Hamlet acted for the first time, to tell us that he 'had never seen a better Ophelia'. There was a lovely mist over the distant trees as we came back, and vivid lights upon the grass ; it made us both feel strange : 'out of the world,' I said, and Hale said, 'like Paradise.' Rough was very sympathetic ; he sat down, too, on the slope of the

¹ My youngest brother.

hill and looked into the valley where we were looking. He does not mind us dawdling about when Hale and I are together, but he would be much annoyed if I did it when I was alone with him. When I bade Hale good night he said it had been such a happy day.

The other day he told us how, as a boy, he used to devour *Chambers's Journal* lying under the kitchen table after his breakfast, before he went back to morning school. *Early* morning school was before breakfast, and he started out on an empty stomach.

Rather an amusing thing happened here a week or two ago. Maud Roberts sent a man down with a note to Molly; it was a note to recommend the man as a gardener. When the note was handed in, it was seen to have been torn open. On the envelope Maud had written 'To be opened if away'. The only suggestion I could supply for the solution of the mystery was that the man had read it 'To be opened *on the way*'. This amused every one; but strange to relate, when Maud questioned the man subsequently, he declared that this *was* the solution.

From a letter 2nd Oct. 1910 :

You must remember what I said to you—that I am one of your Class—in so far that you have a definite work to do with me. This will make a difference to you in your treatment of me. What you have to teach me is not exactly what you have to teach your lads, but I shall

need the same toleration. . . . I say again—do not forget that you are *commissioned*. I am certain that if you bear this in mind, I shall not be more of a trouble to you than my fellow-pupils and that you will be just as eager in my defence.

From a letter 8th Oct. 1910 :

You may have thought me egotistical when I said this morning that perhaps part of your work lay here, but it is possible to look upon one's self as *object*, to use a somewhat philosophical but easily-intelligible phrase. Do think of this, and of this also—that our strangely mysterious love must mean something. It is a direction in characters but half deciphered. . . . It has been very cloudy here all day and very dark, outside and in this room.

Friday, 14th Oct. On Wednesday I went home for the night to give my boys a Games' Evening with coffee and heaps of cakes. I am going to do this once a month through the winter. I returned on Thursday morning. Yesterday I signed my agreement for *Isabel* with Mills and Boon. Hale read it and said I had certainly got my money's worth out of A. P. Watt ; it is a great advance on my other two agreements.

This morning he read to me a few lines from Tennyson's *Tiresias*—'Like would-be guests' to 'the master gone' ; and then he said : 'Now, how people can say that Tennyson has no strength in the face of lines like that !' Somebody had quoted them to him in a letter.

The other day we talked for some time about religion, and Hale spoke of the value of a teaching or preaching which consisted in perpetually holding up for love and admiration a noble image, to talk (for example) about the Master week after week, year after year, rather than about sin and punishment and reward and prayer and church and Bible reading, &c., &c. (except incidentally). 'How beautiful it was', so he suddenly said by way of illustration, and with strange emotion, 'that the poor sinful "bitten" people in the wilderness had only to lie and *look upon* the brazen serpent.'

Monday, 24th Oct. Last week his two books came out.¹ I went to spend Wednesday night at Ashted, and Humphrey brought me down the first copies. Hale is actually giving away one or two copies, to the Cecils, Nurse, and Molly, Father and Mother; a thing he never did before!² Molly teased him on this being the first occasion of his giving her a signed copy of one of his works. He keeps wonderfully well; of course met me at the station like a schoolboy this morning; we also went for a walk this afternoon, a lovely sunny afternoon, and flaming colours in the beech trees.

Tuesday, 25th Oct. He got me to play the opening bars of Beethoven's Andante in Sonata Opus 28, and then he raved about it. He ended

¹ *Pages from a Journal*, 2nd edition, and *More Pages*.

² Probably quite true of the stories, and see *Letters to Three Friends*, p. 127. But see also *Letters*, pp. 84, 88, 337, &c.

by saying : ' I should never have done for a conductor ; I should have fallen off the stand ; and if any one had played a wrong note ', he added almost in tears, ' I'd—have *hit* him.' I have promised to learn that Sonata.

12th November. I went home for my boys' monthly ' Wednesday games ', and brought Janet back with me on Thursday. We have had lovely weather, and all enjoyed ourselves very much. Last Wednesday morning Hale and I walked to the magic pool in Burr's Wood. It was a sudden thought on my part ; Hale at first feared it would be too far, but he was not in the least degree tired. As we got near the pool he said, ' I have not been here since my illness '.*¹ I laughed and said of course I knew that, and that I had brought him there as a fitting punishment for his miserable speeches of the previous day, speeches all about his incapacity to walk or talk or think or act, &c., &c.

Wednesday, 16th Nov. I never knew such days as these ! Yesterday we walked to Hendal Bridge ! To-day we walked through Burr's Wood and New Park Wood, and we have talked and talked and talked. When I first began these books I used to try to write down what he said, and I hardly ever do that now ! He says things just as wonderful, but I cannot keep pace with them ; moreover I take them as a matter of course—expect plenty more. I shall copy one or two extracts from some

¹ See note 2, p. 32.

notes he made for me, on the subject of 'Interference'. When he talks to me of my theories of 'interference' or rather 'non-interference', he is sure to be 'getting at me' a little, wanting to feel his way to a right of interference with me—over my boys, for example!

There is always danger in an ill-defined principle. We put it to a wrong use. . . . Goethe, one of the *wisest* of men, says that, while you are waiting for self-rectification, bad habits are formed which are never lost. A word from a master would have prevented them. In the end, he adds, the stronger nature after fierce struggle *may* come right but the weaker falls. . . . It is so difficult. It is not to be settled by a phrase. Suppose I say to my neighbour, 'I shall not interfere with you; it is not for me to prescribe how you shall manage your children'; and one of them comes to school unwashed. May not there follow very serious interference with the boy who is obliged to sit next to him?

Subsequently he pointed to a passage on this very subject in a journal of Mrs. Thrale's (or Mrs. Piozzi's). On this passage he made a few notes and asked me to put them with his other MSS.¹

¹ 'It has always been my maxim never to influence the inclination of another. Mr. Thrale, in consequence, lived with me seventeen and a half years, during which time I tried but twice to persuade him to *do* anything, and but once, and that in vain, to let anything alone. Even my daughters, as soon as they could reason, were always allowed, and even encouraged, by me to reason their own way, and not suffer their respect or affection for me to mislead their judgement. Let us keep the mind clear if we can from prejudices, or truth

Hale declares that nothing ever checks me or turns me ; ' as obstinate as a dear little Top Hill

will never be found at all. The worst part of this disinterested scheme is, that other people are not of my mind, and if I resolve not to use my lawful influence to make my children love me, the lookers-on will soon use their unlawful influence to make them hate me : if I scrupulously avoid persuading my husband to become a Lutheran or be of the English Church, the Romanists will be diligent to teach him all the narrowness and bitterness of their own unfeeling sect, and soon persuade him that it is not delicacy but weakness makes me desist from the combat. Well ! let me do right, and leave the consequences in His hand who alone sees every action's motive and the true cause of every effect ; let me endeavour to please God, and to have only my own faults and follies, not those of another, to answer for.' Mrs. Piozzi (Hayward's *Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi*, i. 299, 300. Ed. 1861).

Note. How few people think out a proposition steadily and consecutively ! Is not all preaching and teaching an interference with ' reasoning in your own way ' ? Is not the influence of example the most powerful interference ? If you abstain from interference yourself do you prevent it ? You merely leave the field to the interference of native stupidity as well as the interference of other people's. Is wisdom to be debarred from interference with ignorance in order that the originality of ignorance may be preserved ? Is Mrs. Piozzi's doctrine to be applied in all departments of human knowledge ? Are we to avoid interfering with a belief that the sun goes round the earth ?

The truth is that these showy maxims are of no use in actual life. Everything depends on the person, and on circumstances. The difficulty is to know what to do in this or that particular case. The difficulty lies in the *particularity*.

Mrs. Piozzi sees, partly, that her plan is open to objection, but she seems to have practised the plan and to have taken no trouble with the objections.

W. H. W., 10 Nov. 1910.

Farm pig'—so he said the other day ; always positive and decided and active ; whilst he, so he maintains, is deliberative, argumentative, passive. So he *maintains* ; whether true or not, never mind. Consequently he makes out that any advice or suggestion on his part is fruitless. This is merely 'getting at me', as I said before. He wrote : (13th November) . . . 'After you had gone I asked myself of what use I am to you. I can do nothing but think, and my thinking does not help you in the least ; in fact it gets in your way like a brier clinging to your feet.' Oh, oh ! oh ! Then if he is no use to me, why do I spend hours and hours talking with him ? I shall make another quotation from that same letter. 'I begin to despair of conquering my distress when you leave me. Why cannot I be as you are, joyous, exulting ? Tell me your secret.' I told my mother this, and we both laughed. Joyous, exulting, indeed ! Undoubtedly his 'distress' is peculiar ; it is nervous ; he has described it often, and to a person without any nerves it would be utterly unintelligible. It is something quite distinct from the ordinary longing for the presence of any one, or the ordinary anxiety in absence. On the other hand he ought not to insinuate that I feel the separation less than he does, because I can be happy when I leave *this* happy home to go to the *other* happy home and so quickly to return again.

Saturday, 19th Nov. We gave 2d. to two men

who were driving a rag-and-bone donkey-cart up the hill. We followed them at a distance, and we saw them several times give the donkey a good rest, and moreover they both *helped* the donkey, pushing all the way. They were quite rough men, most disagreeable to look at, and their voices were far from gentle when they addressed the donkey ; and this made their fair and reasonable behaviour all the more remarkable.

From a letter 20th Nov. :

How many hours till Tuesday ? I went for a walk this morning by myself. A soft grey, silent morning. It suited me. I thought continuously about you, mostly inarticulate thoughts. They would not shape themselves, but the picture of you was definite, clear almost as reality. You were by my side and my arm was in yours. So much is unspeakable, and yet it is just this which presses on me, urgent for utterance. Have I been in your mind for a moment since yesterday ?

Molly went to Hastings from Monday 21st to Saturday 26th to stay with Mrs. Dannreuther. We finished reading *Richard II* which we began ever so long ago but had put away because of interruptions. One morning, when we were coming in from our walk, we saw such a pretty sight in the road outside our gate, a sudden shower of dead leaves. A little gust of wind must have shaken them off the trees, and they were very lightly and happily fluttering and dancing and

floating to the ground. I exclaimed and told Hale that I should like to gather them all in my arms as they fell. 'What a pretty sight!' I said. 'And as old as Homer,' said Hale, and *that* seemed as pretty as the falling leaves.

Before I left on Saturday, he told me that I came back to him every week as if 'newly-created'. I was never 'stale'. 'You can't think', he said, 'what a blessing this is.' To any one of his nature I am sure a new creation every week is very necessary, and no doubt by our own ingenuity we could never have devised such an excellent plan as has been thrust upon us, that of a separation and a reunion in every seven days.

Wednesday, 30th Nov. He remarked on the fact that Ferdinand waits so long before he asks Miranda's name. He turned to me in delight after that beautiful request (which he read *most* beautifully), and I thought it was the tenderness of it, but it was his wonder and pleasure over this delay. I had not noticed the fact.

Molly and I went to church in pouring rain. We fought our way home through a howling tempest and arrived back soaked.

Thursday, 1st Dec. Hale and I called to inquire for poor old Tomsett. Hale asked him if he would like some grapes, and he seemed much pleased. Hale said, 'Miss Horace Smith would like to give you some'—but he paid!

Sunday, 4th Dec. I am staying for the week-end

because I have to go home for Tuesday and Wednesday. I love a Sunday here, devoted entirely to Hale. I have not even been to church! I was going to the early service but it rained, and as I must have walked to New Groombridge I decided not to go. I also had intended to go with Molly to evening service, but deluges of rain stopped us. The odd thing is, I feel that it was much more of a religious duty to stop with Hale than to go to church, and I am not at all inclined to feel that way! He has been so happy. I told him this evening how happy *I* had been, and he burst out with 'It is all your own *blessed* SAINTLY temperament! You would sing in a cage!'

He told me this morning that he had had one of his strange *visions*. Nobody could ever, so he said, understand what he meant by these visions. So far as I can make out, they have been worse since his illness—or rather, I should say, his mental troubles have taken the form of these visions. This may be partly the result of morphia; but at the same time it is quite possible that he has suffered from them all his life. I distinctly remember his having one of them in the first summer before his illness. I must say he is wonderfully good; he makes no fuss about these things which haunt and so distress him. He told me that the only man he knew of who ever suffered from exactly the same diseased state of mind was Keats, and he pointed to one or two passages in his letters to

Fanny Brawne. We talked about Keats and Fanny Brawne when we were out for our morning walk. I said that passages in the letters he had shown me were useless unless one knew something about Fanny and her replies.

To-day I have read Matthew Arnold on 'Shelley', 'Milton', and 'Tolstoy'; I thoroughly enjoyed them. I did not know I should like his prose so much. Hale praised the Shelley and Milton. He had ordered the book from the Library—not for me but for himself.

From a letter 11th Dec. 1910:

. . . Do not be surprised if you do not see me at the station to-morrow. I have had to stay at home to-day as the pain is sharper.

. . . I particularly wish you not to walk up here alone. I want to be with you and to prove . . . what I am positive is true, that no living soul sympathizes with your *work*, understands it, and you in it, better than your Hale. I want you to see this, to say you believe it, the moment we meet. I want to extinguish with my devotion Mr. —, ¹ so that you may no more remember him. It is not only love for *you*, my dearest, which puts such a price on what you do. It is a conviction, growing every week, that you are profoundly *right*, that the object at which you aim is something to be achieved by no other person nor by any other method.

¹ I had been out of spirits about the Class, and rather depressed and disturbed by some criticism which Mr. — had offered.

I preserve this scrap because I found him very ill when I arrived the day after he wrote it, and I thought perhaps they might be his last words to me. It is now *Tuesday evening, 13th Dec.* Yesterday they told me he was 'very ill'. He felt strange when he woke and did not go to his bath, but Nurse did not think much of that; it was while she was getting things ready for him before breakfast that she saw him suddenly turn a dreadful colour and look quite old, his eyes open and fixed, and his hands dead above the fingers. She went to him at once and tried to rouse him, but it took some time, and when he came to himself he only talked at random. He talked in the same way when Molly went in, and they thought him very ill, and telephoned for the doctor. I arrived shortly before the doctor, and went to his room after speaking to Molly and Nurse. He was sitting up in a chair, wrapped in blankets. He knew me, but took very little notice of me, and very soon got excited about the pain. I left him, and just then the doctor arrived. The doctor said that he could find no serious symptoms, and thought he would get better as the day went on; he reassured us a great deal, but he did not suggest any reason for the attack in the morning. Nurse had thought it was the beginning of a fit. He was drowsy all day and quite oblivious of us. I tried to tempt him to take his food, but he fell fast asleep between the mouthfuls. He returned to

his sad cry of two years ago, that ' he did not know why I was here '. Nurse sat up with him all night. This morning she told us his night had not been bad after about twelve o'clock, and we certainly found him better. I sat in the room almost the whole time, as I did yesterday, though he had then frequently thought I was outside. This morning he slept a good deal, once for an hour or more, and the second time for about half an hour. This afternoon he showed great improvement and began to talk a little. At first he burst out crying, and asked me why I did not go back to Beckenham, but after a while he began feeling for my hand, and once as I was going out of the room he called to me, ' Where are you going, Dorothy ? ' It was the first time he had spoken to me like his real self since I arrived. Then Molly and I both talked to him, and went in and out as usual, and we gave him his tea (for meanwhile Nurse was in bed, getting her night's rest in the afternoon), and then he wrote a letter and was quiet and contented for some time. Just before supper I knelt by his side to bid him good night, and he fell fast asleep. When he woke he did not know he had been to sleep and said ' good night ', and as I stood up he dropped off again, sitting up as he was. He seemed very drowsy.

Wednesday, 14th Dec. Quite himself again, and at noon got up and dressed. He referred, first thing, to the joy that had come to him through

something I had said yesterday—the peace and security ; never had I said anything more beautiful. I wondered what it could have been, for I knew it had been useless to *say* anything yesterday at all. It turned out to be my reply to his question as to ‘ why I did not go back to Beckenham ’. I had simply said it would break my heart. To him the *answer* was wonderful, to me the *question* was ! But in these moods he cannot see the matter reasonably, and I ought, by this time, to be sufficiently schooled not to pay much attention to what he says. He does not know (how should he ?) how I miss him when he is *away* from me like that ; for he *is* away when these moods come over him in illness. And then he comes back so suddenly !

We finished *The Tempest* last week. He pointed out here and there passages which (to him) made it obvious that this was Shakespeare’s last play : the gentleness of Prospero, readiness to forgive, carelessness as to what happens to those who have wronged him, the breaking of the staff (‘ I’ll break my staff. . . . I’ll drown my book ’), and the proposed retirement to Milan (‘ where every third thought shall be my grave ’).

Tuesday, 20th Dec. Hale got steadily better all last week, though he did not leave his room. Nurse wanted me to see the doctor when he came towards the end of the week, so that I might give him *my* account of the drowsy fits and afternoon

nightmares ; and this I did. He came with Nurse into my room, and there we talked. He could not find anything wrong with Hale, in fact everything seems in better order than ever, and he gave no reason for the drowsiness or Monday's attack. Those were most tempestuous days. How the wind howled on Friday ! Hale spoke most beautifully of the wind ; he likes all that raging against the panes. He said that it was so wonderful to think that this great drama had been enacted again and again through all these thousands of years, and yet man was no nearer a knowledge of what all that energy *meant* or what it *did*. As he spoke, the ' drama ' was at its height, screaming, whistling, banging about the house. Yesterday I found him very well, and the doctor, who came in the evening, gave an excellent report. Hale has begged to be allowed to give up his morphia dose, and the doctor has granted permission. Bad results this morning, of course, but still he knows *why* he feels so cold and wretched ; it is not like suffering entirely in the dark. The doctor promised us a bad day to-day, a moderately bad day to-morrow, and a moderately good day the day after, so we all know what to expect. Hale hopes (and so do I) that by degrees, if he gives up the morphia, he may suffer less from nightmare visions and wretchedness. We have begun to read *Othello* together.

Thursday, 22nd Dec. We have had a difficult

time. On Tuesday night Hale rang his bell about one o'clock. Nurse found him very miserable. I went in to speak to him, merely to comfort him, for it would be cruel to let him fancy for one half-moment that I thought him weak, and I knew Nurse was going to give him the morphia. Of course this is a very difficult enterprise—the doctors have throughout fought shy of it—and though I would encourage him with all my powers if I saw there was still some fight left in him, yet when it is clear that there is nothing more to be gained I relinquish the struggle without any fuss. There is no cause for a fuss. The struggle can be begun afresh another time. On Wednesday night he insisted on going without his dose again, and to-day has consequently been very difficult. He looked so grey and wretched, but he managed to get on till about 3.30, when he went to bed. Molly came in then with the doctor's message¹ and Nurse gave him the morphia. He was much upset and cried, but I would not let him reproach himself to the extent of one word. Presently he quieted down, and we had a very happy evening. There was a gorgeous clear sunset, and he told me that he had watched it whilst I was out of the room, and that some words of Goethe's had *flashed* into his mind. He cried again, and said they were true of Goethe; he implied that they were not true of himself. The words were: 'Es bleibt

¹ See next page.

sinkend immer dieselbe Sonne.' ¹ Later, he asked me to write these words down, and also to write down that he prophesied that they would be true of me. I said I would. He read to me, translating literally, Goethe's Poem to Mohammed. In the afternoon Molly spoke to the doctor on the telephone, and he told her that (hearing her account) he wished her father *not* to attempt this giving up of the morphia any more at present, but to wait till the warmer days of summer. I may be quite wrong, but I cannot help thinking that one might have tried a gradual reduction; the doctor, however, was not in favour of that course; he said it excited the patient. I should have supposed something of this sort would have been possible: Monday $\frac{1}{10}$ of grain, Tuesday $\frac{1}{12}$, Wednesday $\frac{1}{14}$, Thursday $\frac{1}{14}$, Friday $\frac{1}{16}$, Saturday $\frac{1}{12}$ (*not* back to $\frac{1}{10}$ again), and then on to $\frac{1}{18}$, and back to $\frac{1}{14}$, &c., &c.

It was his birthday too; he was hardly in the mood for congratulations. Molly and Nurse gave him a plant for his bedroom, I gave him a bottle of eau-de-Cologne with a very long neck.

Tuesday, 27th Dec. He spoke to me very beautifully about joy as an end in itself, 'an approach to a greater perfection' * ²—I think those

¹ He quotes these words more exactly in his Preface to Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*. They are to be found in *Conversations with Eckermann*, May 2nd, 1824: 'Untergehend sogar ist's immer dieselbige Sonne'; 'words of one of the ancients'.

² See note 2, p. 32.

were his words, and he said it was Spinoza's definition. He maintained that mortification, self-denial and so forth were only means to an end, no end in themselves. He asked me why I should not believe in a 'sacrifice of joy' on the altar just as much as I would believe in a sacrifice of mortified affections, &c., &c. He spoke to me also the other day about scruples. It may sound strange, but it is so much more often *I* who have to do the counselling; but every now and again he becomes *my* counsellor, very kind and grave and wise and gentle.

I have taken lately to spreading his bread and toast with butter, ostensibly with a view to relieving him of the bother and giving myself something to do whilst he eats his supper; but really my idea is to see that he (of course unconsciously!) eats a great deal of butter, for I am sure it must be good for him, especially in this cold weather.

[1922. I will here insert a letter which he wrote to my mother at this time.

30th Dec. 1910.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I cheerfully resign Dorothy for two additional days this week, for I never forget how much I owe to your generosity. Nevertheless I think nobody knows what I have to go through when I part with her.

The day after to-morrow is the beginning of another year of our love and friendship, and

I am sure they are deeper than when they began. She is more necessary to me than ever. We may be able to change a man's opinions on this or that matter, but to change his temper is almost impossible. Dorothy, I believe, has changed mine, my way of looking at life, and of judging the world. It has been altogether for good.

You must not be surprised if I am so eager to keep her. My time with her cannot now be long. You will most likely have her to yourselves again for many years to come. My love to yourself and your husband.

Affectionately yours,
W. HALE WHITE.]

Thursday, 12th Jan. This is a paper he gave me the other day to prove how little of my time is spent here! But then the time that *is* spent here is spent together. In these three years I should think we have had about as much of one another's company as the majority of married couples have in half a lifetime.

Saturday to Monday	.	.	104	days
Club	.	.	12	„
Mothers' Meeting	.	.	4	„
			<u>120</u>	„

Exclusive of odd days which may balance Sundays when the Class does not meet.

We finished *Othello* the other day, and now we are reading *Romeo and Juliet*. I think it (so far at least) reads aloud better than *Othello*, at any rate suits Hale better, or happened to suit him

better at the time. He keeps very well, and for several days has had none of his drowsiness. Last week I went home for my boys' Club, and returned on Thursday with Hugh and Janet. Hugh left by the 5.6, but Janet stayed with me till Saturday. We all enjoyed this very much. On Friday (Twelfth Night) we had crackers at lunch which Hale had commissioned me secretly to buy. We made a tremendous noise.

Yesterday I said something about our first meetings and greetings ; I wanted to recall certain very beautiful memories, but I found (as I guessed it would be) he has forgotten nearly everything. In some ways it is sad for me, for though he said very seriously that he *knows* he loves me far more now than he did then, yet I wish he could remember. On the other hand, I cannot bear him to recall his illness, months and months of which seem to have been entirely obliterated from his mind.

Friday, 13th Jan. He read the fight in which Mercutio is killed. He reads these violent and agitated parts very well ; it is as if he were acting, quarrelling, fighting, interposing, and yet he does not move.

He has spoken lately of his 'faults', some of which he thinks can be cured and others which he thinks are inherent and could by no possibility be rooted out. He is so ready to acknowledge his faults, but if ever I point to his virtues (which are quite as remarkable) he only grunts or says they

are 'forced upon him'. I said: 'There is nothing slothful about you.' 'My dear,' he replied, 'it is forced upon me. I'm obliged to get up early; I wake at five o'clock,' &c., &c.

It is strange that he sees now a strain in his nature which I am convinced he never saw before; a wretchedness in himself which seems as if it *must* vent itself in making wretchedness for others; not with any cruel intention, but just from sheer misery; an instinctive desire to damp enthusiasm or joy. The odd thing is that this instinct lies so closely and comfortably side by side with an instinct for those very qualities which he damps; he loves joy and enthusiasm as well as hates them spitefully. I said: 'You sometimes feel wretched.' He said 'Yes'; he was making up the fire. I said: 'And you feel as if you must make other people wretched.' 'Yes,' he said bitterly, 'its damnable,' and he gave the fire a savage poke. We laughed a great deal, because we are both such a mixture of sense and nonsense, moderation and extravagance. It has been a merciful thing that some instinct, equally inherent in one, and of a diametrically opposite kind, should have from the first withstood *his* instinct. I have clung passionately, obstinately, to exuberant joy and health and happiness all through these three years; and I suppose the whole time, though I did not realize it (except bit by bit, slowly, unconsciously, and as it were with resolutely shut eyes), the whole time

he was instinctively at war with me trying to wreck his happiness and my own. As by degrees his nature has straightened out—here and there it was very much curled up, fold within fold—this instinct has become plainer to himself. I said to him: ‘Now that you have begun to correct that instinct you begin to see it. A year or two ago you would not have been *able* to see it.’ I realize now that part of the trouble about my ‘boys’ has been due to this instinct for ‘damping’, and not due entirely to jealousy or a love of managing, or a nervous anxiety. He has implored me in a sort of terror once or twice of late never to yield to this instinct, never to allow myself to be damped, however strong his mood is upon him. I do not think I should yield now, for joy daily grows in me, and misery in him is daily dying. As it dies I suppose he feels its strength and is alarmed. I doubt if two people ever loved one another so furiously and victoriously.

Tuesday, 24th Jan. A beautiful day, after a week’s fog and gloom. I took my morning walk alone, as Hale had an idea of sleeping in the hour before lunch and going out during the afternoon. I let him have his own way, but I begged him to leave himself a full hour for his rest and to draw the blinds. Whether he did the latter I don’t know, but Nurse declares that he could not have done the former as she heard him moving about in his room long after twelve o’clock. I went up

the Ashurst Road and took it into my head to cut across the field way to Top Hill Farm. I have not been there for a long time, not since well back in the autumn, I suppose. I thought it might be very muddy, but it was not so bad. The sun was hot like summer ; indeed there was a laziness in the air which does not properly belong to spring, and certainly not to winter. I was so glad I had come that way, and then even more glad, for I fell in with the hunt unexpectedly. I had had no warning of them, did not know they were out, when I espied against the hedge several riders, and one or two in pink. I stopped by the Top Hill Farm gate, and there got an excellent view. The hounds came bursting through from Top Hill field and ran past me, some one side, some another, and the horses almost stamped upon me. The gate became a sort of meeting-place ; no one seemed to know in which direction to turn, and the hounds sniffed uncertainly around. Suddenly they doubled and began running through Top Hill field again. I lost them behind the farm buildings, but I saw the mare and her foal of last year (pretty creature with a white-starred forehead) flying away in terror, and a lot of sheep came scuttling round the corner of a shed for safety. Then I saw the hunt once more, the hounds on the true scent now making a straight line for New Park Wood or the Ashurst Road, whichever it might be, and the field careering after them. A couple of farm lads

who had been hanging back shyly, never speaking a word, set off at full speed, and I caught a glimpse of white aprons, and women and children, cutting across the grass in the distance. Then they all disappeared, and I was left alone with Rough. Rough was a most human object-lesson, fit subject for a sermon. He likes always to be the centre of attention, is the most fussy of mortals, and when anything is 'going on' he must always join in and cause a diversion. The sudden appearance of the hunt rather took him aback, and for a few minutes he did not seem to realize what was happening. Then, plucking up courage, he dashed amongst the hounds and horses and uttered his absurd 'yap, yap!'—returned to me at once, however, most dejected; not a creature had so much as looked at him! The hounds had not lifted their noses by so much as the hundredth part of an inch! It was a dreadful snub, and I never saw funny little Rough more obviously crushed. *He* would not know either that one child riding with her father said as she passed: 'What a dear little dog!' and perhaps it would have been poor consolation for such an overwhelming defeat.

Hale is *very* well, quite fat in the face and such a fine colour. The doctor said the other day he had never seen him better. I have learnt a new Prelude of Bach's (out of one of the Suites) and he is quite wild about it. We have not yet finished

Romeo and Juliet; we get a good many interruptions. We have got to where Juliet has drunk the sleeping draught and Romeo has been recalled from Verona. We talked about the play. Hale had said at the outset that Shakespeare's object was to show the cruelty of these family feuds; he repeated this again, and said how terrible it was to see those young lives crushed in the mill-wheel of faction and strife. He said: 'And Shakespeare never even tells us what the quarrel was about!'—so senseless is the quarrel, a thing without cause and without effect, except the *accidental* effect that Tybalt, Mercutio, Romeo and Juliet are all destroyed. I said that to me the play was dreadful, more dreadful than Othello which we had read just before; and I believed that the reason of this was that neither Romeo nor Juliet is a sufficiently great character for the events which crowd upon them. Tybalt and Mercutio are really greater; they manage to fit in with the events and die; Romeo and Juliet are left behind. Hale said: 'Juliet is the greater of the two.' I said: 'Yes, but Juliet is not *sure* of herself; she wavers. Desdemona was so sure, so calm.' Othello was sure too; he marched to meet his fate; he will not listen to hope or reason or delay; Romeo instinctively seeks to avoid his fate. This makes the terror of it all to me; and it makes me the better understand what Hale meant by the mill-wheel in which these young, fair, innocent lives

are crushed. No faction, no family feud could have been a mill-wheel for Desdemona and Othello ; they would have checked its grinding at once. *They* are not Iago's tools neither ! Why, Iago is *their* tool ; Othello's tool ; Othello uses him as a means for developing that fateful life within himself which sooner or later *must* come to the birth. *If there had been no Iago*, Othello would still have smothered Desdemona. Therefore Shakespeare does not choose such mighty characters for his drama of the mill-wheel of party-strife. He chooses the young, the fair, the innocent, the happy—the very creatures *not* marked out for a cruel fate. *If there had been no quarrel* between the Montagues and the Capulets, Romeo and Juliet would have been happily married and led the most blessedly secure and peaceful lives, and their children would have been happily married after them.

Wednesday, 25th Jan. I went to the Communion at the old church. Only myself and Mrs. Bish there, so there was no celebration. Miss Louisa Saint died on Monday evening.

Hale rested again this morning, but this time I settled him down before I went out, covered him up and drew the blinds. When I came home at one o'clock he said he had slept heavily—an 'unnatural sleep' of course he called it—and he had only just woken up. Molly asked at lunch if he had slept, and he said : ' Slept ? Horrible !

Don't talk of it!' I couldn't help laughing, because if he has a thorough spell of sleep he is sure to think something is very much amiss. We took a good walk after lunch, and were out about an hour and twenty minutes. After tea we finished *Romeo and Juliet*, and then I played to him, and then Molly and I went to church as usual. There was a gorgeous sunset as we sat at tea, rosy clouds and lakes of green and a big bank of purple. Hale called us both upstairs to obtain a better view from his room. Coming home from our walk, Hale told me that he had seen such a beautiful sight early this morning at about 5.30 or 6—or rather 'felt such a strange feeling'. He had opened the window wide and outside there was utter silence, broken only or 'intensified by the far-off crowing of a cock'. There was a brilliant moon behind the fir trees, glistening through the branches. 'It made you feel', said Hale, 'such miles, such *years*, from the day which was only an hour away.' He said he was reminded of a certain early morning at Ashted; and then how incapable we were of expressing the things most deeply felt! I added that we had no notion either of their meaning, and said how strange it was that we were only alive to these beautiful things at certain times, though the beautiful things were always there: we hurried on through a busy life, and one by one the beautiful things slipped past us; we could not hold one of them.

Tuesday, 31st Jan. My birthday. Hale sent me in the first birthday greeting by Lizzie in the morning. He told me afterwards that he had sat up at his table to write it ; meanwhile I peacefully slept !

31 Jan. 1911. 6 a.m.

I hope I am the first. If not, it does not much matter. *You* are the first, and I believe *I am* the first.

H.

Molly had made me an iced cake, with 'D. V. S. 1911' upon it, and mercifully (so we agreed) not the year in which I was born. Hale said : 'What are you going to do with it?' '*Eat it,*' I said without much doubt.

Venus has become an evening star again ; we watched her setting behind the trees just over the sunset glow. I reminded Hale how we had watched her in just the same way in January three years ago. The other day (Friday, when Lady Robert was here) Hale told us of the recent discovery about one of the satellites of Neptune (I think), namely, that it revolves in the opposite way to any of the others. Very tiresome of it ! Very heretical and unorthodox ! Suppose some one had said fifty years ago : 'How do you *know* that the satellites all spin the same way ? Perhaps one of them spins to the contrary' ; science would have coldly replied : 'Impossible ! There are the Laws of Nature. The Universe is subject to Law.'

No doubt it is, but *what* Law? How are we ever to say anything is impossible? Science will probably some day discover the Law which commands that contrary spin, but it is easy to be wise after the event. Hale told us that he had written to Professor Turner to say that he was very glad of this contrary spin, because he was glad of anything that upset dogmatism; and Professor Turner wrote back to say that scientific men were apt to be too dogmatic. On the other hand, Hale spoke of the marvellous discovery of Neptune itself by this very dogmatic science. Nobody *saw* Neptune, but dogma said it *must be there*; the disturbance of other bodies proved the existence of this one; dogma looked, and it *was* there. It makes almost a God of man; one might almost say: 'He spake the word, and they were made; He commanded, and they were created.'

Hale read to me on Monday night Milton's Latin poem (translated into English hexameters) with the refrain:

'Go unpastured my lambs: your master now
heeds not your bleating.'

From a letter 11th Feb. 1911:

After you left I was tired and went to sleep. In the afternoon . . . Nurse, her husband and I walked as far as Langton Green. I left a card on Fooks.¹ I was a little bit weary, but still the feat was achieved. It was a perfect afternoon

¹ See p. 464.

for walking. I tell you all this because I am vain enough to hope you will take an interest in what I have done. I hope also you will believe that at every step of the road my thoughts were with you. Good-bye . . . till Monday. I pray you to trust me. I pray that I may *always be myself* when I am with you, for I know my love goes down to the centre.

12 Feb. 1911.

MY DOROTHY,

It shows you what a miserably weak creature I am that I clutched your note this morning and tore it open, dreading what it might tell me, but the thought came to me and greatly comforted me that if I love you I cannot lose you. I have then the assurance I want. It is *in me*. I need not ask it from you.

If you do not see me at the station to-morrow do not be surprised. I want to prepare myself for a walk with you in the afternoon.

Your own,

H.

Monday, 13th Feb. I have kept these two letters to remind me of this last week-end. It was not a very happy one. Hale *did* upset me, and just before I left on Saturday. If he had been a young man I should have been very angry, and *left* him in anger, but I dare not as things are. Perhaps it is just as well I cannot give way to my temper, for after all there *is* something to be said on his side! I dare say there are peculiar twists in me as well, though I flatter myself I am so very normal. However, we thrashed things out together

when I returned this morning, and incidentally I think good will come out of it. Good has come out of so much of our warfare; for our love has been a series of battles after all, glorious battles and victories and truces and spoils and honours and triumphs. Hale looks wonderfully well. His son says he is as well as he was twenty years ago, or something to that effect.

We went for a walk this afternoon; there was a beautiful spring blue sky. We heard the first lambs, crying like cats, and their mother's bleating over them. They were fenced in by a brushwood enclosure in Top Hill field. We also saw Mitchell scaring crows. The crows seemed annoyed, and sat in a sulky fashion in the tops of the trees. I like all these signs of spring, and the peacocks have been screaming these last few days.

Hale is reading *The White Doe of Rylstone*. He read *The Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle* the other day.

From a letter received on *Sunday or Monday, Feb. 19th or 20th* :

What a week last week was! The lambs, the sense of upspringing life, all nature getting ready, increasing light morning and evening, and above everything my own glowing Dorothy, a white, pure flame.

Friday, 24th Feb. On Wednesday I took Molly to town for a spree. We were very extravagant and drove in four taxies! Janet met us at the

Theatre, and we saw *The Witness for the Defence*. Then we all returned to Beckenham, where Molly wore her new evening frock, and I went to the boys' club. The boys' club was very jolly, about twenty-six boys, and the gramophone played a song with the chorus :

‘ It serves you right : it serves you right !
It jolly well serves you right ! ’

We came back here on Thursday at the usual time. Hale threw himself into our pleasures nobly. His whimsical nature so often makes him want to pretend that other people's pleasures are his miseries ! I had warned him beforehand how he was to behave on our return, and he played the part exactly ! In fact he played it very naturally, and I half believe he really felt as jolly as he appeared to be. It was *I* who sinned in whimsicality. I dare say I was overtired. In the evening I had a difficulty¹ to face. Going to bed I had a long talk with Nurse. For many months I have not said anything about any difficulties. My life

¹ I am thankful that these ‘ difficulties ’ referred to from time to time are so rarely enlarged upon. Here, for example, I find no erasure, and I have to make no omission. The cause of the difficulty is left entirely unexplained. Nobody therefore will ever know whether these difficulties were in the house or out of it, whether they came through the post or by word of mouth, whether they were accidental, inevitable, in the nature of things or unnecessarily provoked, my own fault or somebody else's. I might now myself guess it was this or that, but I should only be guessing.

here is very, very happy, but full of difficulties, struggles to be fair, and do the best under the circumstances which must, when all is said and done, be peculiar. Nurse was very good ; she said that things were very difficult for me ; she hugged me hard, though I wasn't at all inclined to cry—I was much too emphatic for that ! When I had finished I joked a little and said : ' I expect you laugh at me all the time up your sleeve.' She said : ' Laugh ! . . . I look at you sometimes and marvel how you go through it all ! ' I felt rather comforted by that. I think it did me good to talk. I told Hale to-day that I had had a talk with her, though I did not tell him what the particular difficulty had been. I *know* I am overtired ; but I can take care of myself. I shall slow down a bit. Hale can always see if I am overtired ; I half wish he couldn't, for he fusses over me too anxiously, and I exhaust myself in trying to persuade him that I am not exhausted !

We have both been reading and greatly admiring *Martha Vine* ;¹ we are also each writing something separately about the book. Hale wants us to unite in a signed review, but I don't see how our styles would dovetail in together ; his *is* a style ; mine isn't.

Friday, 3rd March. I have copied this extract from a letter which Benjamin Jowett sent to Hale,

¹ By Viola Meynell ; a first book published anonymously : Herbert and Daniel, 1910. See *Letters to Three Friends*, p. 287.

dated Oxford, April 21/80. . . . 'I believe that in our day those who have speculative difficulties about Christianity must try to get rid of them by a Christian life.'

Yesterday he talked a good deal about Jean Paul Richter. He said that he had influenced him enormously in his youth, and he well remembers lying on the beach at Southsea reading volume after volume of the Collected Works; I understood him to say that he went steadily through the whole of Jean Paul at that time.

This afternoon Hale and I went at the Shepherd's invitation to see the young lambs in Top Hill field. Shepherd says there are a great many pairs (twins) this year: I think he said that 17 out of 21 ewes had had twins. We went right into the fold. Such a bleating there was! The mothers were greedily cropping at mangels; the tiny lambs herded together in funny little groups like children, occasionally running for food to the mother, when they appeared mostly to be shoved aside, and some of them running inquisitively to the hurdles to see who the visitors might be. They were not in the least degree shy—much more human than animal, I thought; fussy, curious, squealing babies. I poked my finger through the hurdle to one tiny mite, and it immediately nibbled at it, took it into its mouth and gave it a gentle bite. Hale gave me two shillings to give to Shepherd when we said good-bye.

I went home on Saturday, March 4th, with a slight cold about me, started bad inflammation of the ear on Sunday night ¹ and was kept at home all the week, returning here much packed up to-day, Monday, March 13th. Hale cannot believe he has got me back !

The following letter refers to the fact that we read the Collect, Epistle and Gospel together (or rather Hale read it to me) on Saturday before I left. I had asked that we might make this a regular practice, and he was very glad. I also leave my Prayer Book in his room. These two things are to remind me not to get too easily agitated when things go wrong between us ; this, I need hardly say, is my idea, not Hale's, for he is much too much of a gentleman to think I am ever in the least degree the offender when our relations are temporarily strained !

4th March 1911. What a blessed discovery of yours for our parting on Saturday ! To-day's was the happiest I have ever known !

I have been for a walk with Molly. The day looked gloomy before I set out, but when we were in the fields the gloom turned out to be a lovely, soft, peaceful grey, appeasing all disquietude. The air was delicious.

I here put in four of the letters Hale sent. He

¹ The ear, I remember, gave a crack as I was walking up the road to the Mission, probably a cold, windy night ; the jaw began to stiffen, and my brother Hugh took me down to see the doctor when I got home.

came with Nurse to see me on Friday, starting very early, 9.33, and leaving us about 4.30. Of course it is an unheard-of thing for him to travel at this time of year, and we are so glad he was driven to it, and has discovered that it is not an impossibility.

Monday, 6th March :

Monday morning, 10. . . . I cannot tell you how your telegram, just received, distresses me. I have had no letter from you since you left, and I therefore know no particulars. I infer from the doctor's visit that you must have been taken ill yesterday. Would that I could hear more—whether the inflammation is internal, whether you are in pain, whether you are in bed. Directly you get this note, please let me have a line or two from you, that is to say if you can write. My head is in a whirl. I am afraid you do not say everything. I have just telegraphed.
H.

The midday post has come in, but there is no letter !

Monday, 6 p.m. . . . Your letter has come. I have just time to ask you to send me a telegram to-morrow morning early, so that I may order a fly, but *take the doctor's advice before you decide.*¹ Pray, my own, run no risks.

I will say nothing about myself. I should do you no good. I ought to have you for an uninterrupted month after this. I am sorry I am in a miserably discontented, *cursing* mood.

¹ I must have rashly contemplated returning on Tuesday.

I wonder what kept you at the Class when you were in such pain.

The owls are hooting at a great rate to-night. They mean something, I believe. I must stop.

11th March, after his visit to 'Ivy Bank' on Friday :

. . . The most touching, faith-begetting letter. . . You made *me* happy, although my usual, distempered, forecasting sadness prevented me from putting the proper face on my happiness.

12th March 1911 :

. . . If you should not come to-morrow, please acknowledge to me as soon as you can the receipt of the enclosed cheque.¹

I wish the doctor could see you to-morrow morning before you start. It is just as well you have not got to travel to-day ; it is sunless, damp, raw, and the cold penetrates more than if it were a frost. You will find the train draughty. The art of keeping warm in a railway carriage is to sit away from the windows, even if they are shut. The middle seat is the safest. So says an experienced traveller.

I cannot imagine you 'trying to be kind'. Nor can I imagine you 'calling on your sense of duty' to do anything. O ! my dear, do you know why I love you ? It is because you can dispense with duty ; it is because you can trust an impulse to do everything for you ; it is because you are unexpected and spontaneous. What should I do, how much should I care for you, if I could always anticipate you and say

¹ Cheque for *Isabel*.

to myself 'I recognize this situation'; and then, taking out my manual, 'Thus therefore will Dorothy act, at the prescribed time, temperature 55° Fahrenheit.'

I must read *Consuelo* with you.¹ I shall be most curious to discover what it is to me now.

Thursday, 16th March. I so often find myself looking at Hale's face, studying his contented expression. Contentment seems to *settle* there now; it does not strike and depart like an impulse, but it remains whilst he considers, and after he has considered it still remains. It is a very beautiful sight, and I have every right to be proud of it. He came to me laughing this afternoon to say that it was so absurd, he frequently now caught himself unconsciously imitating me, my ways of speech; and he had just said exactly what I would have said, exactly used one of my phrases. He would not tell me what it was, lest it should make me self-conscious, but he laughed a good deal to himself.

Whilst he and I were alone at tea he told me that last night he had lain awake thinking over the number of big—what shall I call them? I forget what *he* called them—intellectual and spiritual shocks which had revolutionized his life. Very few he could find. 'What', he said, 'is to be

¹ In one of his little note-books he wrote, evidently about this time: 'The delicious atmosphere and circumstances of *Consuelo*—art, poverty, enthusiasm, complete absence of vulgarity—what a difference from Park Lane and Chicago.'

compared with the revolution which *your* coming here has caused in me?' Then he said that when he learnt there were two Isaiahs, and that Moses did not write Leviticus—new facts which brought confusion in the Churches—he suffered no revolution, he was just the same afterwards as before. He went on to say, however, that *one* discovery had had the strongest possible and strangest possible effect on his mind, and that was the discovery which he made from Professor Young about Motion, that we had no reason to suppose there was ever a *time* when motion did not exist, motion not necessarily requiring any more creative force than rest; hence (this is all my own interpretation of Professor Young!) it is no more incredible that the whole universe should be in perpetual motion than that it should be in perpetual rest.¹ I said to Hale: 'It does not make God seem any farther off; it seems to bring Him nearer.' To which Hale replied with his eager emphasis: 'And that is what every genuine discovery does!—brings God nearer.'

Sunday, 19th March. Dr. Adeney was solemnly asked to decide on Friday whether I ought to go home for my Sunday work. He said, 'Certainly not!' Hale turned so white when the verdict was about to be given, and tried to look so innocent and impartial himself. I dare say the doctor was quite wise to advise me to stay here. My ear is nearly

¹ See *More Pages from a Journal*, p. 234.

well, and probably will be quite well in a day or two. I have had a most happy Sunday. I had a piece of news through the post about one of my boys joining the choir with a view to being confirmed, which gave the day a good start;¹ and all the rest of my happiness has centred round my dear one. He made me read the Collect, Epistle and Gospel; and when Molly had gone to church this evening I begged to sing some hymns. I sang 'Fierce raged the tempest' which he liked very much, and 'Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us' (to Hopkins' tune), and 'When I survey', which, words and tune, he remembered from boyhood, though he could not remember to have seen the last verse before. Whilst he was eating his supper we talked about Roman Catholicism and the Westminster Cathedral. I told him that I went in there once or twice, on my way back from my visits to him in the Nursing Home. I hardly ever mention those days to him, but to-night I recalled how I used to cry as I came down Baker Street in the omnibus every other day, because he had ceased to love me. I should never have dared to admit that fact to myself at the time; I fought against it, 'fought like a tigress' as I told Hale to-night. When I said that he had ceased to love

¹ I let this stand; it is true (whatever 'true' may mean) and must stand; but I am a great deal more jealous now about the Class—the time and thought and energy it absorbed—than ever *he* was!

me, he said, 'Oh Dorothy!' He did not say any more, and I quickly began to laugh and talk nonsense. He remembers very little of what happened in those months. How very, very slow they seemed to me at the time, a *real life-time*, and quite another life, a separate life, from that which I am living now, and have lived now for more than a year. He spoke of Francis Newman, brother to the Cardinal. He used to come to Chapman's when Hale was there, and Hale went to see him at his home, lodgings, or whatever it was. Hale said that the brothers were 'essentially' so exactly alike, though superficially and to the eyes of most people so exactly *unlike*. Francis was a Theist, which would answer now, so Hale said, to an Agnostic. He married a strict Plymouth Sister; and he declared to Hale that the dissimilarity of belief 'made no difference to them'. He also declared the same thing to be true between his brother and himself. Both, Hale said, keen, clear-headed, logical, hair-splitting men.

From a letter, 26th March 1911:

. . . I have thought of hardly anything but you all through this dreary day. I gather from your letter that when you wrote it you did intend to come back to-morrow, but will you? ¹ I shall watch and watch for a telegram! I cannot

¹ He can have had no possible reason for doubting this, but perhaps he feared a catastrophe such as had occurred when I last went home.

call to mind that I have gone through such a Sunday. . . . I cannot write any more. May God give you strength and the willingness to return, for on you my life hangs.

Forgive the weariness of this scrap. I have been unwell to-day.

Here begins a new page. *Wednesday, 19th April 1911.* Since my last entry everything has happened. We were married on April 8th. I will fill in the more important facts. When I was at home on Sunday, March 26th, something was said about the summer holidays, and I felt that I *must* decide to spare a week or ten days for my people at home. I had been dreading this impending trouble for some time, but I determined to make no more trouble of it than I could help, and to do what I saw must be done and get it over.¹ The short conversation on this subject at the dinner-table showed me. . . . On Monday morning, just before I came back, Father said something about the summer holiday. . . . I felt suddenly that I had come to a crisis. . . . I came back and told Hale.

¹ Our family summer holidays were an 'institution', most delightful of all institutions—Sussex Downs, North Wales, the Lakes, foreign tours, and so forth. The family now was a good deal reduced. I was torn in two—that I suppose is already fairly obvious. I had skilfully evaded the difficulty last summer by getting the family to Langton Green. Why the 'impending trouble' of devising means for giving my people two or three weeks of undivided attention should have suddenly made me see that the only solution was to get married and go off altogether, is perhaps not very easy to see, but it is very like life!

. . . I determined that, whatever happened, I would not let Hale be in any way upset. I went home that Wednesday for my last boys' evening. I had no notion that it was a farewell to my boys—perhaps for ever. I was making arrangements with them for their cricket season, and had promised to act as Secretary.¹

Next morning (*Thursday, 30th March*) I spoke to Father. . . . When I returned here I found Hale in very good spirits, very eager to know what Father had said. . . . I was ready for any enterprise. . . . Things began now to assume a new aspect. . . . I went that week-end to stay at Mr. Keep's 'Hut' on the Holmwood with Father, Mother and Janet, while Marion and her children were in rooms hard by. I went up to town that Saturday morning, April 1st, to meet Father at the Westminster Court. On my way I turned in at the Westminster Cathedral. . . . I remembered how once or twice I had been into this Cathedral . . . when my dearest was in the Nursing Home. I was very hopeful and happy all this week-end.² I was not agitated or upset, though it was settled now that we were to be married, and I had to write and say that I must give up my work. We had most lively and merry discussions about the trousseau at the Hut. Whilst I was at the Hut

¹ I still thought that I could avoid taking any definite step.

² We walked to Friday Street, where Hale used to go as a lad when at Chapman's in George Eliot's days.

I received this letter (besides one other little note and a telegram) :

2nd April 1911. . . . I hope you got my note this morning. I shall expect your father's letter to-morrow.

I have read the hymn you repeated to yourself in the Cathedral, and I can join with you in its prayer. . . .

It is but natural that I should want your support just now. My mind is fixed, so far as everything is concerned which is of any consequence. . . . I shall get you on Tuesday.

I am afraid, indeed I am almost certain, unless you start early, that you cannot be here at 12.17 on Tuesday. You may find London Bridge more convenient than Victoria. If you cannot decide so that I may hear by the first post on Tuesday, please send me a telegram.

We shall never, *never* part. We *cannot*. Dearest, it would mean parting with life.

I supposed from this letter that all was well, but when I reached the Cottage on Tuesday, April 4th, I found that a reaction had set in. Molly greeted me at the station, very tearful as I could see ; and when I arrived Hale was lying on his bed, said that he felt very poorly, and attributed it to a chill. . . . Presently he picked up a bit, and he told me that he had always collapsed like this in the face of great responsibility ; this was tantamount to asking me to act for him. . . . I talked with Nurse ; she agreed that the only thing to do now was to go straight on and speedily.

Hale and I looked up the question of licences, and I said I would go and consult Mr. Vardon the next day about the nearest Surrogate.¹ Next day snow was thick on the ground and there was a blinding blizzard. Hale stayed in bed. Nurse said to me: 'You must pluck together all the courage you have got.' After breakfast I put on my snow-boots (Lady Robert's gift), and I plunged through the snow to Langton. I felt very strange, very sensitive, but very proud. I kept my spirits up by imagining that I was Charlotte or Emily Brontë. . . . Mr. Vardon was very kind. He advised me to ring up Archdeacon Scott, in Tunbridge Wells, and find out what could be done. Out into the driving snow I plunged again. Fortunately snow always exhilarates me, and perhaps Providence sent it down on purpose to excite me for my amazing task. . . . I went to the little

¹ I am telling my story very badly. Hale had said that he would like Mr. Vardon to marry us; and he wrote a note asking him to come the next day and advise him in an 'ecclesiastical matter concerning himself' or some such phrase. As the day proved so snowy and wild, I guessed that Mr. Vardon, not seeing any urgency in an 'ecclesiastical matter', would not trouble to come, and that was why I determined to go in myself and see him. When I arrived he told me at once that he had divined what the 'ecclesiastical matter' was, but that he certainly should have deferred his visit unless the weather had improved. He quite agreed with me that I had better get everything as quickly through as possible, and when I suggested the marriage should be that very Saturday, he said he thought it could be managed. (Note written at the time.)

public telephone office and rang up Archdeacon Scott. I asked the woman to shut the door of her sitting-room, but she must have heard every word I said.

‘ I want Archdeacon Scott.’

‘ I’m the man.’

‘ Oh, well, I’ve come about a marriage licence.’ . . .

‘ Yes, a marriage licence ; for *whom*, did you say ? . . . Spell it. . . . Oh, very well. Yes, wait a moment please, and I’ll take down a few of these facts. (The Archdeacon was flustered, I believe.) Now then, you want a licence. . . .’ .

. . . That is sufficient ; for after this we were quite at home with one another, and began making business-like plans. The Archdeacon said that he would come out in the afternoon from Tunbridge Wells to take Hale’s affidavit ; but as he said that *I* could equally well make the affidavit, I thought it was only courteous of me to offer to go in to the Wells myself and save him the journey. This I arranged to do, and he promised that I should find him at home up till one o’clock. Then I returned to the Cottage ; crossing Langton Green I got soaked to my knees, but I didn’t care. When I came in . . . every one’s spirits went up. We all began to stir. Molly lent me dry underclothing, Nurse tried to fetch me a cab to drive me into the Wells, and Hale determined to get up. Nurse could not secure the cab, so I walked to the station and went in by train. As I sat in the train I felt queer for

a moment, as if it were all a dream. In the station yard at the Wells I hailed a flyman. 'Can you drive me to Archdeacon Scott's, wait a few minutes there for me, and then drive me back to Groombridge?' The man said he could manage it. I thought perhaps the roads would be too bad. The drive to Archdeacon Scott's seemed very long, and I began to be afraid I should not arrive before one o'clock. I did arrive, however, at about a quarter or twenty minutes to one. The maid ushered me into the study as 'The lady you are expecting'. I suddenly felt as if I were in a book or on the stage. The first thing I did was to tell the Archdeacon *who I was*, the daughter of Mr. Horace Smith, the Westminster magistrate. Lucky for me I've got a respectable parent—*two* really, but Mother has not the Government stamp upon her. Then I told my story. The Archdeacon was very kind. One small incident pleased me very much. He telephoned to the Registrar at Rochester (some one called Day) to inquire if the licence could be secured by Saturday, and I heard *this* side of the conversation (the telephone was out in the hall), and one answer—I suppose to the question 'Is this business quite on the square?'—made me very happy: 'Oh yes, it's all *right* enough,' spoken in such a jolly, frank way. Then I swore the affidavit, standing with the Bible in my right hand. Then I said good-bye, and the Archdeacon saw me out at the front door into my cab. He

said the licence would probably arrive on the Friday; but perhaps not till the Saturday morning. Driving home I felt a wreck. I took off my hat and reclined against the cushions and kept my eyes shut. If any one will believe it, I ate a hearty lunch on my return. I was gay and excited. The others all caught my enthusiasm. Mr. Vardon kindly came to tea and made arrangements for the service. That evening I wrote home explaining what we had done, and asked Mother to send me a telegram in the morning to say if she and Father were content with the arrangement. This telegram arrived next morning. I do not remember much about Thursday, but I think Hale was quite peaceful.¹ On Friday Molly stayed in bed with a bad cold. Lady Robert, who was due to come to us that day, but had decided not to come on account of a cold of her own, now telegraphed to say she could. I felt she would be a great help to us all, and it was agreed that we should not

¹ It must have been on this day or the previous day that he wrote the following scrap on a half-sheet and sent it, evidently as an afterthought, with a letter to my Father or Mother:

'Dorothy has interviewed the parson and surrogate, as I was kept to my room with a cold. She has developed a capacity hitherto unsuspected even by me. She is an admirable business-woman, knows exactly what to say and do, and says and does nothing more, can act fearlessly in unforeseen circumstances and keep her head quite cool. She would make an admirable manager of the Great Western Railway, or Home Secretary.

W. H. W.

put her off. I knew there was no reason why she should be put off except a general hesitancy, to which it was important not to yield. She set us all into good spirits. When I told her what I had done on the snowy Wednesday, she seemed to understand. Driving to the station she said I should break down *afterwards*. I did not feel as if I should break down, but strange to say I *did* break down that very evening. Molly got very miserable, Lizzie was vexed, Nurse was outwardly calm but inwardly fuming, and Hale himself was desperate! As I was saying my prayers I began to cry at the strangeness of it all; I was tired out with my efforts, and I wondered if they were really of any use. Then I got into bed, and began to read the Bible in a sort of don't-care humour. Presently Nurse came in to get to bed; and as she passed me said: 'Now I shall give you a good kiss,' or something like that, and added: 'You have had the patience of I don't know what to-day.' At this I suddenly burst into a storm of sobs, but I never lost control, and I said: 'I'm all right,' and Nurse said 'I know you are'. When I had recovered myself we talked. Nurse said 'it all came down on the top of me'. I felt better as I spoke; I spoke quite practically and sensibly all the time I was crying. I remember saying something about being afraid that things might be too strong for me and that I might 'go under'; and Nurse saying, with a half-scornful laugh,

'You'll never go under'; and my catching eagerly at that and saying 'Do you think so?' Then we blew out our lights, and I cried a bit more, but presently I turned common-sensible and went to sleep. Next morning, Lizzie came to my bed, all smiles and happiness, and said: 'Mr. White wants you please to go straight to his room before Nurse goes to him.' I hurried in to him. He caught me and sobbed out all his sorrow; he praised me; I was happy at once, before ever he spoke a word, for I knew he had *come back*. That is the only way in which I can express these strange, nervous, hypochondriacal moods; he *goes away* from me; the body remains, but inhabited by a new and not very good or happy spirit; then suddenly the spirit goes, and *he* comes back. What a reunion it is! We cannot make enough of one another on these occasions, and I always feel as if the trouble can never recur again, or as if, did the trouble recur, I should be able to face it without tears; but it *does* recur, and the tears recur too. This was our wedding-day, and utterly happy from first to last. Hale was not a bit fidgety, only decently nervous and very content. Molly was quite fairly bright again and very nice. For my own part, I never flickered; it did not seem like *my* wedding;¹ it seemed like Hale's

¹ Perhaps I may be excused for dwelling here a moment longer. I had to be rigged out for the occasion; and now, on thinking the matter over, it strikes me that since I had been obliged to turn to Molly for dry underclothing on the

wedding only, and I had got to see him safely through it. He insisted on walking to the church with Nurse, and Molly and I drove in the cab. I had had great fun, by the way, ordering that cab, for I would *not* let Tanner know for what it was wanted, and he seemed particularly curious. I skilfully tried to evade his questions and then bluntly shut him up! It was really rather good fun stalking about the village, making the plans. Hale, of course, could not go out, as the weather continued cold and wet, Molly also was in bed with her cold, so I had to do everything and carry reports to Hale in one room and Molly in the other, and we had a lot of laughter over it all. I did not know a tremor until Friday, just before the midday post, when I went to Molly and admitted that I was anxious about the licence—would it arrive in time? At that moment in came the post, and as I ran down to take the letters I detected a long white envelope! But I am supposed to be writing about the wedding-day, when all the preparations were past. We sent our

previous Wednesday, my wardrobe must have been strictly limited, and in any case half of it would be at home. I know that a certain old rhyme was quoted with delight by Nurse and Lizzie, and no doubt Molly too—William even may have joined in:

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue . . .

I forget how the words went, but I believe I was true to type and that some finishing touch (was it a pair of gloves?) fulfilled a double destiny in belonging to somebody else and having not yet been worn.

cab on to the station to pick up an 'elderly, rather stout gentleman, with three ladies', and ourselves waited in the church. The waiting seemed very long, and knowing how easily stirred Hale is by anything religious, I kept the atmosphere as business-like as possible, and Molly backed me up finely; we even had some quiet jokes. Then I went into the porch with Nurse to look out for the carriage. At last it came with Mother, Father, Janet and Marion packed inside. Father was very jolly and funny as usual. He was an age getting out of the carriage, and he said that my rapidity and the north-east wind had rather taken his breath away! The service, of course, was very short, and though Hale had to stop once or twice to steady his voice he did not break down, and I held his hand very firmly. During the signing of the registers, Mother, Janet and Marion disappeared, and then Hale and I drove after them up to the Cottage. He was perfectly happy and gay, and not a bit overwrought. As we got out of the carriage we said something to Tanner (it was the grave one), and his face slowly relaxed into a smile. He told us he had guessed nothing until we all gathered at the church. So far as we could make out afterwards, not a soul in the village knew what was happening until it had all happened! One woman, however, told me that her husband had been predicting only a few days before that our wedding would take place within the next

few weeks, and had stuck to his opinion in spite of ridicule. We had a grand luncheon, Mr. Vardon lunching with us also. Mother gave me a beautiful opal ring which belonged to my Father's mother. Marion, for fun, brought a little bronze dog for me and a miniature leather shirt-case for Hale. Hale put the dog inside the shirt-case, and when, some days later, he found the shirt-case on his dressing-table and looked inside he said: 'Who's taken my little horse?' in such a disappointed tone. 'Your little horse!' I said, 'It's *my* little dog, and I've got it on my mantelpiece.' Well, I cannot go on describing the day, only from beginning to end it was perfectly happy; and in a sense it was rather calm and beautiful, so soon as my people had left, to go back to our old quiet way of life. Hale began to tidy the books on the drawing-room table, and then, if I remember rightly, we wrote letters and he had his supper and went to bed. Next morning I went to the Communion, and therefore did not begin my new nursing duties till Monday before breakfast. I am thankful to say that Nurse pronounced me 'very clever', and Hale felt no anxiety. I was afraid he would nervously cling to Nurse, but he immediately began to insist upon my doing everything, and I am sure piled on the number of things to be done in order to have me doing them!

We really made a rather bad start in married life, for I succumbed on the Wednesday in Holy

Week to a horrid cold, and Hale began a toothache ! It was all rather worse than it sounds ; but presently everything came right again, and has remained right ever since up to the present date (May 2nd). On the Thursday Hale, Nurse and I motored into the Wells, and the tooth, which, by the way, had bothered him on and off for a long time, was taken out. It was a bad job, for Dr. Adeney tried twice to send him to sleep under gas and failed, and eventually had to apply cocaine locally. He is a very bad patient for gas, and it was suggested that his doses of morphia have made him worse. However, the tooth had gone, and he seemed not a bit the worse. On Good Friday he was very cheerful, and I think I never spent a happier Good Friday in my life. I did not go to church, because my cough and catarrh were still so troublesome, but I helped William to pull two iron bedsteads to pieces and put them together again in the morning, and I protected the polyanthus flowers with cotton in the afternoon, and felt strangely careless and content. After this, however, Hale had a reaction, consequent, so Nurse supposed, and so she had foretold, on the extra doses of morphia, cocaine, bromide, &c. He was rather difficult for a day or two, and told me once that he was ' up to his neck in mud '. One evening he got very drowsy and grey, and began to wander in his talk. I watched him closely and was convinced that none of it was

hypochondriacal this time, and the state of semi-unconsciousness lasted some few minutes. I was very anxious with a sort of sick anxiety, but the fit passed off entirely as it has always passed before. Dr. Adeney was due to come over, and Hale wished me to have a good talk with him especially about these drowsy fits, for up to a certain point he is aware of them, though I do not think he had been aware of this last attack. I was most happily relieved to hear that there was no danger in this symptom; the drowsiness and loss of consciousness is due to want of blood to the brain, a slowness of circulation caused, so I understood, by some temporary stomach trouble. Dr. Adeney told me I need not be alarmed if there is complete unconsciousness for some minutes. When, however, I think that an attack is coming on—it is always preluded by incessant yawning and a greyness of complexion—I can give him a certain strong ‘pick-me-up’ for which he wrote a prescription. This ‘pick-me-up’ we tried the other day and it pulled him together at once. I shall not let him use it except on rare occasions; the drowsy fits are not to be confounded with ordinary fatigue and sleepiness.

We have been made very happy by the number of letters he has received from old friends and new, congratulating him on his marriage.¹ One old Office

¹ I refer to one of these in writing to my Mother on April 11th, and the reference is worth preserving as indicating a

friend drank my health in '87 port! . . . Now I shall leave my Diary for a bit, as this has been a good deal to enter up. This is May 4th, and we are at 'Gale' for a three weeks' holiday, all very well and enjoying ourselves.

Saturday, 13th May. Hale says very beautiful things about the Prayer Book prayers. Sometimes he will refer to some phrase: 'by Thy governance' . . . 'begun, continued, and ended *in Thee*' . . . 'none other that fighteth for us', &c.¹ It is so characteristic of him to get *a great deal* out of the simplest things. I am constantly struck by this wonderful activity of mind.²

Edith Street is staying here a few days. She and Molly get on very well together. Hale says that Molly talks 'three times as much' as she did before I came to live with her; and now that she is introduced to some of my friends she will

sympathy of which otherwise I should have no written record. 'I enclose a letter from Hale's very oldest friend, a Mrs. Colenutt, who is now aged 86. When Hale first met her, *he* was a lad of 19 and was taken in to see this Mrs. Colenutt's blue-eyed baby daughter who is now a grandmother. The friendship has never been broken, but has remained active ever since that time.' It is curious it so happens that Mrs. Colenutt's name does not occur in this Diary though we must often have spoken of her.

¹ Another Prayer Book phrase I find picked out in one of his last little note-books: 'Author of peace and lover of concord. It is *He* and no *other*.'

² A few words I wish to preserve out of an entry hereabouts which I am omitting: that he 'spoke to me of the *duty of worship*'.

talk three times more ! This has been a most successful holiday in every way.

29th July 1911. I can only enter up one or two notes between the last entry of May 13th and this. It is now nearly four months since we were married, and I think I can safely pronounce some sort of a judgement as to the result of the venture. Hale has certainly kept in better health and spirits ; we are never separated now by day or night, and there is no doubt this sense of security and peace (no coming and going, no trains to catch) has quieted his nerves. Nurse left soon after our return from 'Gale' ; the doctor pays a monthly visit and is perfectly satisfied. For two months or more there have been no 'drowsy' attacks, and the 'pick-me-up' medicine has hardly been touched. I have even been able to reduce the morphia, until now I have exactly halved the dose. I have not told Hale, as I want to make sure that he can manage with this small amount before I say anything about it. Presently, if the doctor agrees, I shall begin reducing again to the quarter and then the quarter to nothing.¹ Molly missed Nurse very much at first ; but we came through even *that* difficulty all right. As for myself, I am much too well and fat and happy. I cannot conceive a more delightful husband, never

¹ My impression is that this was never achieved, but I can find no record. It is quite probable that the doctor dissuaded me from the attempt ; he used to say that the dose was absurdly small and that it just gave a little warmth.

dull, always young, always eager, always affectionate, always difficult, always obstinate, always penitent. I spoil him, of course, but I never give in to him or deceive him—which in this case amounts to the same thing. We have seen a great deal of company, many calls received and paid, and he has been to two lunches, one garden-party (where the hostess said 'This is an honour', and then turned to me and said: 'We have to thank *you* for this!'), one fête, and one tea-party. Apart from these festivities, we have remained principally in the garden. The weather has been broiling, practically ever since mid-April, with a wet, cool spell for the Coronation. Molly and I have taken to dining on the front doorstep. She gets rather overpowered by the heat. We had great fun at Miss Saint's Fête, for Miss Saint and Dr. Wallis and Hale all insisted on my riding a horse in the giddy-go-round, with Mr. Harry Saint (the heir to the property) on another horse by my side. Every one laughed at Hale because he enjoyed it so thoroughly and did not want to come away; but we had to come away so that the servants might go. The odd thing is that the giddy-go-round hurdy-gurdy played just the same tune ('A little boy called Taps') as it had played two years before, when Hale was so ill and I listened from his room. I don't think there is any other fact to mention, except that I am a regular teacher in the Sunday

School. The time is convenient (2.30-3.15), for Molly is sure to be at home then. I go to the eight o'clock service on Sundays, and Molly goes to the eleven o'clock service, and then, as I must be the one to put Hale to bed, Molly goes to Evensong. One other fact, we have been to stay at 'Ivy Bank', and it is very nice to see how fond every one is of him. We were also to have gone for a week-end to 'Gale', but Molly had a threatening of phlebitis, so we did not go.¹

9th September. Hale has kept perfectly well all through this summer. He weighed himself at Tunbridge Wells station the other day, and found he was 11 stone 7. The weights, though a station automatic machine, would probably not be far out. He says it is more than he has ever weighed

¹ Still 'one other fact'. It made a great impression on me, but I do not find it mentioned in these few notes entered during our two years of married life. Lizzie's sister, a girl of about 18, was added at this time to our establishment. For some reason, such as ill health in childhood, she had never learnt to read or write. Molly undertook the task of teaching her. It meant a literal beginning at A, B, C. The lessons took place most evenings after tea in the drawing-room, when Hale and I were, as a rule, upstairs; but one occasionally heard a little c, A, T, cat; D, O, G, dog, going on; one could hardly suppose it could get much further. And then, behold, in an incredibly short space of time, Molly could show a proficient pupil and Nellie could read and write like any one else. It has always seemed to me a great achievement, done so quietly too, without any fuss—old-style method of course, *Reading without Tears* if I remember correctly. Molly was not half as proud of herself as she ought to have been.

in his life before. He has not had a 'drowsy' fit with the 'aberration' for months past; so far as I can remember, not since we were at 'Gale'. The doctor has not been in the house since August 2nd.

[1922. Amongst the many events of this year not entered in the Diary, there is one I should like to record, and that is the visit to the Cottage of my brother Geoffrey on, I think, the 1st of August; otherwise, by a curious chance, save for one mere casual mention, that much-loved and honoured name finds no place here at all. On August 2nd I wrote to my Mother: 'Hale pronounced Geoff *delightful*, the one adjective and nothing more, and this morning he said, "I *do* like that brother of yours; he is so simple—no brag, or boast."']

I should also like to insert here a letter written to my Mother from Hastings, and one to my Father a year later. They help to fill a big gap in the Diary.

11th Sept. 1911.

MY DEAR SUSIE,

Dorothy is in such a hurry to get to the sea that she has gone off with Molly, and I am left to write to you instead of your daughter. You must not be angry. She would doubtless tell you more than I can, but *I* can tell you she is extremely happy. So, at least, she declares.

We came down in tolerable comfort, although the heat was great. The fields along the line were about the colour of my brown hat. There

have been twenty fires on this hill, and three parts of the gorse is black cinder: I have seen the hill a blaze of yellow gold.

Dorothy holds out hopes that, when we get back, you and your husband will pay us a visit at Groombridge. I shall be very glad, provided we shall not be left without a drop of water. I am getting very anxious about my well. My rich neighbours just above me are forced to supply themselves by water in bottles from Tunbridge Wells, and their bath-room is closed to everybody except the baby! Dwellers in towns do not understand country dependence on times and seasons.

Dorothy wants you to know that Lady Isham is a friend of my friend, Mrs. Dannreuther, for whose sake we are here.

Love to your husband and Hugh. Janet, I suppose, is not at home.

Affectionately yours,
W. HALE WHITE.

The Cottage,
Groombridge, Kent.
19 July 1912.

DEAR HORACE,

Yesterday there was the grandest orange-Primrose-Tory Show ever seen in these parts; huge tent in the Park, ices, tea, very superior band, hundreds of people, speeches. . . . Dorothy and Molly went in their best-best clothes and walked about in fine style, followed by the admiring peacocks, and dispensing their patronage to great and small. It would have done you good to see them.

In the evening, so I hear, Lloyd George was

to have been burnt in effigy, and something designed to represent his soul was to have been plucked from the flames by long-tailed devils and carried off amidst shrieks of what is called 'demoniac laughter', thunder and blue lightning. This part of the performance, however, did not take place. The police interfered, on account of the drought which has made the ground so dry that there would have been a danger of something like a forest fire. The 'vast multitude' therefore contented themselves with singing hymns.

Lloyd George's government have done one good thing. They have given Arthur Hughes £100 a year from the Civil List. He has no friends in society, or at Court, or amongst officials, and the first thing he heard of it was a note from Asquith's private secretary. I am glad, but I wish his merits could have been found out a little earlier. He is just my age. But that is the way with us. When you retire there will be a notice in the *Times* declaring it to be a national disgrace that you were not Lord Chancellor.

Love to all at home.

Affectionately,

W. HALE WHITE.

The year before (Nov. 1911) he had written :

A friend of mine who used to live at Langton called yesterday. She is Mrs. Pugh, widow of a General Pugh. She is what is called Radical in these parts, and rather enthusiastic in her politics. I like to hear her talk. Dorothy was at a little distance. After Mrs. Pugh had left

I had to submit to a lecture, as you may suppose, against Radicalism, Socialism, Anarchy, Rights of Man, and Plunder of the Rich. I mention this fact to show that there is no danger of your daughter's apostasy amidst heretical temptations.]

23rd October 1912. More than a year since I made an entry in this Diary. There seemed no need for one, and yet it is perhaps a pity that I keep no record, as I used to do, of some of his wonderful sayings.¹ I have taken the book out now, however, for a definite purpose. At the beginning of this volume is an erasure, which is accounted for by the closing words of volume III. The secret in Mr. Chamberlain's letter Hale requested us not to divulge, consequently I felt I must erase it from the Diary. Lately, however, Hale has said that he does not in the least object to its being known after his death, and as this Diary would never be read by any one till after his death I can now tell the secret. Mr. Chamberlain enclosed a cheque for £100, and a promise of £25 a quarter to begin at once. I say 'it answered one of my prayers' because I used to wonder and wonder how the rather complicated question of

¹ I find in his 'Dorothy book' under 2 Nov. 1911, 'Since we have been married, I have made no entries in my book. Living together we do not seem to say so much that is definitely striking, and yet we are more interesting to one another than we ever were. But I am sure I miss much of hers which I ought to record, and I will do better.'

expenses could be overcome; and here it was suddenly overcome from a source I never dreamed of.¹ Hale invested the £100, and also he invested another £100 (the four quarters for 1911) last Christmas, and considers that he has put himself back where he was before the expenses of the operation, doctors, nurse, &c. Consequently he is really £100 to the good each year; and as Father gives me an allowance of another hundred, we have now no money anxieties at all. Again the other day Mr. Chamberlain, hearing that Molly had had the influenza whilst we were at Hastings, sent £20 with such a jolly letter. Of course, Hale is a real *worrier* over money, and has periodical fits of seeing ruin staring him in the face, but Molly and I shout at him now: 'How about your £25 a quarter!' and I think he admits to himself that his position is a little less precarious.

¹ It was not overcome, however, until it was really *submitted*, until I had voluntarily ceased to 'wonder and wonder'. Prayer so often is with us a mixture of many good things, love, ardour, intention, effort, hope, and it could hardly be anything better; but no doubt most of us have to learn at one time or another that there is a prayer which is none of these things, but a simple naked confession of total inability to meet a certain difficulty, and an equally simple and naked request that it may be *met for one*. I remember the wrench of that submission; I also remember the delight and surprise some weeks later (many or few I do not now know) when I ran up to the study on my return from Scotney Castle, and after courteous inquiries (most characteristic) about the drive, Hale drew from his breast-pocket the letter, and the cheque for £100 appeared.

He was poorly last winter with gout or rheumatism, and his ankles took to swelling. The doctor at first thought it was dropsy, but I was not to let it be suspected. I came back from my interview with the doctor in apparently the gayest spirits, and, strangely enough, Hale began to get better from that time! Evidently it was not dropsy, but either gout or else over-fatigue from walking too far. He steadily improved through the spring and summer, and when we went to Hastings last month several people said he looked better than he did the year before. He never has those moments of 'aberration' (I remember *one* in the winter when he was unwell, and the last previous attack must have been that referred to on page 432, in the spring of 1911) and the old 'difficult' days, of which in looking back I find so many, come at the rarest intervals.

14th March 1913.¹ My dear one passed away this morning at about 10.30. The two nurses, Molly and I were with him. He had been ill for a fortnight.

I want to write down four things he said to me during his illness. The words have rung in my head.

1. He felt for my wedding-ring, and said some-

¹ This big handwriting looks so strange to me now; but I suppose I wrote large and firmly because I was determined not to give way. (Undated note.)

thing about it not slipping off now. This was because a few months ago, one night when my hands were cold, the wedding-ring actually did shoot right off my finger as I was getting into my little sofa-bed. He had a small gold keeper made for me, which I have since been wearing, and that was why he called to mind that the ring could not slip off any more. I *think* he said this after he had begun to be wandering. At any rate I know he said it after I realized how very ill he was. That was why it touched me.

2. I was alone with him, in some way attending to him, and I think holding him up to cough, when he cried out with such genuine longing, 'Oh, Dorothy, I want to *die*'. This was also, I think, after he had become confused. I knew he was very ill.

3. Again when I was supporting him and alone with him (and this, I know, was after he began to wander), he suddenly said very distinctly: 'Dorothy, you have done me a lot of good.' The words took me by surprise, and for a brief moment they seemed to apply to what I had been doing just then to make him easier, but at the same time I was sure even then, and am more sure now, that they had a wider application; all the more wonderful to me—mysterious—because of the clear and *final* way he spoke them, as if some one else spoke for him. It seemed so strange a moment to choose; the immediate present was so distress-

ing that his backward look over the past must almost have been unconscious.

4. One of the later days, when we did not expect to understand him (nor could we easily hear what he said ; his voice was so weak), he began to ask me about a ' collection of stories ', and was almost vexed because I could not understand. Then he lay back and said very sadly : ' Nobody cares for the poor child's beautiful stories.' I do not think it would have been of the least use to say any more, as his brain drifted so, but I guessed almost at once that he must have had my own books in his mind. For this reason : About three weeks before, when I was on that strange holiday (why did I have to go ? I do not know), he opened and forwarded to me a letter from Murray to say that, with my consent, they would destroy the remaining sheets of *Frank Burnet* as there was no longer any sale. Hale would feel this much more than I did ; and he said to me in his letter something about my ' collected works ', *some* day they would sell, and so forth. I think therefore it was some such ' collection of stories ' he was now referring to, but *of course I do not know*, and he *may not have been referring to my stories at all*. What touches me is his use of the word ' child '. He never would call me ' child ', in everyday life, though once or twice I tried to make him. He always made me feel the elder of the two. Then I suppose, Death being so near, I became to him a child.

I think I have remembered each saying accurately ; the words stuck by me.

The rest was confusion ; at least one could not separate one thing from another ; and to me nothing special stood out.

Towards the end, when I was with him, and Nurse McPhie—perhaps last night or early this morning (I lost the sense of time)—I thought he whispered something about ‘ a prayer ’, and then : ‘ I cannot even remember the Lord’s Prayer.’ When Nurse went out of the room I told him I would say the Lord’s Prayer for him. I said nothing out loud ; he was so terribly ill.

After a hopeless day on Wednesday, he revived in the evening, and I believe he recognized me standing mute by his bed ; for he suddenly shouted, almost angrily, ‘ Why don’t you *speak* ? ’

Now he is at peace.

[1922. I wish to add something here. I want to write down his wonderful gentleness and readiness to comply, as we had to do first one thing and another for him, the gracious *habit*, for he was only dimly conscious, if conscious at all ; once too, his little air of puzzledness when one of the nurses was helping him : ‘ I thought you were Christ.’

While he was lying unconscious he sang quietly, not any special tune that I could discover, but just a contented musical crooning up and down—still real *singing*. It seems to me now that this

went on for some time on one day, and perhaps on more than one day. One would suppose he could not then be suffering.

One afternoon he lay quite still in deep unconsciousness. I sat there one side, and Nurse Walker the other. I think she sewed. There was nothing to be done. I could only weep, and I think she could have wept too, and perhaps she did. It all seemed *over*. Once or twice I went out in the garden, and paced up and down the upper lawn. I believe this was the Wednesday.

In the early morning, shortly before he died, Dr. Adeney came. I spoke to him just as he was leaving at the top of the staircase, and told him that I thought the nurses had lost hope; I seemed to be begging him to keep their hope alive. He said 'They must not do that', or something of the sort, and at once went back to them. I am sure now that he can only have gone to tell them to do their best to deceive me a little longer. There could not have been a ray of hope. It was so like his kindness, his promptitude. It cannot have been an hour later, and the nurses were lifting him, and Molly had just come in or was just going out, when Nurse McPhie called to me, 'Look, Mrs. White, look!' and with hardly a struggle his life passed from him.

In another little note-book of mine there is this entry under 20th March 1913: 'When my dearest was so ill and afterwards, the words which ran in

my head and helped me most were: "There is always a *right* thing to do and a *wrong* thing to do;" with just that emphasis.' I think the words came first to me on the sad Wednesday as I paced the little lawn. William was in the garden, up and down on the slope below me; not really doing anything, I believe, but restless. He and Lizzie felt it very much. William was always very quiet about the house, and this quietness proved a great blessing now when he had to help with heavy things in and out of the sick room.]

24th March 1913. I have determined to add a few notes which seem to me important. I will write first of the circumstances of my dear one's illness. This winter had been better for him than last. He flagged a little in January. The days were very dark; old Mr. Turner's illness and death may have depressed him too. He seemed to pick up strength again in February, and was sufficiently well for Dr. Adeney to persuade me to take a fortnight's holiday. I certainly felt out of health, and I had become anxious lest anything should go wrong with me, and my dear one be left in sorrow and loneliness. I did not want any one to guess that I felt unwell, and Dr. Adeney made Nurse Sargeaunt's being at liberty the excuse for my holiday. He said also that I seemed a little run-down, and 'you know, Mr. White, we want to *keep* Mrs. White'. Nurse Sargeaunt came for

the fortnight, and I went. I was wretched, but braved it out, and ultimately the holiday did me great good. I went with Marion to Winchester, and the stir of Mr. Helbert's School, and the fact that Robin had an operation for appendicitis, and developed measles, and that Marion was put to bed with bad nettle-rash, and that I was with them in a delightful Nursing Home on high ground above the city, all had a stimulating effect upon me. My dearest wrote to me such *good* letters, letters to make me happy and not miserable; but I did not keep one;¹ my apprehensions had all passed away, and I returned on Monday, Feb. 24th—a day before the allotted time—in high spirits. Whilst I was away I worked and sent to him two pocket-handkerchiefs. It was one of these which the nurses chanced to place over his dear face after death.

He walked to the station to meet me, and as the train came in I saw him standing in the entrance by the booking office, looking so well and eager and very boyish. Our greeting was almost absurdly happy; everything seemed a joke, and we walked in quite the wrong direction for the luggage. On arriving at the Cottage I was warned (in fact he had warned me before) not to kiss Nurse, who had what appeared to be a streaming cold. She was due to stay another night, but Molly packed her

¹ I destroyed them either before leaving Winchester or as soon as I reached the Cottage; I wanted to *be done with* the holiday.

off in a cab directly after lunch. We think now that it may have been influenza, and that Hale caught it from her; but she herself was sure that it was only a cold and one of her sick-headaches.¹ Hale I found very well, except for a sort of eczema, a manifestation of gout, I supposed. It irritated him a good deal, and I immediately put him in the hands of Mr. Cuthbert Adeney, Dr. Adeney being away.² I felt very happy and at home again with lotions and ointments and all the care I loved to take of him. On Wednesday he was 'fidgety'. Molly reminded me afterwards that I took his temperature after breakfast and found nothing wrong. She was in town that day. It was what I called a bad day throughout; but we went for a walk and his face burnt very much after lunch. I mentioned this last fact to Mr. Cuthbert Adeney on the telephone next morning, and he said that

¹ Since writing the above, Marion tells me that *her* illness was eventually called influenza; so how do I know that I did not bring it back here myself? Moreover, I had a strange half-cold on my return which might have been the slightest attack of influenza. Note April 16th, 1913.

With him it was gastric influenza followed by pneumonia. Dr. Adeney afterwards said he had made a good fight for life—it was something stronger than that, a fine fight, a grand fight, I cannot remember what—but that he was just too old to pull through.

² Mr. Cuthbert Adeney is last mentioned by name in my medical book on March 1st, and my impression is that Dr. Adeney returned that Sunday afternoon. Probably I am right about this, and that Dr. Hale White came down, and then the Nurse from Guy's.

it was the cold air on the ointment. At the same time he said we had better keep in to-day as the morning was raw. The day proved very fine, however, and if Hale had been 'fidgety' again or had wanted to go out, I would have let him go. He was quite happy indoors, however, and we had, so far as I can remember, a very good day—so good that I can really recall nothing special about it. I went for a bicycle ride in the afternoon towards Maresfield. On Friday morning he woke with a hoarse voice. I took his temperature and found it slightly raised—but all the earlier details are to be seen in my black medical book.¹

Hale seemed disappointed when the nurses came—at least I suppose so, for one of them told us he had said to her: 'I thought Mrs. White would have seen me through this.' At first—on Monday—I kept away a little, thinking that I should only interfere with the nurses, but when

¹ From my medical book:

'Feb. 28. Hale woke with gruff voice. Temp. 99.5. Put him to bed after lunch. Telephoned to Mr. Adeney. He came over. To get up but stay in room to-morrow. Temp. normal at 9.30.

'March 1st. Temp. below normal at 7. Got up at 10.30. Temp. at 11 was 99.5, at 1 o'clock 100.6. Telephoned to Mr. Adeney. He came out, sounded him and said lungs quite right; only a cold in upper part of bronchial tubes.

'March 2nd. Gave him medicine through night, 8.40, 12.30, 4.35. Coughed a great deal. Temp. at 7.30, 102.2. Sent for doctor.'

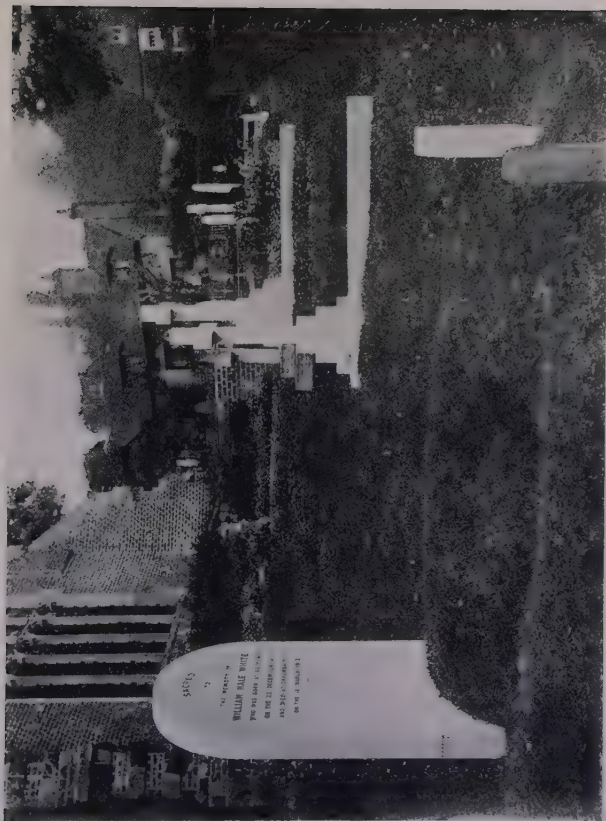
The entries stop abruptly because the Guy's nurse came that afternoon.

I found they did not mind my being there and even seemed to welcome me, I spent most of my time with him. It required two to lift him ; and I liked to feed him too. One nurse (Nurse Barker) caught influenza and had to leave ; she very sensibly and honestly herself suggested that she should go. If she had stayed another day, we should have had her ill here too. Nurse Birkin took her place, and then we were able to get Nurse McPhie. Nurse Walker, whom I thought very reliable, remained throughout. I felt the nurses had no hope, at least towards the end. In a strange way I hoped on, catching eagerly at the smallest ray, and yet smothered up at the bottom was a feeling that my five years with him were over, and this was to be the end. He talked again and again of his journey, complained that he could go no farther, asked for his stick, his socks, shoes, clothes ; said, should he go to-morrow ? thought he would go now ; would quite suddenly rouse himself and say in a strong and ordinary voice : ' Now I think I'll be off,' ' Now I must start,' and so forth, and try to get out of bed. I thought this was a certain sign. The last few nights I slept in Nellie's little room, so that I could conveniently be called to lift him, &c. Both nurses, Molly and I were there when he died. Now I will not say any more. After death his face was perfectly peaceful ; it was left open to me until Tuesday, when he was carried away to London ; and I was

with him a great deal. Tuesday was a calm and lovely day in amongst most wild and stormy ones. It was a very beautiful service, not sad at all ; he seemed to have finished his work ; it was a triumph. I need so much *courage*. I feel ' Can I finish mine too ? And will it be a triumph ? And am I to live to be 81, that is to say about another five-and-forty years ? ' I say I need *courage*. At this moment I seem to need nothing else.

29th March. I found this scrap of paper in his waistcoat pocket. He always had such a scrap about him, and this, I suppose, was the last. The memoranda crossed through are evidently for letters to be written to me in my absence from home. Something about *Prayers*, but I cannot decipher the other two words ; ' *Looking at trains on Monday,*' because I would be journeying to Winchester ; ' *Waistcoat,*' because he changed, as the weather turned bitter, to the thick one I made him five years ago ; ' *Tuesday,*' I suppose because that would complete one week of the holiday, and we both so longed for it to be over ; ' *Nothing of movements,*' probably he meant to accuse me of not telling him some tiny detail of my plans ; ' *Snow,*' because it *did* snow ; ' *Murray's parcel,*' because the six copies of *Frank Burnet* which I preserved from destruction arrived here in my absence. The other three memoranda, *Potatoes*, *Eau de Cologne*, *Vaseline*, are the usual notes of things to be ordered or seen about.

30th March. The prayer affixed over the page he wrote for me some time last year, perhaps in the late summer, but I cannot recall the exact date, though I very well recall the circumstances. If things went wrong I was apt to be too stormy. What a way to put it! *Things* may go very wrong and I mind very little; but if people are unkind or unjust or cold, I am at once too just and kind and hot! He used to say 'Why *will* you take up the poker by the wrong end?' He also said I 'went bull-headed' at things; though perhaps this was more with things than with people; heavy cans of Tidman's Sea Salt, which I insisted on emptying myself the shortest and heaviest and most impossible way, and slopped consequently over the floor. *That* didn't matter, but it mattered very much when I smouldered and flamed, then flooded the flames, because of some coldness or unkindness—never, never that from my dear one; 'difficult' he was sometimes, but never cold or unkind. I think the 'storms' were chiefly physical; I was strained without knowing it, expending a great deal of nervous energy, and this made me over-sensitive. I used to reproach myself afterwards for troubling and wearying him with these woes, but he always said he was glad I did, and I dare say my taking up the poker by the red-hot end made no more difference to his love for me than his 'difficult' ways did to my love for him; in fact, when duly



THE GRAVE

repented of, they seem to increase the love. And I *did* repent, used to be really sorry, but never was a trouble left unsmoothed behind us ; there was the great mercy ; there is the great comfort now. I put the prayer in the *Imitation* he gave me. I am almost sure it was in the late summer, and I am almost sure I am right in saying that I had no bad storm after that. I do not suggest magic in the prayer (I only turned to it from time to time), but I do suggest that I had come to look seriously on this weakness. I also think God in His mercy allowed the last months together to be peaceful, and perhaps kept the causes for storms away.

O Lord, who, when Thy servants on their ship were in peril from the storm, didst walk upon the waters to them and subdue the waves, do Thou come to us this day if a tempest should arise. May we look on Thy face and live.

Every morning I knelt by his arm-chair where he sat (for I would not let him kneel), and said a Collect ; and then, with him, the Lord's Prayer ; and then I said ' The Grace of our Lord ', or of late, ' The Lord bless us and keep us ', which he liked very much. He always said ' Deliver us from the evil one ', so I did too. The Collect was generally that for Grace or Peace in Morning Prayer, but he was very fond latterly of the Collect for Quinquagesima, and he would interpose just as I was beginning : ' Say " Charity " .' He

also sometimes said : ' Say " Prevent us " , ' meaning, of course, ' Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings '. In the evening, after he was in bed, I used to say, standing by his side, ' Lighten our darkness, ' ¹ and I suppose for about a year past, ' Praise God from whom all blessings flow '. Needless to say there were several arguments over that verse ! He used to be very funny, but I was determined to praise. ² I did not ask *him* to praise, but I asked him to let *me*, and of course he didn't mind that. I never knew any one more beautifully rebellious ; he was always rising up in rebellion and then sinking down into the most perfect and child-like obedience . . . nothing of the prig, no self-satisfaction, nothing tamed by ' age ' or ' life ' or ' thought ' or ' education '. I must say here that to the end he refused to like hymns ! I very rarely tried to make him like them ! I don't think he was suited to a congregational form of religion. ³ I think the congregation would have

¹ ' One evening after the " Lighten our darkness " prayer he said with one of his half-sobs and emphatic gestures : " Oh, it brought back the *School* ! " I knew what he meant, for I remembered that he had told me once before how they had that Collect every night at the Bedford (Modern) School. ' (This foot-note is taken from the long entry in the Diary under the date April 19th, 1911.)

² There is an erasure here in the Diary, and an undated foot-note. ' Too big a subject for so small a space. Never mind. These were the things we *did*, and we were very happy. '

³ In one of a few letters written to him by Caleb Morris which he preserved, there is this sentence : ' The importance

bothered him more than the creed; *but I don't know that*, for he had a great tenderness for his fellow creatures.

31st March. I read those two last sentences and wonder whether I have any authority for what I have written; wonder whether, throughout the whole Diary, it would not have been safer merely to state facts and attempt no explanations. Now he is gone from me I feel myself a very poor thing. When he was here I did not feel that so much, because I knew his utter dependence upon me.

which you attach to *Public Worship* is just and godly. The *Social* element of our nature must be frequently and formally drawn near to God, or instead of bearing wholesome fruit for Self and Society, it will get sour, sick, dead, offensive! But then how difficult it is', &c., &c. The italics are Morris's. This letter is dated Sept. 4, 1854, and it not only carries one back far in years, but also far, very far in thought, indeed down a long avenue of thought. In this connexion it must be remembered that the Ditchling period was from 1856 to 1857. (See note, p. 463.)

Reference might here be made to a passage in his 'Examination of the Charge of Apostasy against Wordsworth', published nearly 50 years later, where he comments on the lines about

. . . 'our wise
Forefathers, who . . .
Embodied and established these high truths
In solemn institutions.'

'This justification of institutions . . . growing tumult of voices threatens to bring upon us.'

Also see this Diary, p. 183.

And yet we must certainly say of him, as he said of Wordsworth (Apostasy, p. 31), that 'any sect inclined to adopt' him 'will find him a dangerous ally'.

Now there is nothing to be done, but the right word to be said, and I do not know how to say it. I should like to be a man and stand by his grave with my head uncovered. He was a very *great* man.

On the opposite sheet is the copy of the funeral directions which he had given to his eldest son. It was a strange thing (and yet perhaps not so strange, considering I had been away from him, and no doubt his thoughts in my absence might take a solemn hue), but two or three days before he was ill¹ he asked me if I had these funeral directions safe in my keeping. I looked for them, could not find them, and he eventually found them in his own box with his Will. We were both in good spirits, and talked in a brisk business-like way. I did not bother to read these directions, but I told him that I knew in the main what they were, and to make my part of it quite plain, I said : ' So that if you were to die here, you would be buried in this churchyard, and Mr. Coe would take the funeral.' He also said that in the event of his death he wanted me to write at once to Mr. Arthur Chamberlain and the lawyer. I wrote down the names and addresses, and then a synopsis from memory of his wishes : ' The cremation as arranged for with his son W. Hale White. To be buried where I like and as I like ; his suggestion

¹ I think this would be on the Tuesday, Feb. 25, or possibly the afternoon of the very day I returned.

is that it should be in the place where he dies, and the clergyman of that place to officiate.' I put the date 'Feb. 1913'. It was hurriedly written, for we were both full of life and wanting to get on to something else—I think we were to go for our walk—and I thrust both papers in an envelope and locked them, with other papers of his, in my chest of drawers. I could not have been more prompt and to the point had I known what was before us.

Funeral directions.

23 May 1912.
(Copy.)

I desire that my body may be cremated at my death. One of the signed forms is with my son William Hale White. The other is with the Cremation Society, 324 Regent Street, London, W.

My son ¹ will do all that is necessary, so far as the cremation is concerned.

The disposal of the ashes is to be in accordance with my wife's wishes.

The advertisement to be inserted in the newspapers should be:

'On the —— William Hale White, of ——, aged —— years.'

No mention to be made of the office.

If my wife decides upon a tombstone, I should like one of the simplest kind, with no ornament or moulding, a plain upright slab with a semi-circular head. The inscription should be: 'Sacred to the memory of William Hale White,

¹ I cannot forget his kindness and all he spared me over this.

who was born at Bedford on the 22 December 1831, and died at — on the —.

I particularly wish that no hearse shall be used if there is to be a funeral.

In the directions it will be seen that he particularly wished no hearse to be used. This puzzled us when it came to the carrying out. Thinking it over now, I suppose we might have had the ashes brought by hand in an urn from the crematorium to the church; but for the rest some sort of vehicle was necessary, and the undertaker seemed to think anything but a hearse must be awkward and therefore irreverent. I insisted on absolute simplicity. I wish now that my dearest had explained to me exactly what he meant by his injunction.

Things occur to me at odd moments. He had no fit of 'aberration' after that referred to on p. 437.¹ Nurse Sargeaunt wrote to tell me, when I was away, what a wonderful improvement she saw in his condition since she left him nearly two years ago.

Last summer a small vessel burst in his right eye, and there was a slight threatening of similar trouble in the left at the beginning of January this year. I had to read and write for him for a time, but by referring to my medical book I see that he was allowed to read as usual in less than

¹ In referring to my black medical book, I see this was on Jan. 12th, 1912.

a fortnight, in the first case, and in the second after about three days. But he got into a habit of being read to, and seemed to like it very much. Of course he read to himself too; much more than I read to him. We began Palgrave's *Arabia* in the autumn. It is a long book, and there came interruptions of all sorts, and we never quite finished it. I have just finished it alone. Though I was the reader, he took it all in so much better than I did, better remembered where we had got to and what the last page was about. He enjoyed the heat of this book through the winter, and the distance of it from home. Before this I read *Fathers and Children*, and *A House of Gentlefolk*. The end of *Fathers and Children* we simply could not face reading aloud. I think I read the last pages of *A House of Gentlefolk* (or else did he take the book and read for me?), but I know we had to go for a walk one day instead of struggling on. We took to Hastings with us last September *The Jew and other Stories*. We could see nothing in *The Jew*, and Hale said he could swear it was not by Turgenev at all. We also read *An Unhappy Girl*, and *The Duellist*, but there Hale refused to hear more; he found them too horrible; I think he told me that *The Duellist* had set him dreaming. I may as well note here that when he was ill in January last year we read Renan on the Apocalypse. Most of the time Hale lay on the sofa-bed. He made me read the Book of Revelation aloud, and

then read to me Renan's paraphrase and comments. It was not very easy to read the Revelation steadily, for at this time Dr. Adeney suspected dropsy and had warned me. Strangely enough, almost from the very day the doctor warned me, he began to get better, and it turned out there was no dropsy.¹ We also read together and much enjoyed Clutton-Brock's *Shelley*. Hale used to like his articles in the *Times*; noticed them before he knew by whom they were written.

1st April. Two thoughts have come to me this morning. God protected him and delivered him to the end. How often since he was a boy, with all those apprehensions, must he have prayed God to do that for him; and God did it. There is great hope in this for every one; but it must be remembered that he protected himself too; he provided himself with his own weapons for keeping the devil at bay. He calmed and steadied his brain by using it; he rose early; he was very temperate; he was never slovenly—not in washing, dressing, eating, reading, writing, thinking, talking, praying. Those are very good weapons. Of course, the same weapons are not suited to all; but some weapon we must have. When he died I felt it was a victory.

The other thought: The words came to me 'The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal'; as if there were

¹ See p. 437.

better things behind it all, better things behind those beautiful happy days, glorified sunshine, glorified grass, and ourselves glorified too. I mean these words not in an orthodox but a living sense. I must now go back to the books. Two 'new' authors interested him a good deal in this last year, Synge and Doughty. He bought their works and read them. Lady Robert introduced him to Synge's *Playboy*, and *Islands of Aran*, when we were at 'Gale' last spring. He was very enthusiastic over the books, and I think—in fact I may say I am sure—he read all he bought, and I suppose they were the complete works. He tried to learn something 'about' Synge too. Doughty's *Arabia* he had begun to read some time ago, but I do not know when. He had found it too long and gave it up. It was, I think, Beryl de Zoete who asked him to read *Adam cast Forth*. He was much impressed, and here again, bought all the books and read them. I marvelled to see him go steadily through *The Dawn in Britain*. He read out one or two passages. I do not know what the attraction was, unless there might have been some religious tendency in the books which suited him, but the style itself also evidently aroused some sort of either admiration or curiosity. He made several efforts, too, to track Doughty. I wish he had written down something both about Synge and Doughty. All I can testify is that he *bought* and *read* their works, and was strangely inquisitive about the

authors.¹ He was also much interested in Viola Meynell's books ; he thought very highly of them for certain qualities. I do not like to say much on these subjects, lest I should attribute to him a judgement which is mine rather than his ; but I can testify that he cared a great deal about her work. He also bought and read *Lorna Doone*, and thought it very fine. He wrote an article on Spenser about a year ago—I can give no nearer date—and before he wrote it he re-read every word of Spenser, poetry and prose. That struck me very much. He took great trouble to procure a photograph of Spenser's castle in Ireland ; he seemed to be always corresponding with some one or another on the subject. He particularly wished the article to be printed with the photograph ; hence it could not appear in the *Nation*.² An article appeared in the *Nation* just before he was taken ill. It was obviously written after the fire at Mrs. Dannreuther's house ; but I do not know

¹ *The Clouds* he read too. My impression is that he cared less about it, and yet that he was still curious, and that he half believed, half disbelieved these murmurings of war. As to *The Dawn in Britain*, see *Letters to Three Friends*, p. 295.

² He had written to my Father 27th Sept. 1910 :

' I wish I lived near the man who has read through the *Faery Queen*. I have read it through, but, excepting yourself, I know nobody who has cared for more than detached passages. I did not read it as a feat. I loved it, every page of it, its scheme, its temper, its sweetness, its music. I hope to live long enough to go over it affectionately, every line of it again.'

when, nor how much he altered it for the press. The letter about the little slip in the quotation I showed to him in bed. He said he had meant to verify the quotation and then forgot ; something about being hurried.¹ Latterly he had had his Shakespeare out. He was reading *Henry VI*, pt. ii, and came across the Plantagenet motto 'Invitis nubibus', which suggested to him a thought for a picture for me to be drawn by Miss King Martyn. He had been reminded of Miss King Martyn by seeing some of her work at Mrs. Cuthbert's, last autumn.² It was a birthday surprise for me. *The Taming of the Shrew* was out on his table

¹ This letter appeared in the *Nation* of Feb. 22. I have written beside my copy : 'I showed this to Hale in bed just after he was taken ill. He said that he had quoted from memory, and had intended verifying in revising, but had forgotten to do so. He said nothing else.'

² I seem to infer that he had known her work before, which I think was the case. This little incident is so characteristic of his intellectual aliveness to the end. He would notice some out-of-the-way picture in Mrs. Cuthbert's drawing-room (I remember something vaguely), talk of it a little, think of it probably a great deal more, lay his own plan in his own way for getting just what he wanted. It must always be just what he wanted. I was inclined to take the first thing that turned up (and be thankful !), but he must have the best. It was so about the gold watch he gave me on our wedding-day. When the watches to choose from arrived I would have liked one straight off, but, if I remember rightly, the particular watch I chose—or *he* chose, for I'm incapable of choosing anything—had to make several journeys to and from London before he was content.

Mrs. Cuthbert was renting Mr. Oswell's house, the big house above us.

when he died, with the marker in it. I must note, too, that he had begun to show an interest in Meredith's poetry, and there were, I think, two books on Meredith among those I sent back to the London Library. We had begun our spring walks. We had walked the May tree walk in the Park, and we had visited two early lambs at Top Hill Farm, and we had (on the Tuesday or Wednesday before he was taken ill) bargained with Forman for a new catch to be put on the gate by the fountain, so that we might begin to go into the woods. I am so thankful for that; apprehensions would have darkened the days. I want to remember always his keen love for Nature; that almost mad delight in the outdoor world made his life happier than he knew; without this and his keen love of reading, no doubt he could not have lived; for he certainly had more than his share of depression and wretchedness and vain fears. It was beautiful to see the way in which a team of Mr. Field's horses, or the lichen on a tree (an ever-recurring wonder and delight), would take him out of himself. There was something pious in his pleasure; it was a kind of worship of God. I used to look on. How I loved taking care of him! I was always there with my arm to steady him if necessary—for instance, at Top Hill little white gate. He liked my physical strength, and since he cared for it, I have cared for it too, rejoiced in it from time to time. One day in the Wells I had

to call at a shop whilst he walked on to the station. His head was wrapped in his woolly helmet under his hat, but as I caught him up some minutes later, amid all the noise of the traffic, he suddenly swung clean round towards me. I was astonished and, in a sense, still am. He laughed, for to him it was quite easy—*my step*. In the summer several times he took me to have an ice on the Pantiles when the band was playing. One day there were pipers skirling up and down. Of course I was fearfully pleased, and this amused him very much. Another day, I think at the beginning of October (!), he dashed on to the shop to order the ice beforehand, and when I arrived was quite crestfallen because there were none to be had. It made him miserable.

2nd April. I can say nothing adequate. I was so fond of him, it almost seems to me that I could not stand and admire him as others did. People praise him for this and that, and I can only listen. I noticed how much he charmed in conversation; old and young, middle-aged and children, all seemed fascinated. I should think the chief reason for this is the mysterious reason—genius; but there may have been reasons besides, which others will discover better than I can. Two such reasons might be suggested. He never talked about himself in the usual petty way most of us do; his talk was always of a non-personal kind; I mean, it was not necessary that *he* should be

the hero of every story. He might begin by saying 'I remember hearing Gladstone speak one night' . . . but after the one 'I', it would *all* pass to Gladstone. I believe the only occasion on which he showed the slightest pride in himself was when he let me read what the Admiralty wrote on his retirement. Sometimes I used to pin him down to a plain 'yes' or 'no': 'Did your father recognize your abilities?' 'Did Ruskin think a lot of you?' 'Did any of your schoolmasters notice you specially?' But I never got an answer, except the eternal answer that a man cursed with such a stomach can care very little for what people think of him. It was his great delight to get away from himself in conversation; this, I say, might be one reason for the charm. The other, that he had such an amazing amount of knowledge¹ coupled with an equally amazing lack

¹ As to 'knowledge', I am far too ignorant myself to be able to estimate the length, breadth and depth of knowledge in others. I can only say that I had a very strong impression that people whom I believed to be distinguished in one branch of learning or another, paid great deference to his opinion. Again, for an example of 'knowledge' which struck me as characteristic, only the other day, when I happened to be looking at his Spinoza, *Ethic*, 4th edition, published 1910. He had pasted a long review inside the cover, considering it, I suppose, of some value. A word in one passage is marked and starred, and there is a foot-note in his handwriting. The passage is: 'It is, perhaps, a pity that the translators have chosen the manufactured word "affect" to translate *affectus* . . .' The marked word is 'manufactured', and the foot-note is: '"We see the affects and passions of the heart and

of priggishness. Consequently he could meet people on their own ground so easily and pleasantly, with such simplicity and modesty. I have myself been astounded to hear him start off about something of which I had never heard him talk before. I used to be almost tempted to think that he was inventing, but one only had to listen for two or three minutes to find out that he wasn't. A good story à propos of this: Lately Mr. Vardon had been staying at X. Molly says to her father (this is how she tells me the story): 'Do you know X?' 'Never heard of it, my dear.' Half an hour later at tea Mr. Vardon tells us he has been staying at X. Hale immediately plunges into an animated conversation—has been there, knows all about the place. If taxed with this afterwards I can hear his self-justification, 'My dear, I did *not* say I had never heard of it, but if Molly *will* come to me and lie down on that sofa and begin talking' . . . &c., &c. !¹

spirits are notably disclosed by the pulse." Bacon, *Sylva Sylvarum*, 97.'

¹ This reminds me of the fact that it was Mr. Vardon who first told Molly of her father's connexion with Ditchling in Sussex. He 'supplied' the Unitarian Chapel there, preaching regularly for a year, 1856-7. He was not in residence. It is the D—— of the *Autobiography*, but the locality is well disguised. How Mr. Vardon came to be in the secret I cannot tell. I do not suppose I should ever have known it myself, had not Molly passed on the information, and then of course we both taxed her father with it and forced him to an admission, plaguing him with the usual string of questions to which

[1922. Another vivid recollection of him in conversation I would like to preserve. Mr. Fooks, from Langton House, used to walk over for a talk. The talk would be mainly of present-day politics—France, France, France. It was 1911 and 1912. I can see Hale now, shading his eyes from the lamp, partly, too, shading his face from observation,

we got the usual string of unsatisfactory replies ! Molly and I were always talking of going over to Ditchling, and her father used to say that the chapel was probably demolished, in fact I am not sure he did not say that he knew it was and all trace of it departed.

I visited Ditchling in August 1913, and I here copy from some notes I made at the time. ' . . . Walked up the little lane to spy out the chapel. Though I had every reason to expect to find it, it gave me quite a shock of surprise to come on it suddenly, and see the graveyard where, on his first Sunday, he walked up and down, waiting for the door to be opened. . . . It is a picturesque red-brick building, a nice, modest, but substantial-looking place, just such as the *Autobiography* describes. There is a graveyard in front and another behind. A porch has been added, but the caretaker who lives in the minister's house—a pretty red cottage adjoining—spoke of no other recent external alteration. Certain facts she told me about the interior confirmed the *Autobiography* ; there are chairs, but *there used to be old pews with doors* ; the harmonium is near the pulpit, but *there used to be a small harmonium in the gallery*, the "seraphine" of course. The pulpit is new, but it stands where the old one stood. Mark Rutherford enters at a back door and finds himself first of all in a vestry. The "back door" must have been the back door of the minister's house ; the "vestry" is now the parlour, which has a door leading into the chapel. The caretaker seemed at first inclined to deny that this had ever been a vestry, but afterwards admitted that it was still used as such for weddings, &c.'

looking and looking as Mr. Fooks talked. It seems to me that he was thinking: 'How is it possible for a human being to be so cheerful, so healthily interested in mundane affairs!' (The Bourse kept coming in, I know, and 'a very nasty feeling' on it.) It seems to me that he was marvelling; it was as refreshing, as far-off as Palgrave's sunny *Arabia*. Also, by the way, Mr. Fooks was a Roman Catholic, and that in itself would be a cause for looking and looking. Then the talk would turn to the France of the Revolution, the Empire—and here again I would notice this curious fact, that whatever Mr. Fooks had read recently or anciently on the subject, Hale had read too. He would emerge from the shadow over some (to me) quite remote piece of knowledge, and with what eagerness he spoke, yet with what a gracious breaking off to listen if both began together! I do not know if I am giving, or have throughout given, the smallest idea of his charm.

One more recollection of him sitting with Ernest Coleridge on the upper lawn. The talk seemed plain, simple enough, homely—what shall I say?—but they were, for all that, like people talking of plain things in another world. He said to me of Ernest Coleridge that he always fancied he saw in him something of his grandfather, and I think he spoke of the flash round of the eye. He seemed to be confiding in me a secret *hope*, as sometimes very young people will, in a sudden desire for

confirmation. For to see Coleridge through his grandson, was to see Coleridge after all.¹]

His habit of referring to his ailments requires a word or two. Shyness and nervousness would make him say, as he greeted a friend: 'I am sorry I can't shake hands' (when his hand was a little gouty), or 'I'm blind in one eye' (when a small vessel burst); which merely meant, so I believe, 'Please look at my gouty hands and my blind eye, and not at my soul.' I rather think it was some sort of shrinking habit also which made him begin a letter, 'I have had a serious operation', two years after it was over; or 'I cannot see and must use an amanuensis', when he had just been reading a book; and these I translate: 'I want to *distract* your attention before I begin to say what I have to say.' Unless he was shy or in a nervous hypochondriacal mood, he spoke very little of these ills. He was excitable under pain, and of course always spoke of it in the superlative degree—the worst he had ever experienced, of every pain as it occurred. He was *never* a bore, and if he had been a man who talked of his ailments

¹ This recollection can be dated by the fly-leaf of my *Oxford Book of English Verse*, where I inscribed Coleridge's lines 'O fair is Love's first hope to gentle mind!' and underneath, *Copied July 16th 1912, after a talk between Hale and E. H. Coleridge on the lawn.* Why they spoke of these lines and what they said I cannot now remember. There is a reference to them in *More Pages*, Extracts from a Diary on the Quantocks.

in the usual sense; he would have been bound to be that. Say anything else you like about him, he was neither a bore nor a prig. I will here put in a warning, for the sake of any one who might be tempted to trust his own reports about himself. I always stayed in the room with him when the doctor paid his visits. I used to let him answer all the doctor's questions and say anything he liked, and then very gently put in the corrections. He would give absolutely false impressions, as to what he had been doing or not doing, what medicines he had taken, how far he had walked, how much he had rested. This, again, was from shyness or excitement, I believe. He would look so relieved too when I set him right! And after the doctor had gone he would say to me: 'I hope you remember all he told me to do, for I couldn't take in a word of it.'¹ I always made notes, and kept a strict account of all medical matters. He placed entire confidence in me, and this was remarkable, because I suppose he had never placed it in anybody before. I think one reason for this was that I was so scrupulously truthful; I never swerved, not even to please him; in fact I *couldn't* swerve, and having got accustomed to this quality in me, he reposed in it. And the

¹ When the doctor's final injunction had been 'Must not go out', Hale would start up cheerfully with 'Now, we'll get ready.' 'What for?' 'Why, to go out.' 'But the doctor has just said' . . . 'I didn't hear him; and it's perfectly absurd' . . . (Note written at the time.)

advantage was that consequently I never had to dictate or tyrannize. I simply don't know how to do either. He maintained that he submitted to me in everything, and that this was what gave him the feeling of security; but, except perhaps in some emergency, I doubt if I ever 'commanded' anything all the time we were together. It was a wonderfully happy partnership.

6th April. In looking through the books I found a leather marker in the first of the two little green volumes of Bacon's Essays; it marked either the end of the 'Essay on Death' or the beginning of the 'Essay on Unity in Religion'; of course I cannot tell which, only that it is more natural to put in a marker where you have stopped reading than where you intend to begin. I am so certain as to almost say I *know* that quite recently he had been reading in one of these little green volumes, that I had seen it in his hand. The leather marker, too, is quite new; and I believe I am right in saying that it was only of late that he took to using these strips of leather.

In the first ¹ letter he ever wrote to me, there was a postscript which began 'Lovely is the evening light'. . . . He begged me to burn his letters when he first corresponded with me, so

¹ On p. 240 I refer to a 'brief and polite correspondence', and I suppose if I wrote to him he must have written to me. Here I evidently mean the first letter after my visit in November 1907.

I have no proof ; and if any one said : ‘ Was it the first or the second letter ? Was it a post-script ? Was that the exact order of words ? ’ I should say ‘ I cannot be *sure* ’ ; and yet virtually I am sure. I care for the words because they were prophetic. How could he tell so soon that the evening light should be lovely ? How did he know so soon that it should be happiness and not sorrow ? And the evening light *was* lovely ; some clouds at first, and then the purest light.

He used to say that he fell into my ways of speech. He used to laugh at me for the way I said *because*.

8th April. The second anniversary of our wedding-day. I saw Nurse Sargeaunt, who remembered it. In the evening I took some blackthorn (no, wild-plum, I believe) to the grave, and then went into the church and knelt where we had knelt, and thanked God for the two years’ happiness and protection. It was a very quiet evening, with a little sunset glow. Two men were cutting the grass on the graves and talking. As I came up the hill I saw a number of rabbits playing furious games in the Park. I suppose I am over-tired, for I have cried a good deal of late.

16th April. Last night I went, as is my habit now, to his room for the last prayers before getting into bed. I do not take any light, and this time the room was not dark ; it was a kind of twilight. The curtains had not been drawn, and the windows

looked very large and ghostly. I could see a watery half-moon. It was very strange. To steady myself I said very clearly, ' Let me remember the *facts* ; the *fact* that he used to lie *here* ; and the *fact* that then he lay *there* ' (where he lay so calmly before they took him), and suddenly I felt that the facts were harder to realize than the vaguer ' *fancies* '. It seemed much easier to believe in the things which I have not seen than in the things which I have seen. As I knelt there, dreaming, I was carried back to Southwold, and I could have sworn I heard the sea close under the windows ; it was the wind. Certain scenes came back so vividly ; they are stamped upon my mind ; and yet it is like another life, years and years ago.

18th April. Mrs. Bright came to lunch the day before yesterday. ' Humble ' was one of the words she used, the chief word, I think. She referred also to the fact that he was such a help in trouble. I just like to state what his friends say, without comment ; but I was so pleased when the word ' humble ' came from her with such emphasis. To-day I have finished going through his books (the Library) for the second time.

29th April. At the end of an article by Professor A. C. Bradley in the *Fortnightly Review*, May 1902, on ' The rejection of Falstaff ' which I have found amongst Hale's pamphlets, I see this note in MS. :

Sufficient stress is hardly laid on the effect of Henry's promotion to be king. I have seen

a case somewhat like it myself. A man spent many years in company with a set of colleagues with whom he was on a level. He joked with them, drank with them, and they slapped him on the back. Suddenly he became their chief. He now had to command, to rebuke, not to hesitate, frequently, in disapproving their proposed action and ruthlessly tearing up their draft dispatches. This was the test of his fitness for his office. If he had been weak he would have continued, at least in a measure, his former familiarity, and would have been a miserable failure. But he was strong; his former companions were in twenty-four hours removed to a distance; he ruled and succeeded. The rejection of Falstaff is one of the most emphatic lines in Henry's character and proves him an innate sovereign.—W. H. W.

1st May. I have determined to write down an account of the way in which we passed our days—I mean, since our marriage. He rose every morning at any hour from about 5 to 6; sometimes it may have been before 5, but to that I cannot swear. He first stirred the fire into a blaze with a wooden poker cut from the garden (he thought the iron poker disturbed me), then presently settled down in his thick dressing-gown to read. He told me when I first knew him that this was his time for reading the Bible, but I do not think he made any practice of Bible-reading during these last few years. When I woke it was generally to find him with a volume of Shakespeare or Spenser or

a book from the London Library in his hand. A few minutes before 7 he called me. Sometimes I was only dozing, and had heard him moving softly about. Of course he had as many moods as there are days in the year. On the whole his mornings were his best times ; he always seemed vigorous and always ready for an argument. If he had been up for about a couple of hours I would ask him what he had been doing, but I could never get satisfactory information ; it was ' odds and ends of things ' . . . ' a heap of things which must be done ', and that he was ' dead tired ' before the day had started. When he talked like that I knew there was nothing much amiss. Before I opened my eyes I generally asked him what the day was like and what the glass was doing, for I love fine weather. Sometimes he would say, ' Oh the same as yesterday ', in a most lugubrious tone. ' But yesterday was brilliant ! ' ' Oh, was it ? I'd forgotten. Well, it's all cloudy to-day ! ' Sometimes he would know he was saying something funny, as when, in Lent, he said : ' Oh, a regular Lenten sky ; looks as if it had been fasting all night.' Sometimes I would find him sitting with his back to the fire almost *in* the grate, and could tell at once by the tone of his voice that he was in one of his moods. I got up at 7 and dressed, and then (since the winter of 1911-12) dressed him to save all unnecessary exertion. Breakfast, *his*, at 8.20, but half-past 8 was more

my time, and Molly, who complained that we were always in the bath-room, came later still. After breakfast he sat with a book in the dining-room until his study was ready, whilst I practised in the drawing-room. He got up to his room about 10 o'clock, and then generally did some writing, and attended to his correspondence. We got ready for our walk at about 11.45, and came in to lunch at 1. If it rained, we sometimes read aloud, perhaps more often talked. We did an enormous amount of talking; we could talk for the best part of a morning, and then get up in horror at the hour! After lunch he brought the *Times*¹ upstairs and sat by the fire with his legs on a chair. The afternoon was supposed to be a 'wretched' period; he would drop into 'unnatural sleeps', 'drowsiness', 'horrors'. If I thought it would be really a bad afternoon I made some excuse for staying in, so that I might be at hand to scold or distract him; but certainly a great change came over him after our marriage, and the 'bad afternoons' were few and far between. As a rule, I chose this time for a walk or bicycle ride or gardening. I liked the gardening because I knew he would know I was close by, and very often I stayed out in the garden much longer than I would have

¹ In this twenty minutes or so perusal of the *Times*, he seemed to be able to inform himself about most of the affairs of the day, political, literary, scientific—even financial! (Note written at the time.)

stayed out had I been farther away from home, feeling that he would not be anxious. I nearly always went straight from the garden to his room, however much plastered with mud. I would find him placidly reading, or cutting the hair on his face,¹ and then he would listen to all I had done. I loved to see him *placid*; he was so exactly like the sea with its storms and calms; there was a great deal of the calm in our last two years. He told me that I fitted him like an old shoe. Tea at 4.15, and then sometimes there would be letters to get off by the evening post, perhaps for me to write at his dictation, or I would have letters of my own, and he would sit and wait and say, 'Oh, those eternal letters!' or light the lamp, or get his room ready for the night. Then I would play to him in the drawing-room until about 6 o'clock, when he had his supper—a scrap of fish or a boiled egg—and then we went upstairs. In getting to bed there was a regular routine just as there was in the morning, but a good deal longer. I loved every bit of it. He had all manner of things by his bedside, bottles, glasses, liniments, medicines, night-light, electric-light, watch on stand, thermos, milk, bread and butter; and these were always arranged in an accustomed order (accustomed, that is, till superseded by a new custom), and not a single one but had some special meaning and

¹ Standing before the looking-glass, with a fascinating little machine like a miniature mower.

history attached to it, and proved an object on which he could exercise all the ingenuity of a wonderfully ingenious brain. He rejoiced in a new experiment, a new method of making his bed, or arranging his pillows, a new kind of night-light, a new way of placing the fire-irons, a new time for drinking his cocoa, and so on and so on. Shortly after 7 he was settled in bed, and I bade him good-night and left him. One of the last duties was to 'back up' the fire with small coal, so that it should smoulder till the morning, when at a touch from the wooden poker it burst into flame. He taught me how to do this, and I should think in the whole two years it can hardly have failed half a dozen times. We kept sticks and paper handy in case of accident, and occasionally, if for some reason the fire was a little slow to wake up in the morning, a few sticks would coax the flame at once. Sometimes I would leave him quite peaceful—in fact, fallen fast asleep in the brief moment while I was lighting his night-light—and half an hour later there would be a sharp ring from his bell which rang out in the passage. I would go up to find him in a great state, a violent attack of indigestion such as I could never have believed unless I had witnessed it, dreadful nervous agitation, and his brain running on and on at pitiless speed. He would beg me to do something to calm him, and at the same time he would tell me that I could do nothing and that he did not

know why he had rung for me. There certainly was not much to be done ; he had spent a long lifetime in trying remedies ; the only thing to do was to make a *definite suggestion*, and *carry it out* ; and the fact of my moving rather briskly and noisily about the room, and probably spilling something on the floor in order to have to wipe it up, and being rather obstinate and argumentative and on the whole quite good-tempered, gradually distracted him and restored his confidence. After ten minutes or so I would leave him, telling him to be sure and ring again if he wanted me. His answer to this sometimes would be ' Then I should ring all the time ', or ' What is the good of bringing you up here *when you can do nothing for me?* ' Either remark delighted me ; nothing he *said* in times of distress ever turned me an inch from what I determined to *do*. Sometimes he *would* ring again, and then I knew he was in for a baddish night ; but by this time it would be about 9.30 perhaps, and I would be able to say that I was coming up soon, must just put away my things in the drawing-room and so forth, and he would feel that the night was really getting through. Moreover, as I always took it for granted that the fact of my coming up would calm him, he seemed to slip into that way of thinking too. He had always a couple of trionals by his side, and if he was still restless at 11 o'clock I would urge him to take them. I kept a strict

account of the dates on which the trionals were taken, but I was very careful not to let him feel any disinclination on my part to let him have them. There was not the slightest tendency in him to self-indulgence in this respect, and everything was done in exact compliance with the doctor's orders. I think Dr. Adeney managed him wonderfully ; he never adopted the point of view that he was ' old ' and therefore it ' didn't matter ' ; it seemed to me that he took as much trouble as if he were building up a young constitution instead of making the best of an old one. After a bad night, when his only sleep would be four or five hours after midnight, and that, I dare say, not unbroken, he would seem rather tired the following day, but he really recovered wonderfully quickly. Sometimes he would have a short bout of bad nights and tired or restless days ; but there was always the flicker of hope—that he was a bit better—that to-night he would be sure to sleep—that to-morrow, if the rain kept off, we should get a good walk—that the doctor was due to come at the end of the week—and before we got crushed by disappointment (a state of mind which I cannot imagine in myself, and of course it was I who had, at any rate ostensibly, to do the most of the hoping) the bout was over and he might get along happily for days or weeks together. The indigestion was, I repeat, something beyond description, and if described beyond belief. With a stomach in that

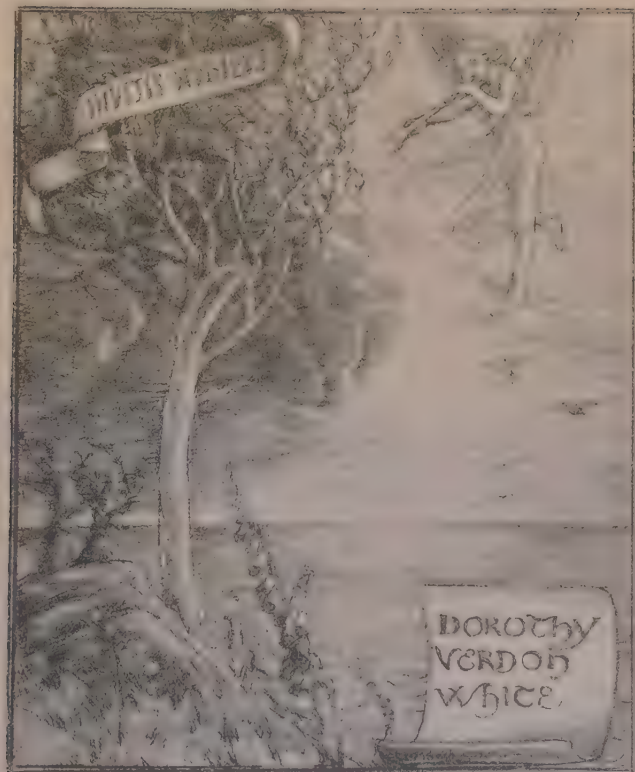
state, no wonder the nerves were all disturbed and there was havoc in his head. Or was it the nerves that upset the stomach? That is for doctors to argue about. Sometimes when I came up he would say: 'Oh, do put your hand on my forehead and quiet my poor brain!' and then he would tell me all the things that were turning round and round in it; he was writing a letter to my Mother, based on entirely vain apprehensions; making a speech in the House of Commons; and inquiring into the Putumayo atrocities. 'Oh, my poor brain! my poor brain!' and then bouncing up and down again with this dreadful discomfort. I used to think him wonderfully patient. I should have been so cross the next day, and he never was; at any rate, if not cross, I should have let every one know what a time I had had, but he grumbled so little; in fact, now I come to think of it, I don't believe he ever grumbled at all, the ordinary dull grumble. But then nothing with him was ordinary or dull. One way of his I specially loved; and that was when he spilt his tumbler or poured water not into it but a good two inches outside, so that there came a running stream off his table on to the floor close by my bed. I used to feel convinced that it was some nervous longing to wake me without being obliged to give a reason which would be no reason at all, that it was some nightmare still hanging about him, and that a wise instinct prompted him to disturb me by this ruse.

His nightmares were horrible. Sometimes I would hear his shouts from the drawing-room, even whilst Molly and I were laughing and talking. I would run up and find him hardly awake and almost *crying* in his distress over the ghastly images. 'What *have* I done?' he would say, and 'How *can* I think of such things?'—too dreadful to tell me.¹ There again, I could do nothing except talk to him for a bit, and make some little fuss over a small practical matter—a gnat flown into the night-light, or the matches too near his candle. Presently I would say: 'Why didn't you ring?' for I always dreaded not hearing the shouts (which occasionally he told me did happen), and I could always hear the bell. And then he would admit that he simply had not had the presence of mind; and in fact often he really would not quite come to himself and stop shouting until I had been with him some few moments—seconds, I suppose I ought to say.

Sundays were much like other days, except that I went to the early service, and sometimes it was rather a scramble to get myself and himself dressed in time, and I generally left him half ready. I think the scramble was rather good by way of a change—it was entirely my own fault

¹ While at Llanfair I happened to read Coleridge's *Pains of Sleep*; and it seemed to me an exact description of these bad nights. July 1913. (I went to Llanfair, near Harlech, in May 1913 with my father, mother and sister, and afterwards returned to live with them at Beckenham again.)

too, for *he* was willing to be dressed as early as I liked—and he forgot all his own woes in his fearful anxiety lest I should be late for church. In the summer he generally left the breakfast table to come a short way down the road to meet me. He liked any excuse for leaving his meals. After breakfast I prepared my Sunday School lesson in his room whilst he read or wrote; then we went for our usual morning walk (he was always most anxious to avoid the people coming out of church), and during this walk I generally told him what my lesson would be. After lunch I went to Sunday School, leaving him with his legs up and prognosticating ‘horrors’ and ‘unnatural sleeps’, and at about 3.30 I returned and gave him a long account of everything. The rest of the day was as usual. I could not, of course, go to evening service. Once or twice on a weekday I went to a special evensong at 7.30 after he was in bed, but I never really liked to leave him at night. I think in the two years I only spent three nights away—one at Ashted and two at Beckenham—until that last holiday. On hot summer days naturally he sat out a good deal; in the great heat of 1911 we sat out most of the day, and hardly stirred from the garden under the trees on the lawn, or in the lane, or on the little grass plateau at the top of the lane; but 1912 was colder and wetter, and I do not think he was as eager as I was to sit out on any possible



occasion. On the whole, unless heat was excessive, I believe he preferred his room. Still, even in 1912 I can recall sitting out with him fairly frequently on this gravel terrace, or just below on the path in the shade of the wild rose.

8th May. We are at Cadhay House, Ottery St. Mary, staying with Mr. Arthur Chamberlain.

[1922. Either I had no time or no heart to enter more than this bare fact. I was, and very naturally remained for a long time, up one day and down the next, or, more strictly speaking, varying from hour to hour. Mr. Chamberlain and his daughters were very kind to us—Molly and I were invited together; relations came to stay; it seemed a large family party and all very friendly. I have since wondered what the 'family' secretly thought of this whim of their father's, a most warm-hearted, generous, and impulsive whim, but still surely a whim. What on earth had they to do with us, or we with them! He was in such a precarious state of health, however, that it was imperative nobody should withstand him in anything. *It* was imperative, and so (I understood) was *he*! The moment he called, somebody rose to attention. Bravely defiant over his sufferings, determined, active, a swift and sure cutter of Gordian knots, I could see all that, or thought I could. He said to me something about his brother and Tariff Reform; could not conceive

what persuaded him to go on with it when he saw it *wouldn't do* ; should have given him credit for being the man to drop it and try something else which *would* do. He lived in one wing of this great house with his two men-nurses. I remember how he came one morning, about noon I think, and sat down to a solitary meal after the struggles of dressing. I must have been warned that he had been suffering terribly, for somehow I knew it and felt myself in the way. I remember his upright and courageous bearing, the short and cheerful greeting *spoken*, the pain—for all I can tell, the agony—*silenced* by the grip of an iron will ; and then as he sat (unobserved as he probably supposed) about to begin the meal, a sudden covering of his face with both hands :—yet more food, more food, to keep this tortured frame alive.

What could there have been of mutual attraction—so Molly said to me again and again—between this man and her father ? I can imagine Hale saying that he would give a cart-load of the stuff we chose to call his charm, modesty, delicacy of perception, &c., &c., for one ounce of Mr. Chamberlain's optimism, positiveness, resolution and courage. I think it was as with Mr. Fooks ; he would look and look at him. Mr. Chamberlain had evidently been greatly drawn towards Hale ; but I doubt if he could have given reasons why, nor do I think that he would have envied him any characteristics. These Kings of Industry do not

envy, so I imagine. Envy is not a word to come into their vocabulary ; two other words suffice—object and attainment. If he envied his old friend of office days at all, I think it would have been for his extraordinary good fortune in having a far less serious and quite successful operation and a complete recovery. He was fairly puzzled, when he questioned me about our daily life together, walks, talks, books, music, how it came to pass that the letters should have remained so full of woes. He smiled, but he shook his head. If he had known the truth, he would have sent a good scolding ! No doubt I explained that I did not annotate and edit the letters, though sometimes tempted to do so, only demurring occasionally when acting as amanuensis.]

22nd May. Now I am at Llanfair. What I wanted to write down at Cadhay was this : Mr. Chamberlain told me of a bad attack of pneumonia he once had. He said that he went through an experience which other people subsequently told him they also had been through under similar circumstances. He seemed to have two distinct souls, one in the body which lay in bed, and the other seated at the foot of the bed on the bedrail—he could only say as if it were in the shape of a bird ; and he distinctly remembers how the outside soul pitied the inside soul : ‘ Poor devil, you *are* having a bad time of it,’ &c. When the

doctor came and asked him how he was, he replied from the soul within by the usual formula, 'Oh, much better, thank you,' and at the same time was conscious of the outside soul commenting, 'My dear fellow, what do you say that for? You know you are not.' I rather gathered that he was more conscious of the *outside* soul than of the *inside*, and consequently that he felt comparatively free and happy and yet sympathetic towards the sufferings of his other self. As I listened I was surprised to find gradually revealed an explanation of my dear one's pitiful cry, 'Poor thing! Poor thing!' He kept crying this in a hoarse sad voice, and I could not understand what comfort he derived from this strange self-pity, and I even wondered if he were dreaming of somebody else in distress. It was such a sad cry that I never had the courage to write it down; but Mr. Chamberlain's account suddenly threw light on the meaning; and it seems to me now very likely that he was going through that same experience, and consequently may have felt his sufferings in this merciful, far-off, outside way.

When the Autobiographical Notes¹ were handed over to Molly, she was puzzled by the last sentence, whether it left her free to publish or not. I know that her father realized that these Notes would be published; that is to say, I had asked him to

¹ *Early Life of Mark Rutherford*. Published by Oxford University Press, 1913.

leave them to Molly, and one of the reasons I gave was that they would bring in a little addition to her income. I proved my intimate knowledge of the matter by laying my hands on them, before ever the lawyer came or the Will was opened, and giving them to Molly. The only contemporary record I find is in this Diary, May 1910.¹ I should not be surprised, however, if I mentioned them in letters at that time—say, to Lady Robert. I also found a note to the effect that they were bequeathed to Molly at my suggestion, written on the bundle of MSS. which he made over to me. Probably I wrote it there in 1910 as a reminder, but of the exact date I cannot be sure.

I remember once telling him how much I admired 'Mr. Whittaker's Retirement'. His reply was that he had debated a good deal, when putting *More Pages* together, whether to admit it or not, and nearly left it out.² This came into my head the other day when I was considering the question of *Last Pages*. Who can be sole judge?

In describing our 'day' some few pages back, I forgot to mention one thing, the walk up the hill as far as Mrs. Cuthbert's gate, which we so often went last summer after tea.³ Sometimes we took

¹ See p. 335.

² See *Letters to Three Friends*, p. 181.

³ There was a great joke against us in the neighbourhood that we were so often to be seen standing in eager or earnest conversation in the middle of the roadway at any point between the bottom and top of Groombridge Hill. Our

the one-eyed field glass and looked at the mill on Argus Hill—which, by the way, we always thought was Mark Cross Mill until Mark Cross was burned down and we saw our mill still there. What recalled these walks to me was that once or twice before leaving Groombridge I walked up the road alone after tea and met just the same stream of workmen, some with bicycles and some not, as we used to meet together. I wondered if they missed him.

I have been looking through my precious little copy of Landor; more especially at the MS. poems on the fly-leaf. Of course they were written there in the days when he was supposed to be dying, written there with a view to his death, and to comfort me when the time came. Strange to say, they *have* been of some comfort, in a brief flash or two. It is strong testimony, moreover, to the worth of noble literature, for I have been a good deal cast down, and I think more and more so perhaps. I wanted to remember, too, that whilst I was with him in those last days, stray lines of Landor (of whom I had not, so far as I know, thought for months past) kept running in my head. I think the lines were 'Ah yes, the hour has come',

motoring friends especially went by us, laughing and waving and temporarily displacing us; off would come Hale's brown hat, and there would be a great waving from him too; and my impression is that they sometimes came back and found us again in the roadway, still talking and still standing, and not very much advanced. More laughter and waving!

and ' Must I be always by your side ', but I cannot be sure ; that it was one of these two I am almost positive. I know the words kept recurring, though I never got the lines complete. Some weeks afterwards I looked at the little book and so refreshed my memory.

23rd May. It was his own thought, and apparently quite a sudden thought, that I should have an *ultimate* share in his capital. I am glad he thought of it ;¹ and if Molly out-lives me, what would have been my share remains with his family.

5th June. A thing very characteristic at the end. He wanted to take off his little brown coat, and to pacify him Nurse Walker allowed it, and whispered to me that she would get it on him again when he was quieter and had forgotten. This she did, but shortly afterwards he discovered that the coat had come back, whereupon he wrenched it off and neatly pitched it clean to the foot of the bed. He did not say ' There ! ' but the pitching said it. They did not put it on again.²

9th July. I have been at the Cottage nearly a fortnight. I was very happy to come back, at least I thought I was, but the fact is I am no judge of my feelings now. Nothing but hard and absorbing work will steady me. Yet I believe I may say I have made very little fuss, and given not much trouble.

¹ It seemed to be a definite legal link which I could carry about with me for the rest of my days.

² ' *Es bleibt sinkend immer dieselbe Sonne,*' p. 388.

The other evening I went through the wood to the wicket gate for the first time since they cut the undergrowth. We used to hear them cutting—I forget whether it was in the early spring or in the autumn—and we had planned to go up there and see the result of the operations when the drier, warmer weather came. All the tall Spanish chestnut saplings, which used to alarm me with their rattle and clatter in a high wind, are gone, and the larger trees stand out alone and look very prettily grouped now one can see them properly. I went along the sandy walk; the little hedge which I used to step over (planted, I should think, in the autumn of 1910, but I can't remember) makes now a real division through the fields. Certain places hereabouts—for example, the stack of poles heaped up on the west side of the sheds in Top Hill field, the midway portions of the path down from the wicket to the lane, the highest part of the sandy walk looking towards East Grinstead—each could tell its own story.

An odd coincidence. On going from Llanfair to Sherborne we stopped a night at Bath, where Hale used to say he would like to live. In the morning I went up to St. James's Square, where he had lodged with Molly, and on to Lansdowne, in which neighbourhood he had very nearly taken a house. That evening at Sherborne I received the proofs from the *Nation* of 'The Love of Woman'. Stranger still, had I given Mr. Massingham my Bath address, the proofs would have reached me in the city itself.

Later. I called on Miss Saint. She told me that she had recently heard of the existence of a picture of the old Groombridge castle, and she hoped to obtain it. Many a time her father had tried to hear of such a picture and failed. She thought 'how much your husband would have been interested'. I also called on Forman to thank him and give him two shillings for putting the catch on the gate.¹ He was out; so I explained to Mrs. Forman. I said laughing: 'Mr. White would have given him one of those cigars.' At which she laughed too and said: 'Oh, yes! Those cigars; and it was the *fellowship way* he gave it!' She said again and again that her husband thought so much of Mr. White. As I was coming away I saw Forman himself. I rather liked his seeming to take it for granted that nobody missed 'Mr. White' as much as he did. 'You see, we've lived side by side so many years.' I told him that I had been recalling, as I came up the road, how 'Mr. White' used to say to me sometimes at about 12 o'clock midday: 'I *must* catch Forman', because he wanted to ask him this or that going to or from his dinner.

5th August. Whilst I was at Llanfair, Nurse Sargeaunt wrote to me, and I shall copy here a part of her letter.

I quite understand what you mean about losing a Husband and family of children. Oftentimes it must have felt so to you—Mr. White's

¹ See p. 460.

absolute *child*-like ways, you mean, don't you ? There is a world of difference between *childlike* and *childish*, isn't there, and he was never the latter. I feel with you very, very much. I find myself thinking of *everything* many times, and altho' smiling often, more often with that lump in my throat and a mist over my eyes. The last time I was with him, all our mornings were spent talking of you ; and he was so specially proud of your last book ¹—and farther away when you used to be singing a comic song, the more vulgar the better, he would turn to me with his face all screwed up in fits of laughter, and he would say after : ' Oh ! I wish I could ever have been like Dorothy ! ' Days like this when you went home to Beckenham he used to miss you so—and the last Sunday you were away, he was so happy and eager because you were coming home on the morrow. Others, as you say, have to face the same thing, and few of them have *so much* to look back upon.

At the time he died we had violent storms. If any one were to take the trouble to refer to the daily papers about March 14th, I am sure they would read of them there—in the south-east of England. I cannot be certain of the dates, but I think one came during the night of the 14th and another on the 16th—two whilst he lay in the study. I put the wedges in his windows to prevent the rattle which used to disturb him—at least would have disturbed him had we not been careful about wedges. Each night the storm was so

¹ *Twelve Years with my Boys* ; written at his request.

violent that it woke me up. I do not think I have ever before heard such *claps* of wind ; they seemed like explosions ; and then there was the screaming and tearing and scurrying as well. It sounds foolish, and yet I did associate all this disturbance with his death. It seemed to me quite fitting that Nature should have a great deal to say, unintelligible to us.

I have thought of Hastings several times of late. I almost wish now that I had kept my Diary going during our two years together. In 1911 we were at No. 14 High Wickham. He took me to see whereabouts he lodged with his father as a boy. He had a strange liking for Hastings. As usual I saw it rather vaguely, and he saw it accurately. He would say : ‘ *Look* at this couple ! ’ as a young man and a young woman out of the many thousands of young men and young women passed us on the front. I remember, too, his pleasure over a man of the artisan class with his wife and children on the pier.¹ One day we went to Fairlight Church together, partly, of course, by tram. He was so eager to go. In the afternoons he liked to see the chimneys smoking in the town below us ; all beginning, as he used to point out to me, and as he said they always used to notice when he and Molly lived there, with the putting on of the kettles for tea. I loved the sunsets over East Hill.

¹ The kind of quiet, respectable, almost seriously happy little party which most people probably would just *not* observe.

One day Molly and he and I drove to Winchelsea. He had a great power of *enjoying* things ; he never seemed slothful or sleepy ; he had certainly saved his soul alive. It is so odd—these places I saw entirely through him. I talk of the sunset over East Hill, and Winchelsea, but really it was my dear one I was absorbed in. Equally beautiful, and of the same order of beauty, was the sterilizer, the basin into which I put the night-light, the arrangement for hanging up his day-clothes and his night-clothes, and so on and so on. The next year Mrs. Dannreuther lent us half her big house. The weather on the whole was bright, but there was a lot of keen east wind, and he went out very little beyond the garden and the terrace. Again the place was just as beautiful, flooded with that same glory which flooded us all the time. I did not care where we went or where we did not go. And yet it was a trying holiday ; a terrible job to get started (as the cab came to the door he wanted me to wire and put the visit off), and then the east wind which he always hated (the sun in that case being absolutely no compensation), and then Molly's attack of influenza which came about the fourth or fifth day. On the whole I think the holiday tried me more than him ; and I believe he was quite fairly well. I can't say I felt very well ; I was inclined to cry ; and of all the miserable books to have condemned myself to read at that time, what but *Anna Karenina* ! I took it once or twice in the afternoon down to the shingle

amongst the boats in the old town. And yet though I cried, there was always that same glory over everything. Of course, there is no such glory anywhere else to be found.

In copying from his black note-book I came upon this entry made at the end of 1901 or beginning of 1902. 'What a superstition it is which forbids people who really think to talk to one another on religious matters! Not a soul has said a word to me for years about God.' In 1907 I first came to him; we began at once such talk. He had been to the station to meet me; I stupidly missed him, but I caught him up somewhere about the boundary line between Kent and Sussex, and we started walking round the Ashurst road.¹ The next time I came I can remember nothing until after lunch on the second day. We sat in the drawing-room. I shall never forget his look, so eager, almost pinched with eagerness, as he asked me what I meant by 'good' or 'goodness'. He asked me gently but so anxiously, almost cruelly so, as if, did I give an unsatisfactory answer, all would be lost. My answer was 'God's Will'. It was a strange answer; I cast about for it only for a second, and it came to me positively, nothing could have altered it. It was my answer *to God*. My dearest has since told me that he 'flew' to me. All this came back when I read those words.

¹ He was most careful to excuse himself for the interest he showed in coming to meet me, by explaining that he had only called at the station to see if some boxes had arrived.

I am getting to the end of my book. There is still a little space. Perhaps something may occur which ought to be entered. I think for the present I shall say good-bye. I am going to close by copying an extract from the same black note-book made *before March* 1888. Obviously it has no reference to me, but the name is an odd coincidence. I never saw it till after his death, and he would not remember having written it.¹

An ordinary biography gives only the principal events of a life, which, as a rule, are not those which are most evidently motivated. It is in small spontaneous actions that the character most plainly appears, and it is the reiteration which produces the effect. I thought years ago I knew Dorothy Wordsworth, but when in later life I had read every scrap from her or about her on which I could lay my hand, a new living Dorothy arose, who seemed to be actually inhabitant of my room.

[1922. Yes, the name is an odd coincidence, but also quite apart from that, does not the first half of the paragraph stand as a justification for this Diary?]

¹ Not long after we met he sent me an article of his on Dorothy Wordsworth in which he had marked one paragraph with my initials, so that the coincidence of the names had of course struck him.

THE END

OUR estimates of persons, unless they are frequently revived by personal intercourse, are apt to alter insensibly and to become untrue. They acquire increased definiteness, but they lose in comprehensiveness.

Especially is this true of those who are dead. If I do not read a great author for some time my mental abstract of him becomes summary and false. I turn to him again, all summary judgements upon him become impossible, and he partakes of infinitude. Writers, and people who are in society and talk much, are apt to be satisfied with an algebraic symbol for a man of note, and their work is done not with him but with x .

MARK RUTHERFORD,

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